RAILWAY MAP

1
5
10
20
35
Railways & Stations thus:
Railway Motors thus
Reference:
1 Pengersick Castle
2 Restormel Castle
3 Mt Edgcumbe
4 Trematon Castle
5 Jamaica Inn
6 Dozmare Pool
7 Brown Willy
8 Row Tor
9 Brown Gilly
10 Caradon Hill
11 Kilmarth Tor
12 Kit Hill
Railways:
a a : from Paddington
b b : from Waterloo
Trevose Hd
Padstow
Bedruthan steps
Mawga
Newquay
S. Colum
S. Columb Ro
Cubert
Perran Porth
Mitchell
S. Agnes Hd
Crampound Rd
Portreath
Illogan
Scorrier
Chacewater
TRURO
Redruth
S. Ives
Carn Brea
Camborne
Perran-well
Portscat
Carbis Bay
Zennor
Leland
Gwinear Rd
Pendeen
St Ives
Erth
Hayle
Praze
Penryn
S. Maw
Penzance
Marazion
Perran
Nancegollan
Falmouth
Sennen
Newlyn
S. Michael's Mount
Breage
Porthleven
Helston
Manaccan
Lands End
Buryan
S. Keverne
Coverack
The Manacles
Logan Rock
Penhale
Mullion
Kynance Cove
Lizard Hd:
To the Scilly Isles; about 40 Miles from Penzance.

M. J. Sparks

OF CORNWALL

CORNWALL

THE LITTLE GUIDES

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES
CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES
GRAY'S INN AND LINCOLN'S INN
OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
THE TEMPLE
WESTMINSTER ABBEY
YORK

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS
THE ENGLISH LAKES
THE ISLE OF WIGHT
THE MALVERN COUNTRY
NORTH WALES
SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY
SNOWDONIA
SOUTH WALES

BEDFORDSHIRE AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE
BERKSHIRE
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
CAMBRIDGESHIRE
CHESHIRE
CORNWALL
CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND
DERBYSHIRE
DEVON
DORSET
DURHAM
ESSEX
GLOUCESTERSHIRE
HAMPSHIRE
HEREFORDSHIRE
HERTFORDSHIRE
KENT
LANCASHIRE
LEICESTERSHIRE AND RUTLAND
LINCOLNSHIRE
LONDON
MIDDLESEX
MONMOUTHSHIRE
NORFOLK
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
NORTHUMBERLAND
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE
OXFORDSHIRE
SHROPSHIRE
SOMERSET
STAFFORDSHIRE
SUFFOLK
SURREY
SUSSEX
WARWICKSHIRE
WILTSHIRE
WORCESTERSHIRE
YORKSHIRE, EAST RIDING
YORKSHIRE, NORTH RIDING
YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING

BRITTANY
FLORENCE
FRENCH RIVIERA
NORMANDY
PARIS
ROME
SICILY

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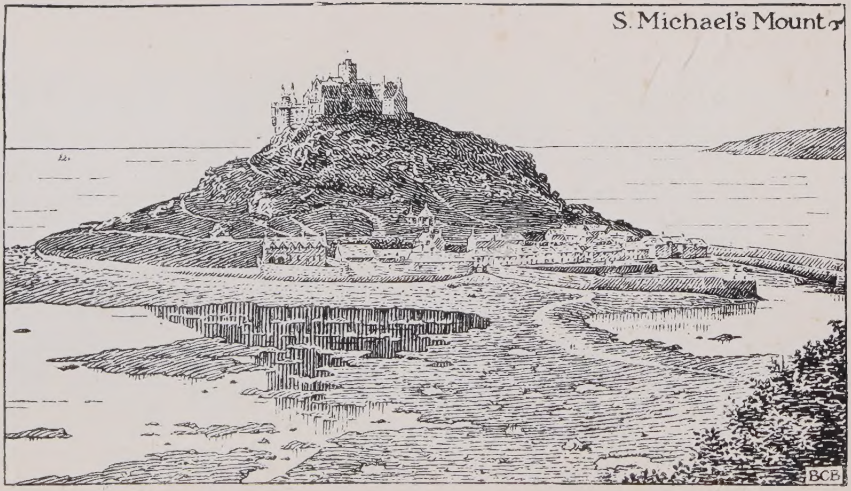
S. Michael's Mount
BCB

CORNWALL

By

ARTHUR · L · SALMON

With 14 *Illustrations by*

B. C. BOULTER

AND 12 FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND TWO MAPS

"Ah, native Cornwall! throned upon the hills,
Thy moorland pathways worn by angel feet,
Thy streams that march in music to the sea,
'Mid ocean's merry noise, his billowy laugh!"

—R. S. HAWKER

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PREFACE

THE author here attempts to deal with a large subject in a small book. In such attempts there is a tendency to inequality ; one part of the subject may be treated with fulness, and another shirked. Special aspects of a county's history or characteristics will appeal more to the writer than others ; he has to resist this temptation, and not make those features unduly prominent. A satisfactory guide-book must not be exclusively architectural, or historic, or legendary, or scientific ; it must aim at being all. In Cornwall such breadth of treatment is particularly needed. Cornwall is like no other English county. Its nearest resemblance in England will be found in Devon ; parts of Ireland are equally or more similar. But there are features in Cornwall not to be found elsewhere. One special point is the hagiology. In most counties it is enough to say of a church that it is dedicated to St. Paul or to St. James ; in Cornwall it is not enough to say that a

church is dedicated to St. Sennen, or St. Feock, or St. Gwinear. Readers will want to know who these saints were. The names sound strangely unfamiliar. Even when we meet a dedication to St. Paul, we must be careful not to conclude hastily that the great Apostle of the Gentiles is referred to. Cornish dedications are entirely Celtic in their manner and method ; to parallel them we must go to Wales and Ireland and Brittany. The matter is difficult and involved, clouded by fable, confused by the lying romances of monkish biographers. Teutonic pagan invaders destroyed most of such genuine records as existed ; an equally destructive Puritanism completed the work. It has been left to modern writers like W. C. Borlase and the Rev. S. Baring-Gould to try to evoke order from the confusion.

But Cornwall also differs from other counties in race and tradition. It is still partly Ivernian, partly Celtic, very little Teutonic. It was never Romanised and never Saxonised. Till comparatively modern times it had its own language. Its Christianity owed nothing to the Italian mission. It has a wonderful wealth of legend and superstitious lore ; its antiquities are more numerous and varied than those of

any other English county. In architecture its churches, though in many cases of unique interest, are not peculiarly notable ; and architecture cannot be the prevailing feature of this little book, as it was, rightly enough, of Mr. Brabant's *Sussex*.

In conclusion the author can only express a hope that his sins of commission may be found fewer than those of omission. In so small a work many omissions had to be made consciously ; some may have been made unconsciously. Any such defects are largely atoned for by the beautiful drawings by Mr Boulter.

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NOTE

The Artist wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Frith, of Reigate, and Messrs. Gibson, of Penzance, from whose photographs the drawings have been made.

INTRODUCTION

I. General Physical Features

CORNWALL, the most westerly as also the most southerly county in England (the term "county" must be used without prejudice, for Cornwall is strictly a duchy), is bounded on the E. by Devonshire; on the S. by the English Channel; on the W. and N. by the Atlantic. Its shape, somewhat resembling that of Italy, has been compared to a long boot; it has also been compared to a horn, with an attempt to thus account for the origin of its name. No other British county has so much sea-board. Its greatest length, from the N.E. corner to Land's End, is 80 miles; greatest breadth, Marsland Mouth to Rame Head, 46 miles. At its narrowest, St. Ives Bay to Mount's Bay, it is only 6 miles across. While Land's End is the most westerly point of England, the Lizard is the most southerly. The area is 1365 square miles. The climate is the most equable in England, with little extreme either of heat or cold. This is more especially the case in West Cornwall; the N.E. and S.E. coincide respectively with North and South Devon. At Penzance

we have a mean summer temperature of about 62°, and a mean winter temperature of about 45°; from which St. Ives differs very little except in the more bracing character of its air. The local saying that Cornwall has a shower of rain for every day of the week and two for Sunday does not altogether belie the climate, which is decidedly humid ; but the rainfall varies much, from a high average on the moors to a much lower average near the Lizard (62 in. annually at Alternon, 37 in. at Helston).

By reason of its coast scenery, Cornwall can claim to be one of the most beautiful counties of England, though for inland loveliness and variety it must yield to Devonshire, to the Lake Country, to Yorkshire, and the Wye district. The charm of its coast is certainly unsurpassed, if not unrivalled. Probably the very finest stretch of coast scenery in England is that lying between Newquay and Boscastle. But Cornwall is not all coast ; it has moors as wild as Dartmoor, rivers that rival the Dart, and rich luxuriant valleys like that of Luxulyan. It has been stated by Devonians, in the ironical manner of near neighbours, that Cornwall does not grow wood enough to make a coffin. It is true that there is a great scarcity of trees where the granite appears on the surface, as also in the narrower parts of Cornwall, which are continually swept by sea-breezes. But in the sheltered valley districts there is no lack of woodland.

A glance at a geologically coloured map of

the Cornwall district shows at once that the main portion of the surface consists of what in the earlier days of scientific observation were known rather vaguely as the Grauwacke Group. A modern geologist would describe the beds as Devonian and as practically equivalent to the "Old Red Sandstone" of Monmouth, Hereford, and other counties. The Devonian rocks of Cornwall comprise slates and limestones as well as red sandstones. They are conformable to the Silurian rocks which lie below, but not to the Carboniferous rocks which in some other localities overlie them, the Culm Measures in some parts overlapping the Middle Devonian Limestone.

For our present purpose, however, it is unnecessary to treat very minutely of questions which are of far greater interest to geologists than to ordinary readers. Running in a direction roughly N.E. and S.W. there are four large and more or less rounded patches occupied by granite. Indeed, it may be said that these four masses of granite are part of a group of six masses, Dartmoor being the largest and the most north-easterly of the series, and the Scilly Islands being the smallest and most south-westerly.

In the northern part of Cornwall occurs a bed of Carboniferous rocks, known as the Culm Measures. The other less important deposits of Cornwall are a mass of Serpentine to the N. of Lizard Head, a bed of Gabbro to the E. of it, several long narrow beds of intrusive igneous rocks in the north-eastern and south-western

parts of Cornwall, Lower Silurian beds near Dodman Point, Pliocene beds at St. Agnes and St. Erth, and various raised beaches and tracts of blown sand round the coast.

There are certain dykes or veins of quartz-felsite or quartz-porphyry locally known as Elvans. They traverse both granite and slates, and often coincide in direction with lodes. Elvan is a durable stone and useful for road-making and building purposes.

Of the mineral products of Cornwall by far the most important from some points of view is tin, but this will be dealt with under the heading of mining.

From the killas or clay slates in the Devonian rocks of Cornwall, in which tin mainly occurs, copper, silver, lead and iron are also extracted. Slates are largely procured from the same rocks, and at the Delabole Quarries slates of excellent quality for roofing purposes and for tombstones are dug. Rock crystals, called "Cornish diamonds," are found in many parts of Cornwall.

Serpentine, for which the Lizard district is famous, is a hydrous silicate of magnesia, etc., and is so called from the fancied resemblance of the rock to a serpent's skin. This stone, which may claim to be one of the most beautiful of English rocks, occurs principally in Kynance Cove, where it presents some remarkably beautiful colour effects, heightened by contrast with the white sands on the beach. Various fancy articles are made of Serpentine and sold to visitors.

Granite is very largely quarried in Cornwall, and W. of St. Austell Diorite is dug for road metal.

The Scilly Islands consist of about 145 islets or rocks, of which St. Mary, the largest, is about 3 miles long and 2½ miles broad. The highest point of the island is 204 feet above sea-level. The Scilly Islands are composed almost entirely of a coarse kind of granite which is not largely quarried.

The metalliferous wealth of the duchy lies in its granite and slate. The land supplies little fuel—no coal, and not much peat; and this has proved one of the chief handicaps to mining enterprise. There are four distinct outcrops of granite. The first of these, on the Bodmin Moors, gives Cornwall its highest hill, Brown Willy. The next patch is around Hensbarrow, a few miles from St. Austell; the next is at Carnmenelez, near Redruth; and the last is at Land's End. Beyond this, the Scilly Islands themselves are simply the peaks of submerged granite mountains.

Bodmin Moors, lying between Launceston and Bodmin, are very much like a replica of Dartmoor, similarly strewn with granite tors, traces of prehistoric habitations, and gaping bogs. If anything, the bogs of Bodmin Moors are the worse. Northward, near the coast, we find the greatest profusion of Devonian slate; southward are the ichthyolitic "Polperro fossils," amid limestones and sandstones. At the Lizard is the most interesting geologic formation of all,

with its varieties of crystalline rock, hornblende, and schist, interspersed by later intrusions of serpentine, and volcanic gabbro. But these rocks have been the subject of much controversy, only to be safely entered upon by specialists. Scattered among the granite are intrusions, mainly of porphyries and felspar, known as elvans, and sometimes mistaken for the granite itself. To the S.W. lie traces of submerged forest, and the traditional buried land of Lyonesse; while on the N. coast are more definite rumours of towns and churches devastated and buried by drifting sands. These sands are now largely kept under by the growth of reed-grass; they are much valued by farmers as a top-dressing. Of the mining something must be said later. The richest tin and copper district is around Redruth and Camborne, but the lodes extend to Land's End and beyond. Gold has been found in streaming for tin, and silver among lead and copper; iron also, but not of the best quality. Arsenic, once cast away as refuse, has more lately been worked considerably, but the market is now threatened by foreign competition.

The hills of Cornwall are many, but are not so high as those of Dartmoor, Wales, or the Lake District. Brown Willy has already been mentioned as the highest; Rough Tor and Kilmarth are about 100 ft. less, and there are at least a dozen that exceed 1000 ft. Some of the lesser hills equal these in grandeur of appearance and extent of view.

The rivers of Cornwall are not important, but they have the general West Country characteristic of fine estuaries, such as those of the Fal and Fowey. The river mouths of the N. are too often blocked with sand. The chief streams are briefly dealt with in the alphabetic section of this little book. Lakes are very scarce; the largest, Loe Pool at Helston, is really a dammed-up river mouth. Dozmare, on the moors, is a shallow pool of more interest traditionally than in reality. Swan Pool, near Falmouth, is, like Loe Pool, a blocked river mouth. There are a few other sheets of fresh water scarcely deserving a more dignified name than that of pond.

II. Flora and Fauna

"Few districts in the United Kingdom," says Mr. Marquand, "can compare with the county of Cornwall in the richness and variety of its indigenous flora—if by that term we understand not merely the wild flowers and ferns, but also those humble forms of vegetable life which are grouped under the comprehensive title of *Cryptogamia*, that is to say, the mosses, lichens, fungi and sea-weeds. This is partly to be accounted for by its geographical position, and the mildness and humidity of its climate; but it is also largely due to the diversity of its natural features, almost every kind of habitat suitable for the healthy development of the various phases of vegetable growth being found

within its borders: woods and rivers, brackish marshes and spongy bogs, bleak barren moors, lofty hills, rocky cairns, estuaries and sand dune; besides a vast range of wild rugged sea-coast, rich beyond measure in all forms of marine life, animal and vegetable."

Mr. Edward Step, speaking of South Cornwall, says: "In winter the hedgebanks are still bright with fresh green ferns, illuminated by the abundant flowers of red campion and herb Robert, and at Christmas the fields are often white with myriads of daisies".

The visitor has thus reason to expect an extensive list of flora, and he will certainly find remarkable variety if not unparalleled wealth. For thorough treatment of this subject the works of Ralfs, Curnow, Baker, Tellam, and others should be consulted. Penzance Public Library contains many such valuable works, some only in manuscript. It is impossible here to do more than hint at a few interesting points. About 1000 flowering plants may be found in Cornwall. Among these are the clovers, *Trifolium Molinieri*, *Trifolium Bocconi* and *Trifolium strictum;* the heaths *Erica vagans* and *Erica ciliaris;* the balm-leaved figwort, *Scrophularia scorodonia;* the rushes *Juncus pygmeus* and *Juncus capitatus;* the vernal squill, *Scilla verna;* the worts *Hypericum bœticum* and *Pinguicula grandiflora;* the garlics *Allium sibiricum* and *Allium triquetrum;* many varieties of spurge, brooms, vetches and trefoils, gentians and samphires. Ferns are particularly plentiful, but much

diminished by rash and indiscreet fern-gatherers. The more rare are the *Adiantum capillus-veneris*, the film-ferns *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense* and *Hymenophyllum unilaterale*. In the Scillies is a rare adder's-tongue. The beautiful *Osmunda regalis* is general. The total list of ferns, considering the absence of sandstone, is a very large one. *Mosses* are wonderfully plentiful, and there are very few British specimens that cannot be found in Cornwall. Near Penzance are the *Hookeria letevirens* and *Fissidens serratulus;* also rare scale mosses and *Hepaticæ*. Bog-mosses and sundews are frequent in the moorland districts. Lichens and fungi equally abound; while the varieties of seaweeds almost reach the number of 360. There is also a wealth of fresh-water algæ.

It is a revelation to many visitors to find fuchsias flourishing out of doors throughout the year, together with rhododendrons and hydrangeas; while the glorious daffodils of the duchy render its flower-shows of the spring unrivalled. In public and private gardens around Penzance and Falmouth it will be seen that exotic vegetation from the tropics has made itself quite at home; but on the north coast, exposed to constant winds, we must expect a hardier produce. The same sub-tropical vegetation will be found at Scilly. The Rev. H. Boyden is of opinion that "at least 400 different species of wild flowers might be obtained in the Isles of Scilly by those who search for them the whole year round". He speaks of the Tresco Gardens

as a "miracle of British horticulture". Readers should turn to the excellent little handbook to Scilly published by the Homeland Association for a good list of flora, seaweeds, etc.

With regard to the Cornish fauna, we find what might be expected in a county which largely consists of coast-line; the greatest wealth and variety is on the shore. Of mammals Cornwall can claim the aboriginal black rat; there are badgers, otters, polecats, bats, foxes, rabbits. Seals, porpoises, dolphins, grampuses and whales visit the coast with more or less frequency; also two species of turtle. In the rockier parts and on the Scilly Isles sea-birds are specially plentiful. Till lately there were three species of eagle, but it is doubtful now if any can be found; the Cornish chough is becoming sadly rare. There are numbers of sandpipers, plovers, woodcocks, snipe, herons, and often bitterns; cormorants, divers, swans, puffins, shag, gannets, tern and petrels. All the ordinary birds of field and woodland may be found here.

Among fish we find mullet and bass, gurnards, bream, mackerel, John Dories, herrings, and the invaluable pilchard (see Fisheries); hake, whiting, pollack, plaice, lumpfish, sunfish, congers, sprats. Sharks are numerous but harmless, except for their voracity in devouring the smaller species; we also find the lancelet and the "electric ray".

Insects are naturally neither numerous nor rare, though there are some interesting speci-

mens; the greatest rarities are among the hymenoptera. The submarine *Æpophilus Bonnairei* has been found at Penzance. Of crustaceans and molluscs there are plenty, many being rare. Students should turn to the writings of Jonathan Couch, Brooking Rowe, Cornish, E. H. Rodd, Peach, R. Q. Couch, Isabell, Marquand, Bate, Tregelles and others.

III. Population and Communications

If we may judge from prehistoric and later remains, Cornwall was once more thickly populated than it is at present, and the populated areas were different. The duchy is now, for its size, one of the most thinly peopled of English counties. Places now almost uninhabited, such as the Bodmin Moors, give signs of a considerable population in the past; while in desolate spots like the sands of Perranzabuloe lie thousands of human remains, in burial-places that have been desecrated by the elements. A neolithic burying-ground has recently been discovered at Harlyn Bay. But it is impossible from things like this to gain anything like a true estimate of former population. One thing is certain; the working of tin in the early days of the Bronze Age proves a settled and stationary population, at a time when agricultural populations were chiefly migratory. The earliest tangible evidence is given by the Domesday survey, in which the

number of Cornish, including only heads of families, is stated at 5596. This mentions six chief lords of manors, and twenty-three thanes or tenants; the remainder are for the most part cottagers (*bordarii*), peasants (*villani*) and serfs (*servi*). Multiplying these figures to include wives, children and clergy, we may make a rough estimate of 35,000. In the first year of Richard II. a census taken for taxing of all persons over the age of fourteen (exclusive of clergy), gave the number as 34,274; which might give a total of about 60,000. As the mining industry increased, population increased with it; still, at the census of 1801 the figures were only 192,281. In the following fifty years these figures were nearly doubled, the total being 355,558, which up to the present must be taken as the high-water mark of Cornish population. The census of 1871 showed a decline; miners had begun to leave the Old World for the New. In 1901 the total was 322,334; in 1911, 328,098; in 1921 320,559. Thus, the population of the Duchy is less than that of Bristol, less than half that of Birmingham or Manchester. The growth between 1901 and 1911 was explained by some improvement in mining, development of the china-clay industry, and a continually increasing influx of holiday-visitors to be catered for. The notable decrease shown by the last census must be attributed to a failure of the mining. Redruth for instance shows a diminution of nearly 1000, Camborne of more

than 1000, Penzance of more than 1000. But Falmouth, with a growing shipping importance and popularity as a resort, shows an increase of about the same figure ; while its neighbour Truro has declined. Districts formerly dependent on fishing, and now on fishing *plus* visitors, are thriving ; but the rural populations, devoted more to mining than agriculture, have always been sensitive to fluctuation of tin-values and the profit or failure of mines. Wherever the last census shows increase, this may be attributed mainly to Cornwall's great advance in favour with excursionists and tourists ; one may instance places like Perranporth, Polperro, Tintagel and Lizard, where there is distinct though still not large growth. A similar growth is in the combined populations of Bude and Stratton, which entirely represents the rise of Bude into favour as a watering-place ; even greater has been the growth of Newquay. There has been a continued decrease in the rural districts around Helston, Liskeard, Launceston, Truro, and Bodmin ; but we find similar rural decreases in most parts of the kingdom. In Cornwall, however, these do not speak of a failure in agriculture ; and there are distinct signs of a general revival.

The Duchy is by no means in a stagnant or decadent condition ; it is thoroughly alive and alert. It is no longer cut off from "the shires," but is being actively exploited by railway-companies, financiers, artists and holiday-keepers from Britain and overseas. The American knows and loves it, as the Londoner and the man from Manchester do.

Roads.—With regard to modes of communication and travel, this sparse population is tolerably well favoured. In the West of England those roads generally known as Roman must be understood to be ancient British trackways, utilised, repaired, and probably improved by Romans or Romanised Britons. It is believed that much of the tin raised in the duchy in Celtic times was transported at least as far east as the Isle of Wight, and some think as far east as Thanet. In this case there was a necessity for good roads. Even if the metal was transported on pack-horses, roads were needed. Setting aside the numberless tracks from villages, whose antiquity is proved by their depth—for "Devon" lanes are not unknown in Cornwall — the county was connected with the main road systems of Central Britain by the Fosseway, which crossed the Tamar from Dartmoor, and ran through the Bodmin Moors to Marazion. Another important road, crossing the Tamar at Saltash, ran to Liskeard, where it joined a track from Callington, and so passed westward to Truro and West Cornwall. North Cornwall was entered by the Roman street whose name we find in Stratton ; it ran S. to Camelford and Padstow, with branches farther W. and S. These roads were the foundations of Cornwall's present excellent highways, which are connected by innumerable byways and cross-tracks. It is to these byways, field-paths, moor-tracks, hidden and tortuous lanes, that

we must look for the greatest antiquity of all.

The surface of the Cornish main roads is usually good, though in parts they are sufficiently hilly. Cyclists for the most part will find better running in Cornwall than in Devon. Motorists may be assured of excellent travelling and good accommodation in most parts of the Duchy, especially in the main routes; but certain of the byways are still narrow and difficult.

Railways.—The duchy is now well served from London by two railways. The Great Western conveys passengers by express train from Paddington to Penzance in 6½ hours, running through Westbury and Exeter, and crossing the Tamar by the famous Saltash Bridge. The same railway conveys to Newquay in about 7 hours, with a change at Par or Truro. There are branch lines to St. Ives, Helston, Falmouth, Fowey, and Looe; also to Bodmin and Wadebridge. The Southern Railway, leaving Waterloo, travels through Holsworthy to Bude, and through Launceston and Camelford to Wadebridge and Padstow. From Wadebridge coaches complete the journey to Newquay, the time occupied in reaching Newquay from Waterloo being 9½ hours. In addition to the above there are now many railway motor-routes, linking up spots once comparatively inaccessible; but it should be noted that some of these are summer services only.

Canals are scarce. The longest, now practically disused, is that between Bude and Launceston, finished in 1826 at a cost of £128,000. This was intended chiefly for the shipment of sand, much used agriculturally; a few miles are still available, but the railway has killed it. There was an idea, a few years since, of constructing a canal from Perranporth to the Truro River, a distance of only 8 miles, cutting right through Cornwall; but though the advantage would be considerable, the estimated expense alarmed the projectors. It would form a link for navigation between the two Channels. There is a 9-mile canal between Looe and Moorswater, near Liskeard.

Those who like travelling by sea can reach different ports of Cornwall (Penzance, Falmouth, St. Ives, Hayle) by the various coasters that leave London, Bristol, Plymouth and other places. Between Plymouth and spots on the S. coast there are frequent boat-excursions during the summer months.

IV. Mining

It is often supposed that West Country tin was the basis of Britain's earliest commercial prosperity. Without tin there could certainly have been no Bronze Age. But it is still a debatable point whether Cornwall and the Scillies were the Cassiterides of the ancients, and whether St. Michael's Mount, the Isle of Wight, or a part of Kent, was their Iktis.

Diodorus Siculus, writing near the Christian era, mentioned the inhabitants of Belerium as miners and smelters of tin. He says : "After beating it up into knucklebone shapes, they carry it to a certain island lying off Britain named Ictis . . . and thence the merchants buy it from the inhabitants and carry it over to Gaul, and lastly, travelling by land through Gaul, about thirty days, they bring down the loads on horses to the mouth of the Rhine". The early history of tin-working is wrapt in clouds of obscurity; myth and tradition speak with an uncertain sound. One legend tells that St. Joseph of Aramathea brought hither the Infant Jesus, who taught how tin was to be worked; another legend says that St. Paul came over and preached to the tinners. Yet another tradition says that St. Piran discovered tin when he came here from Ireland in the sixth century ; and on the strength of this St. Piran has been accredited as the tinners' patron saint. One thing is certain; the earliest method of raising the metal, and that undoubtedly practised in the time of Diodorus, was by streaming, not by mining in our present sense of the word. It was done, in fact, much in the fashion of modern gold-digging. The ore found in the beds of streams is purer than that which exists in lodes ; it has been washed by centuries of water-action. The early streamers had blocks for crushing the ore, smelting furnaces and blowing-houses, and moulds in which to run it.

The Cornish tin-mining may be regarded as one of the most ancient and important industries in the kingdom, and there is no reason to doubt that it has been in active operation from prehistoric times downwards. De la Beche, the distinguished geologist whose *Report on the Geology of Cornwall* is the best work relating to the subject, suggests that the superior weight of tin-stone pebbles might have caused early man to select them for use as missives against his enemies, and thus the discovery of the metal may have been made. This is a matter upon which one can only speculate, because the tin of Cornwall, derived doubtless from stanniferous gravels, was probably employed by the men of the Bronze Age in the manufacture of bronze, which, as is well known, is produced by mixing copper and tin in proper proportions under a high temperature.

There is good reason to think that tin procured in Cornwall was transported to Gaul and thus overland to the mouths of the Rhone. An ancient author describes these ingots of tin as being in the form of astragali, and it is a curiously interesting piece of corroborative evidence of this that in Falmouth Harbour an ancient ingot of tin of large size, and weighing about 158 pounds, was dredged up some years ago. The form of the ingot may be said to resemble very roughly the letter H, and it has been pointed out that this would be a most convenient form for being laid in the keel of a boat, and for being slung on a horse's side, two

of them being so placed as to balance each other. It is thought extremely probable, therefore, that tin was carried on pack-horses in the early days when the roads of Cornwall were merely narrow and steep tracts unsuitable for the passage of wheeled vehicles.

From the fact that an ingot of tin bearing a Roman stamp and inscription has been found in Cornwall, and is now preserved in the Museum at Truro, we know that tin was in use by the Romans, and it seems pretty clear that Cornish tin-mining was an industry of definite official cognisance in the fourth century of the Christian era.

Roman coins have been discovered in ancient Cornish tin workings, and from the evidence they afford as well as for other reasons it has been concluded that the Roman occupation of Cornwall, never perhaps very extensive, grew in importance after about A.D. 270.

Of present-day mining little can be said that is pleasant to say. One chief cause of depression is the local absence of fuel. It has been cheaper to send ore to the Welsh coal districts than to bring coal to the ore; this caused the decay of smelting. It was followed by competition as regarded the ore itself. Many old-fashioned and expensively worked pits could not stand the strain; one by one they closed. Cornishmen are still expert miners, but they do most of their mining in America and South Africa. The duchy is scattered with disused mines, and with the

ugly refuse-heaps of abandoned workings. But there has been a revival of mining of late years, owing partly to the disturbances in South Africa, and to the high prices of tin and copper. Radium also, and radio-active ores or refuse, have excited much attention. In the year 1908 about 88 mines were in active work, employing about 8200 persons—a good increase; and the product was, of pure smelted tin 4406 tons, of pure copper 152 tons, arsenic 1426 tons, mica 14,466 tons, besides smaller mineral outputs. In addition there is much quarrying of limestone and sandstone. The chief business of quarrying, however, is in china-clay and china-stone, of which industry Cornwall (especially the St. Austell district) may claim to be the world's centre. In 1908, 654,814 tons of china-clay were raised, and 75,473 of china-stone. A considerable quantity of slate is also raised, chiefly at Delabole.

One of the most valuable mines still working is the great Dolcoath, at Carn Brea. In 1746 Borlase spoke of it as "a very considerable mine"; and during the past hundred years it has produced metal to the value of about £6,500,000. Another notable mine is the Levant, which extends for about a mile beneath the Atlantic, and within less than a century is said to have produced over £1,500,000 in dividends. There has been a revival of work at the famous Botallack, long disused, which also extends below the sea. During 1900 a

Chamber of Mines of Cornwall and Devon was established, and good results have been seen. Something of the sort was much needed. We must not close our eyes to the fact that Cornish mining has suffered almost as much from bad management, bad faith, and unwise conservatism, as it has from lowness of prices.

V. Fisheries

Of the antiquity of Cornish fisheries we can only form a conjecture. Fishing leaves no trace in the seas, as mining does in the earth. It has been suggested by Jonathan Couch that the seine-net was introduced by the Phœnicians; and it has further been supposed that certain old cliff entrenchments were really fishing stations. These are guesses of the most barren description; but it may safely be assumed that fishing is much older than either the Phœnicians or any artificial earthworks. There is a mention of salt-works, clearly connected with fishing, in Domesday; and in early Norman days salting or packing fish was only allowed to be done by licence. Little need here be said of mackerel, herring or cod fishing; though prosperous and lucrative, they are by no means distinctive of Cornwall. The fishery most interesting and most peculiar to the duchy is that of pilchards — which, unhappily, like certain other Cornish industries, appears to be on the down grade. Those who know best

assert that the pilchard is no other than the popular sardine—that sardine, in fact, is merely a French name for pilchard. Fishermen themselves sometimes contradict this statement, and those who watch the fish being landed at St. Ives or Newlyn often doubt it, because the fish that they see are in general much larger than the average sardine. The difference in size may be accounted for by the fact that Cornish nets have a rather large mesh, and the smaller fish are not captured. It must further be remembered that sardines are almost invariably packed without their heads, and that to take the head off an average pilchard would often reduce it to the size of a "sardine". It is known for a certainty, also, that sprats are preserved and sold to the public in a similar manner as sardines. Mr. F. G. Aflalo's word is worth something, and he says: "Of the identity of pilchard and sardine there is no longer any reasonable doubt".

The most characteristic of Cornish methods of fishing is the use of the seine, sometimes spelt sean; but this is already being largely abandoned. With its disuse the occupation of "huers" will be gone. These huers, stationed on the cliffs, watch the sea for days together, waiting to sight the arrival of the shoals, which is indicated by a reddish and dark appearance of the water, as well as by the hovering of sea-birds. Having signalled the coming and position of the fish, the boats set out, to the number usually of three boats

to each seine. The seine is really a huge wall of netting, with buoys at the surface and weights beneath; this is dipped where the fish are seen to be thickest, its ends are pulled together, and the fish are drawn out with a tuck net. Seine fishing can only successfully be practised in the shallows, and in the daytime. Drift fishing is quite different, and is usually practised at a distance of from 8 to 12 miles from land. The boats leave port about sunset, and are back with their capture in the small hours of the morning. The nets are long and deep, with a mesh of a little over an inch; they are laid, so far as can be judged, in the direct path of the fish, and these get caught by thousands in the meshes. Moonlight, or the phosphorescence sometimes present on the surface, warns the fish of the trap laid for them; a dark night is best for a good catch. Many of the fish are sold for immediate consumption, but a great number are taken by the preservers. This preservation consists chiefly of salting and pressing them in bulk in the fish-cellars; after which, packed in barrels, they go to the foreign or local sardine factories. The pilchards have deserted many parts of the coast which they once frequented, but they are still plentiful in the S.W. As many as 20,000 hogsheads have been taken at St. Ives in a few hours, each hogshead consisting of over 2000 fish. All visitors to Cornwall should make acquaintance with the pilchard in its fresh condition; the time may come when it will be a rarity.

VI. History

While events which more directly belong to certain localities will be mentioned under the heading of those localities in the alphabetic section of this book, a general sketch of the duchy's history must be given here.

The name of Cornwall has been differently derived. Its difficulty, if any, lies in the first syllable; the "wall" we know to be a corruption of the Saxon *weala* or *wealas*, the same root as we find in Wales and Welsh, and which, possibly in the first place derived from Galli or Gael, came to signify stranger, outlander, alien. Tradition derives the "Corn" from Corineus, a companion of the mythical Trojan Brutus; which is of course moonshine. Almost certainly it derives from the root *corn*, *cornu*, or *kerneu*, which we probably have in the name of the British tribe Cornavii. When many of the Cornish migrated to Brittany, they took this name with them, and thus there was a Breton Cornuaille as well as a British one.

But Cornwall is rich in records that go back to a time earlier than any such name—not written records, but such memorials as we can read in cairn, earthwork and barrow. Both traditionally and in reality we begin with the giants. A tall palæolithic race is the first to be traced in Britain, a race using rude stone implements, and understanding the use of fire. They appear to have been a gentle peaceable

people. Whether these became extinct, or were absorbed by their successors, is not known. They were followed by Iberian, Ivernian, or Silurian invaders, a neolithic race of small size, dark skin and dark hair. To this Ivernian race belong chiefly the kistvaens and dolmens. Without doubt they left other traces, in speech and physiognomy, to this very day. Probably about ten centuries before Christ they themselves had to yield to an invader. The Celts arrived. It is very evident that the Cornish race of to-day is partly Ivernian, partly Celtic; very little Teutonic. Professor Huxley proclaimed it to be more Celtic than Ireland. The first of the Celts to arrive entered Britain at the S.E., spreading westward and northward; they were the Goidels or Gaels. They conquered the Ivernians, though that race showed enough vitality to bequeath its name to Ireland; and doubtless enslaved and intermarried with such as were not slain in battle. After the Goidelic branch had been in possession for perhaps six centuries or thereabout, it suffered invasion in its turn from the Brythonic tribes of the same great Aryan race. History repeated itself. The Britons gave their name and their language to the whole of England, leaving the Goidelic tongue to the Scotch Highlands and Ireland. At this present day Welsh is a Brythonic speech, Irish is Goidelic. In many parts the conquered race simply took the language, but was by no means exterminated.

At the time of the Roman invasion Cornwall was thus peopled by mingled Ivernians and Celts ; but it was ruled by the Brythonic tribe of Dumnonii. But the country had received classic visitors earlier than this. About two centuries B.C., a Greek traveller named Posidonius came to the Land's End district, which he called Bolerion. There is a tradition that a Carthaginian named Himilco visited the Scillies earlier than this. A favourite idea in connection with the South British coast is that it was constantly being visited by merchants from the E. Probably that idea is exaggerated ; it would be truest as regards the S.E. Kent and the N. of Gaul were most likely the chief market-places of the British. The S.W. coast certainly does not favour small boat navigation, and the chief traces of early population are not in spots of easy harbourage. Something may have been done at Marazion and in the Truro River, but we really have no great reason for supposing that the Cornish coast was a scene of much naval activity.

The arrival of the Romans did not apparently affect Cornwall to any great extent. If the Cornish did any fighting they travelled E. to do it ; there is no proof that the legions ever trod Cornish soil. The duchy never became Roman, as in later days it never became Saxon. Roman coins and pottery have been discovered, but these, of course, became general throughout Britain during the period of Roman occupation.

The next great event was the coming of Christianity. Isolated Christians may have been scattered here and there among the Roman legions, but as a Church British Christianity doubtless took root from Gaul. The growth at first was very slender. It is certain that Cornwall knew little of the faith till the late fifth and early sixth centuries, when an invasion of saints took place. These came chiefly from Ireland and Wales; East Britain, apparently, did nothing to convert the West. But East Britain was now in a bad way itself, with its civilisation and Christianity stamped out by hordes of marauding Teutons, bringing a fierce paganism to confront a Romanised and partly Christianised culture. It will be best to deal more particularly with the Cornish saints when mentioning the spots with which their memories are chiefly connected. The arrival of those whom we loosely call Saxons took place about the year 450; it was not till 658 that the Wessex frontier reached as far W. as the river Parret, and cut off "West Wales" from Wales proper. Early in the ninth century we find the Danes allying with the West Britons against the Saxons; and the allies were defeated by Egbert at Hingston Down in 835. Athelstan completed the conquest though not the Saxonising of Cornwall and the Scillies about a century later. Men of Devon and Cornwall gathered side by side to defend Exeter from the Norman; but it was in vain. Britain was fated to become one

people. The Conqueror triumphed, and succeeded in taking a firmer hold of Cornwall than ever Roman or Saxon had done before him. The greater part he gave to his own half-brother, Robert de Mortain. About the year 1330 Cornwall, with its vast mineral wealth, was gifted to the eldest son of the reigning monarch in perpetuity, thus creating the duchy. There was a civil revolt against taxation in 1496 ; another on behalf of Perkin Warbeck in 1497 ; and another in defence of the Catholic faith in 1549. All were disastrous in their issue, though they illustrated the gallantry and devotion of the Cornishmen. They evinced the same gallantry and devotion during the Civil War, when the duchy for the most part sided with the king, and did much to revive his fortunes. Charles visited Cornwall in person, and took a part in its fighting ; but the best work was done by such men as Sir Bevil Grenville, Hopton, Godolphin, Slanning, Trevanion, Carminow and others. Many of these lost their lives in the king's service, as recorded by the old couplet—

> "The four wheels of Charles's Wain,
> Grenville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning, slain".

It was in September, 1643, that Charles wrote his letter of thanks to the Cornish people (see Appendix), which may still be read on the walls of some of the churches. Three years later resistance was crushed out by the great Roundhead leader Fairfax. Cornwall did

not take a great share in the Duke of Monmouth rebellion, though a Cornish regiment was raised on the side of the king ; and henceforward the duchy's history became mainly industrial and social.

VII. Antiquities

Prehistoric Antiquities.—Cornwall has not so far furnished evidence of man's existence during the Palæolithic Age. Of the Neolithic Age there have been found many important remains in the form of flint and other stone weapons and implements, floors of dwellings, and megalithic structures. The last-named antiquities being of great importance are dealt with separately.

Arrow-heads and lance-heads have been found at Boscregan, Carn Brae, and St. Agnes, Truro. Celts of greenstone, diorite, etc., are recorded from Bochym Cury, Falmouth, Pelynt, St. Just, and Truro. Numerous spindle-whorls, locally known as "Pixies' grindstones," have been found at various localities in Cornwall, some having been procured from the floors of neolithic dwellings. Perforated stone axes have been discovered at Pelynt and Trevelgue, whilst at Kerris Vaen a portion of a granite mortar was found. The latter, and whetstones procured from Brane Common and Tregasael, may perhaps be considered to belong to the Bronze Age rather than the Neolithic. There are many remains of habitations probably of the Neolithic Age in Cornwall, and a very large number of neolithic interments at Harlyn Bay.

Megalithic Remains.—Cornwall is remarkable for its prehistoric remains, particularly those of a megalithic character, and the writings of Borlase, Blight and Lukis may be consulted for precise details of the Cornish monuments of this character. The whole subject is too vast to be dealt with minutely in these pages, but its importance is sufficiently great to render necessary the following summary account.

In the Rev. W. C. Lukis's book on *The Prehistoric Stone Monuments of the British Isles: Cornwall*, published by the Society of Antiquaries of London in 1885, the Cornish circles of monoliths, cists, chambered mounds, holed stones, pillars and dwellings, are admirably described and figured. The work has been done upon such scientific and precise lines that for the present purpose it seems best to give an epitomised account of the observations therein recorded.

The prehistoric monuments of Cornwall consist of:—

(1) Circles of stones for the most part of large size, the circles varying in diameter from nearly 150 feet to about 36 feet. The largest, at Blisland, is popularly known as "The Stripple Stones" and in some respects is the most remarkable of all the ancient stone monuments in the British Isles. A vallum, which appears to have a space on the W. side for an entrance, surrounds the platform on which the circle of stones is situated, and is provided with an internal fosse. In three places the vallum and

fosse swell out into demilunes, the platform retaining its circular form. The smallest Cornish circle is at Duloe, and was probably once a ring of stones encircling a cairn which has been subsequently removed. The arrangements of circles of stones in groups is another remarkable and unexplained feature.

(2) Cists. The cists of Cornwall are numerous and remarkable for their enormous sizes as compared with those of other parts of England. They may be rivalled, however, by two or three examples in Wales. It may be pointed out that the term cist denotes a stone chest or receptacle closed on all sides, to which it was not intended that access should be had in future.

(3) Cromlechs, sometimes, and particularly by continental antiquaries, called dolmens, are rude sepulchral vaults constructed with unhewn blocks of stone, and having the form of a chamber or a cist.

(4) Chambers, which are rare in Cornwall, are rude sepulchral structures not entirely closed, to which there was probably a gallery or covered passage for the convenience of subsequent interments.

(5) Cairns are heaps of stones. They are usually circular in plan.

(6) Holed stones, of which there are many examples in Cornwall.

(7) Single pillars.

(8) Line of pillars, of which there is one example.

(9) Dwellings, consisting of one or more chambers, and occurring in clusters or groups. There are examples at Chysauster, Gulval, at Bosporthennis, Zennor, and at Row-tor, St. Breward. At Sancreed there is a remarkable subterranean dwelling known as Chapel Euny Cave, the walls of which are built of large stones. It is worthy of note that caves which are common in Scilly are not found in Cornwall, except in two or three instances at St. Just.

Probably most, if not all, of the megalithic remains of Cornwall may be reasonably referred to either the Neolithic Age or the Bronze Age, but the fact that this is a stone district must be borne in mind in pronouncing upon the question, because it is not at all unlikely that the use of unhewn stone may have survived longer here than in those districts which furnished a greater variety of materials for building. At the same time, one cannot compare the plan of these ancient dwellings in Cornwall with that of the neolithic dwellings of Devonshire, Kent and Surrey, without being impressed with their many points of similarity.

Bronze Age.—The occurrence of both tin and copper in the rocks of Cornwall probably had a very considerable effect in attracting those who in the Bronze Age had learned the secret of smelting metal. As a matter of fact the antiquities belonging to this period found in Cornwall are numerous and important. Here, as elsewhere, these antiquities are found under two sharply divided conditions. First we find

implements or weapons of bronze, such as celts, palstaves and swords, occurring separately in places widely removed from each other. These are evidently objects which have been lost. At four or five places in Cornwall, however, groups or collections of implements, together with rough pieces of metal, have been recorded. Camden, the antiquary, mentions such a deposit containing many bronze implements, swords, celts, etc., at St. Michael's Mount. Other hoards of bronze have been found at Kenidjack Cliff, at Lelant, at Mawgan, and at St. Hilary. Hoards of bronze are always of great archæological interest, not only from the light they throw upon Bronze Age methods of casting metal, and the high valuation then put upon it, but also because many of the bronze tools are worn out, and in the methods and features of wear we are able to detect indications of the purposes to which they were applied. Spearheads were found in the St. Hilary hoard, and heavy lumps of copper in that at Lelant. Socketed celts have been found at Carn Brae and at Launceston; palstaves, at Penvores, Penzance, St. Austell, and other parts of Cornwall; a bronze dagger at Angrowse, Mullion; a bronze pin in the River Fowey; a mould for casting buckles at Camelford, and a bronze brooch at Redmore.

Perhaps the most remarkable Bronze Age objects found in Cornwall were the two lunettes or diadems found at Harlyn, the beautiful cup $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches high procured from

Rillaton, and a small celt found some years ago, all of which were composed of pure gold. The ingot of tin found in Falmouth Harbour, which is also probably of the Bronze Age, or a little later, has already been described in the section on Mining.

Sepulchral Mounds or Barrows. — Cornwall possesses a large number of sepulchral mounds, cairns, etc., which may perhaps in most cases be referred to the Neolithic Age or the Bronze Age. The late Mr. W. C. Borlase, F.S.A., who examined upwards of 200 Cornish barrows and communicated the result of his investigations to the Society of Antiquaries of London,[1] points out that these memorials are specially abundant for about 6 or 7 miles along the coast-line of the extremity of Western Cornwall. In ancient times every promontory on this coast was crowned by a conical tomb, consisting of a basement of large stones set on edge, containing and supporting a heap of smaller stones, generally covering a chamber within. Each natural granite boss was surmounted by its group of these little burying-places. Some of these barrows are about 18 or 20 feet across, and upon being excavated several more or less broken sepulchral urns have been found within them.

There are upon the highest of the hills and the more prominent portions of the cliffs in the district several barrows of much larger size. In

[1] *Archæologia*, xlix., 181-198.

one case, that above Cape Cornwall, the pile was surrounded by an outer wall composed of 150 blocks of granite set up edgeways, and each 7 or 8 feet long. This formed at once the enclosing ring and the basement of the immense pile of stones which lay within. The diameter of the pile was 67 feet N. and S. and about 80 feet E. and W.

On the western slope of a hill at Tregaseal, in the parish of St. Just, there is a large tumulus, oval in plan, and measuring in diameter 41 feet from N.W. to S.E., and about 30 feet from N.E. to S.W. This upon examination was found to contain a fine stone chamber, the sides of which were formed by slabs of granite, four on one side and five on the other, terminating at the N.W. by a single block, and at the S.E. by a smaller stone which had fallen inwards. At the N.W. end of this remarkable chamber a rudely constructed cist was found, and from the earth with which the cist was filled a magnificent sepulchral urn, upwards of 20 inches high, was procured. The vessel possesses two handles, is of distinctly artistic form, and bears a band of ornamentation on the hip consisting of a number of crossed lines which form lozenges and triangles. This is perhaps one of the most remarkable sepulchral urns of its class ever found in England.

Roman remains are distinctly few ; and of purely Roman camps we can not point with certainty to one. Norman castles are also few and poor ; Cornwall was never subdued by

stone and mortar as many parts of England and Wales were. The Norman work to be traced at Tintagel, Trematon, Restormel, is not striking; while Pendennis, St. Mawes, Pengersick, are comparatively modern. Launceston is the finest Norman castle in the duchy, and that is also late.

Rather peculiar to Cornwall are the hollows, partly natural, partly artificial, known as *plân-an-guare*, "places of play," formerly used for sports and for mystery-plays, and now sometimes as places of religious assembly. In ancient churches Cornwall is second to no part of the kingdom, unless it be to Ireland. The more notable among the oldest are those of St. Piran, St. Gothian and St. Madron. Some good specimens of the Norman period remain (at St. Germans, Morwenstow, Mylor, etc.); and there are E.E. features at St. Anthony-in-Roseland, Lanteglos, St. Levan, Blisland, etc. At Padstow, St. Columb Major, Lostwithiel, St. Austell, St. Hilary, and other churches, are excellent samples of Dec.; but the prevailing style of Cornish is Perp. The fifteenth century was remarkable for zealous building and restoration, as the past century was notable for equally zealous but often far less wise restoration. The duchy can boast of some fine churches, such as Launceston, St. Austell, Bodmin, Linkinhorne, and others that have been named; but the church architecture of the county cannot claim to be a main feature of attraction. Many of the churches, though

generally interesting, are strikingly plain. In this respect Cornwall cannot compete with Somerset, or with counties farther E. But one unique thing Cornwall has done; she has constructed a cathedral *almost* worthy of the Middle Ages.

Stone Crosses.—One interesting and very important branch of Cornish antiquities may be conveniently referred to under this heading. The importance of the subject may be gathered from the fact that Cornwall possesses upwards of 300 crosses alone, whilst many cross-bases remain to show that their number was formerly greater.

There are in Cornwall no less than twenty-two inscribed pillar-stones, fifteen inscribed crosses, two inscribed slabs and one inscribed Saxon stele. There are also four coped stones and three recumbent cross-slabs.

The subject has been ably and minutely treated by Mr. Arthur G. Langdon, F.S.A., in his volume on *Old Cornish Crosses*, and the reader may be referred to that admirably illustrated book for full and accurate information upon a branch of Cornish antiquities too large to be adequately dealt with here.

Monumental Brasses.—The following churches in Cornwall possess, or once possessed, monumental brasses:—

Anthony, East.	Colan.
Blisland.	Constantine.
Callington.	Crowan.
Cardinham.	Fowey.

Gorran.
Grade.
Helston.
Illogan.
Landrake.
Landulph.
Lanteglos-by-Fowey.
Launceston.
Lostwithiel.
Madron.
Mawgan-in-Pydar.
Menheniot.
Minster.
Mullion.
Padstow.
Penkevil, St. Michael.
Probus.
Quethiock.
St. Breock.
St. Budock.
St. Columb.
St. Erme.
St. Gluvias.
St. Ives.
St. Just-in-Roseland.
St. Mellions.
St. Minver.
St. Stephen's by Saltash.
Sithney.
Stithians.
Stratton.
Tamerton, North.
Tintagel.
Truro.
Wendron.

The following are the most remarkable of these memorials: At Anthony East, a handsome figure with canopy to Margery Arundell, 1420; at Cardinham, a figure to Thomas Awmarle, *circa* 1400, in civilian costume; at Constantine, a fine palimpsest fragment of a fourteenth century or early fifteenth century Flemish brass; at Landrake, a curious bare-headed, armed effigy to Edward Cowrtney, Esq., 1509, probably of local workmanship; at Launceston, a figure of a lady, *circa* 1630, very rudely executed and doubtless local workmanship, bearing the curious inscription "Her age 65, maried 47, children 15, Here shee lived not yeares full three, dyed in fayth hope and

chariti"; and at Mawgan-in-Pydar, the figure of a priest in cope, *circa* 1420.

Church Bells.—Among the church bells of Cornwall, which (excluding those belonging to new district churches) have been computed to be 872 in number, fifty-two are of pre-Reformation date. Several of the older bells bear legends in Lombardic letters, such as "Sancte Johannis ora pro nobis," and "Sancta Maria ora pro nobis," which occur on two of the bells at Zennor. The first of the three bells at Mylor bears "In honore Santi Georgii". The majority of mediæval bell inscriptions are in Gothic letters, and most of them are in the form of invocations of the saints, among whom some of the Cornish saints are named.

Many of the later church bells of Cornwall were cast by the Penningtons who were well-known bell-founders during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and members of the family lived at Exeter, Bodmin, Lezant, and Stoke-Climsland. There are in Cornwall no less than 352 church bells in 105 belfries which have been cast by this celebrated family of bell-founders.

Ancient Mural and Other Paintings.—The following examples of old paintings on walls, roofs, etc., of Cornish churches are recorded in Mr. C. E. Keyser's list published in 1883 by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington:—

Advent.
Blisland.
Callington.
Cardinham.
Cury.
Davidstow.
Grade.
Gunwalloe.
Helland.
Lanivet.
Lanreath.
Launcells.
Launceston.
Lostwithiel.
Ludgvan.
Mabe.
Madron.
Mawnan.
Minster.
Mylor.
Pengersick.
Poundstock.
St. Anthony-in-Roseland.
St. Budoc.
St. Buryan.
St. Clement's.
St. Columb.
St. Endellion.
St. Endoc.
St. Feock.
St. Germans.
St. Gulval.
St. Just in Penwith.
St. Levan's.
St. Michael's Mount.
St. Minver (2).
St. Teath.
St. Thomas by Launceston.
St. Winnow.
Saltash.
Sancreed.
Sennen.
Sheviocke.
Talland.
Tamerton.
Tintagel.
Trevalga.
Tywardreth.

To these may be added the notable frescoes at St. Breage and Ponghill.

VIII. Traditions and Folklore

Cornwall has an immense mass of legend and tradition—so immense that the store seems inexhaustible. The reader will do well to

refer to some collection of these traditions. Perhaps the best of all such collections is Robert Hunt's *Popular Romances of the West of England;* the title is deceptive, for the West of England is a wide district, and he deals almost exclusively with Cornwall. Hunt is not a mere collector; his pages have genuine literary merit. Bottrell's *Traditions and Hearth-side Stories* are also very valuable, and the writings of Tregellas embody much traditionary matter. All deal with an aspect of Cornish life that is fast disappearing. In each case the archæology must be received with caution.

In one sense Cornwall is peculiarly favoured It combines Celtic and pre-Aryan tradition with the later folklore of Teutonism. The local lore of the eastern counties is chiefly Teutonic —full of interest, certainly, but differing in kind from that of the West Country. Though it may ultimately be proved that Celt and Teuton were racially one, circumstance and environment had wrought a great divergence in language and tradition. Without paying too much homage to a modern fanciful glorification of the Celt, we may frankly acknowledge that there is a distinctive Celtic note in literature—a note often of striking tenderness and beauty. This point has been sufficiently dealt with by men like Renan and Matthew Arnold. Celticism was also nobly treated by George Borrow. But it may be more than suspected that where these and later writers use the word Celt, the word Ivernian might quite

as accurately be employed. The fact can never be emphasised too strongly that language does not identify race.

The giants are perhaps the most distinctive feature of Cornish tradition, and this tradition is almost certainly pre-Celtic. It is simply a distorted and exaggerated recollection of an extinct race. That there were formerly men of great height is undeniable. Occasional specimens of men of gigantic height in our own day may be better explained as a lapse to an earlier type than as mere freaks of nature. It is just possible that the men of gigantic form remembered in Cornish tradition were the result of a cross between Celtic and Finno-Ugric types; but we know for a certainty that the Palæolithic men who immediately preceded those whom we term Ivernians were a tall race, and a difference of a foot in height, magnified by tradition, would easily account for the "giants".

While the giants are peculiarly Cornish, the pixies or pisgies are as common to Devon as they are to Cornwall. These also appear to be a recollection of an extinct race. That the term was once more general is proved by the singular expression "please the pigs," in which "pigs" is clearly a corruption of pixy; and we may also notice that a Middle-Age term for fairy or sprite was *Puck*. Perhaps they are a memory of the rather short race conquered and absorbed by the Celts; it has even been supposed that their name may be identified with the name of the Picts—Spenser, speaking of Ireland,

terms these the "Pisks". It has further been conjectured that the pixies were actually the earliest teachers of Christianity, many of whom were Picts from Ireland. So far as the pixies of tradition are benevolent, this might be true; but in many cases they are mischievous, and usually capricious. To be "pixy-led" is hardly an expression that could have developed from the actions of early Christian teachers, we must refer the superstition to an earlier date. Popular fancy has sometime regarded the pixies as Druids, doomed by their rejection of Christianity to become smaller and smaller, until they vanished entirely; and again, they have sometimes been regarded as the souls of unbaptised children. But much of the fairy-mythology of Cornwall is of a kind common to all Britain and Ireland. Tales of mine-spirits or "knockers" will be found in most mining districts. The "Devil and his Dandy dogs" is similar to the wish-hounds of Dartmoor and the demon huntsman of the Hartz Mountains. More distinctly Cornish is the story of Tregeagle, though in Devon we have a glimpse of kindred doomed spirits, such as that of the De Tracey who helped to murder Becket. Tregeagle is said to have been an unjust steward or bailiff, saved from the clutches of fiends after death only by the utmost efforts of Mother Church. His spirit appeared in the witness-box to right some wrong that he had done; and by the influence of the Church he was given some task that should last till the

day of doom, which task, though weary and hopeless, should yet save him from immediate and utter damnation. There are variations of the tale and of the task; sometimes it is to drain Dozmare Pool with a leaky limpet-shell; sometimes to carry back the sands that drift around Land's End. It is clear that in this tale a far more ancient folklore has attached to a comparatively modern personage; which is not surprising when we find folklore myths attaching to Francis Drake, and even to Wesley.

Mainly Celtic, but not essentially Cornish, are the legends of saints that we find in the duchy; and from these we judge that the "saint" of the Celtic Church was a less sacrosanct and more human personage than the Latin Church afterwards chose to make him. Holy wells are common not only to all early Christian tradition, but also to all paganism. The many rocks, scattered boulders, cairns, and monoliths of Cornwall have all their traditions, linking them to the names of giants, saints, Sabbath-breakers, and of King Arthur. There are tales glowing with imagination told of death-ships and pirate-wreckers, smugglers and fishermen; tales of mermaids, witches, changelings, of the souls of dead sailors haunting wild water creeks, and of the dead answering to their names when called. There are also traditions of submerged or sand-buried towns and churches, in some cases corroborated by fact.

Of folklore in a narrower sense, the belief in omens, charms, white witchcraft, superstí-

tions about "crowing hens and whistling women," dogs, owls, ravens, holy days and common days, Cornwall has its plentiful share. Such lore is of a nature varying little from county to county in England. But the Cornish character is still romantic and superstitious in a manner not common to the more purely Saxon districts of our land. With its long and beautiful coast-line, its wild moorlands, its wind-swept sand-dunes, a double measure of poetic glamour and imagination clings about the duchy—in part the result of these physical aspects, in part a matter of racial circumstance and blending. Until the coming of railways Cornwall was isolated, and it is largely this isolation that has endowed it with tradition and myth beyond the measure of counties that have for centuries been highways of commerce and social intercourse. The advent of the schoolmaster and of the tourist has already done much to rob Cornwall of this special endowment; but something still remains, and we may trust will long remain.

IX. Language and Dialect

At the present day Cornwall has two dialects, though both are slowly disappearing. There is the eastern dialect, which closely resembles that of Devon and Somerset, being a development of the old speech of Wessex; and there is the western dialect, which contains traces of

a distinct Celtic tongue. The Cornish tongue is a dead language; if there are degrees of deadness, then Cornish is very dead, for it does not enjoy a literary existence as Latin does, and as Welsh will should it ever die. And yet the language has left living and permanent traces in Cornwall to such an extent that some knowledge of it is necessary if one would rightly understand Cornish place-names and surnames. It belonged to the Brythonic branch of Celtic once prevalent in North Europe, and Celtic itself was a branch of the stock variously known as Japhetic, Indo-European and Aryan. We can speak with greater certainty in matters of tongue than we can of race. Celtic was not the original speech of Britain; preceding it was that which is known as Ivernian, and which seems to have lingered longest in Ireland. Of the two main divisions of Celts, the Goidels or Gaels came first, the Brythons or Britons came later. To the Gaelic branch belong, lingually, the Irish, the Gaelic of Scotland, and the Manx; to the British belong the Welsh, the Breton and the Cornish. The Britons, fugitive from Saxon invasion, retreated to Wales, Cornwall and Brittany; and they brought their Brythonic tongue to parts that had previously been Goidelic. This tongue was the speech that was commonly spoken in Cornwall till the sixteenth century.

In old Cornish, as in Welsh, we find many words that are akin to the Latin; but this does not prove that either of these districts were

peopled to any extent by Romans. Besides springing from the same Aryan stock, the Celtic speech had naturally borrowed many words from Latin during four centuries of Roman occupation; and many of the Britons who fled to western parts of England before the Teutonic invaders had received a considerable veneer of Roman civilisation.

The chief utility of a study of ancient Cornish is in the interpretation of surviving names. Every one knows the old rhyme—

> "By Tre, Pol and Pen,
> You shall know the Cornishmen".

There is also a longer rhyme—

> "By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer and Pen,
> You may know the most Cornishmen".

These syllables are of most common occurrence, both in surnames and in the names of places from which the surnames have often sprung. *Tre*, the Welsh *tref*, means town-place or settlement; *rôs*, often corrupted into "rose," means moor or heath; *pol* is pool, inlet, creek, often surviving as "pill"; *lan*, the Welsh *Llan*, is enclosure, coming in time to mean sacred enclosure, and thus church—the word is the same as our *lawn*. In similar manner our word *park* is pure Celtic (Cornish *parc*), meaning field. *Caer* or *Car* is kin to the Latin *castrum*, a word similarly surviving in the Saxon *ceastre*, and our modern "casters" and "chesters" (Lancaster, Manchester, etc.). *Pen* is head, peak or

headland, the same as the Gaelic *ben*, though the earlier Goidelic form was *ken*. Other frequent constituents in place names are *bo*, *bod* or *bos*, meaning dwelling; *lis*, court, palace or chieftain's enclosure, as distinct from *lan*, the sacred enclosure; *mên*, stone or rock; *hel* or *heyle*, river; *sans*, holy; *nans*, valley; *huêl* or "wheal," mine; *col*, a hillock; *chy*, a house; *dun* and *dinas*, castle. The Cornish numerals, up to ten, are as follow: *Un* (or *onan*), *deu*, *try*, *peswar*, *pemp*, *whe*, *seyth*, *eith*, *naw*, *dek*; *kans* is a hundred, *mil* a thousand. There were variations between earlier and later Cornish which tend to perplex a study already sufficiently difficult. As a specimen of the language, the following is the Paternoster:—

Agan Tâs, nêb ûs yn nêf, bydhens uchellys dhe hanow, dêns dhe wlascor, dhe vôdh re bo gwreys yn nôr cepar hag yn nef. Ro dhynny hydhew agan pûb dŷdh bara. Ha gâf dhynny agan cammow, kepar del gevyn ny nêb ûs ow cammé er agan pyn ny. Ha na dôg ny yn antel, mês gwŷth ny dheworth drôc. Yn delna re bo.

As late as the time of Edward I. Cornish was spoken in Devonshire (in the South Hams), and later than this it lingered around the Tamar. In the sixteenth century it was fast dying, even in West Cornwall. Norden, writing about 1580, says: "Of late the Cornishe men have much conformed themselves to the use of the Englishe tongue, and their Englishe is equal to the beste, especially in the eastern partes. . . .

In the weste parte of the countrye, in the hundreds of Penwith and Kirrier, the Cornishe tounge is most in use amongste the inhabitants." The Reformation had brought an English liturgy and an English Bible—so distasteful at first to the Cornish that this was one motive of their religious insurrection in 1549. "We will have our old service," said they; "we utterly refuse this new English." But no Cornishman took the trouble to translate liturgy or Scriptures into the Cornish tongue, and the English was certainly not more foreign to them than the Latin had been. For this reason, therefore, we must regard the introduction of English to the churches as a benefit; it removed a foreign dead language, not "understanded of the people," and it made them familiar with a speech which was eventually to unify a vast empire. But we must nevertheless regret the decease of the vernacular. There was no reason why the Cornish should not have become bilingual, to their great mental advantage.

The death of a language does not take place suddenly. At Menheniot, about the year 1540, the Creed and Paternoster were first taught to the folk in English; at St. Feock, a century later, the vicar still administered the Sacrament in Cornish, for the benefit of the older people. In 1678, at Landewednack, the last Cornish sermon on record was preached. Still the tongue lingered around Land's End, and its last fluent speaker, Dolly Pentreath, lived till 1777. The similarity of Cornish to Breton is

proved by the fact that in 1746 a sailor landing in Brittany found that the peasants there understood his Cornish speech better than his own countrymen. Those who wish to study the subject must turn to the works of Lluyd, Borlase, Gwavas, Tonkin, Pryce, Williams, Whitley Stokes, and Jago. The literary remains of the tongue are very slight—a few miracle-plays or interludes, a few sacred poems, proverbs, fables. There are also the manumissions of slaves given in the Bodmin Gospels, not of literary quality, certainly, but interesting samples of the language.

As the language has gone, so the dialect is going. A uniform English will be the result of universal education and omnipresent journalism. Bad grammar, vulgarity, slang, may survive long—they form some hideous compounds in our great cities; but the picturesque and archaic purity of genuine dialect is becoming a thing of the past. Cornish dialect of the past century will be found admirably reproduced in the tales of Tregellas; its present condition is faithfully represented in the works of existing Cornish novelists. Many old English words, and some Celtic, yet survive; traces of Elizabethan and even of Chaucerian England may be found in the speech of this far-western county.

X. Cornish Worthies

In a county whose entire population is only that of a fair-sized town, we must not expect

to find a long list of men in the first rank of eminence. Cornwall none the less has a considerable roll-call of notables. The catalogue here given must necessarily be brief, and must be limited to those who belong to the duchy by birth or parentage; no object is gained by naming persons who may at some time or other have visited or resided here.

Cornwall has given to Britain one personage of world-wide fame—the great and semi-mythical Arthur—

> "That grey king whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still".

But Arthur is not all a ghost, though Tennyson has made him so. No mere spectre of man's conjuring could show such vitality. Tristram also, sung by many poets, belonged to old Cornwall; and Geraint, who was wedded to Enid. But this name of Geraint applies to several princes of the royal Damnonian stock, belonging equally to Devon and Cornwall. St. Ursula, noted for her numerous virgin comrades in pilgrimage, was Cornish, as was St. Constantine; but the majority of Cornwall's saints were really Irish or Welsh. Among early scholars Cornwall can claim John and Michael, both known as "of Cornwall"; Thurnay, Tregony, John de Trevisa and Walter of Exeter; while later we have the noted historians and antiquarians, Richard Carew, Hals, Tonkin, Gilbert, Polwhele, and more than one Borlase. Polwhele was also a

poet. Furthermore we have Trelawney, one of the "Seven Bishops"; Colenso, the bishop of arithmetic, and Henry Martyn, the missionary Devon shares the glory of the Grenvilles, for the family was certainly Devonian though its seat was over the Cornish border; partly Devonian also are the Bullers. More than one member of both families won national fame. There was also more than one eminent Godolphin, Lord Sidney becoming High Treasurer in the reign of Queen Anne. Cornwall can also claim Attorney Noy, Sir John Eliot, Lord Exmouth, Admirals Boscawen and Bligh, Sir Christopher Cole, and many distinguished personages from the families of Trelawney, St. Aubyns, Killigrew, Arundell, Treffry, Molesworth, Vyvyan, Basset, Trevanion, Slanning, Prideaux, Rashleigh, Carminow, Trefusis and Edgcumbe. The first William Pitt was a Cornishman by birth; so also were Sir Humphry Davy, the scientist; Opie, the painter; Foote, the comedian; the poets Jago, Penrose and Wolcot; the brother-explorers, Lander; the geologist, Pengelly; the engineer, Trevithick; the naturalist and local historian, Jonathan Couch; the chemist, Gurney, and others. Hawker of Morwenstow, often claimed as Cornish, was Devonian. A word is due to General Penn Symons, whose monument was lately unveiled at Saltash.

Of late years there has been a revival of literature that by birthright may be called Cornish. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, bearing

a name of former repute in the duchy, and himself for a long time known as "Q" may claim first place; but the Cornish fiction of a younger man, Hugh Walpole, is of quite equal distinction. For genuine Cornish humour and sketches of village life, no one has surpassed Mr. Charles Lee. Tregellas, Bottrell and other writers of that school have done work as truly local but of less literary merit. H. D. Lowry, J. H. Pearce, H. Harris, Mrs. Parr, have given us good Cornish books, as also have Baring Gould, Eden Phillpotts, Charles Marriott, and Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Perhaps the two Hockings should also be mentioned. Arthur H. Norway has written a delightful record of West Country journeyings in his *Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall*, and the late Lewis Hind's *Days in Cornwall* is of great interest. Mr. Arthur Symons is of Cornish parentage and has written charmingly of the Lizard district; Sir J. Rennell Rodd also is a Cornishman. George Borrow, by birth an East Anglian, was Cornish on his father's side, and it should be remembered that the mother of the Brontës was a Cornish woman. Among others who of recent years have written with enthusiasm of Cornwall, a foremost place must be given to the late W. H. Hudson.

DESCRIPTION OF PLACES IN CORNWALL, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY

NOTE.—The position of places is usually given in connection with the nearest railway station, but sometimes other neighbouring centres are mentioned as a more convenient guide, parts of Cornwall being still untouched by rail.

So many Cornish places have the affix "Saint," that it has seemed best to class each place according to the initial of its own distinctive title, thus: St. Austell will be found under the letter A, St. Ives under the letter I.

The customary architectural abbreviations are used, namely:—

Norm. = Norman.
E.E. = Early English.
Dec. = Decorated.
Perp. = Perpendicular.

Advent (3 m. S. of Camelford Station) is so named from St. Athwenna or Adwen, a lady belonging to the Brychan tribe of saints. St. Brychan, who left his name in Brecknockshire, was an Irishman and a notable father of saints. Saintship went largely by heredity or birthright in the Celtic Church. Advent Church is E.E. in transept and tower; the roof, still showing traces of gilt and colouring, is Perp.

St. Agnes (4½ m. N.W. of Chacewater Station) is pronounced St. Anne's, and according to Mr. Baring-Gould is really dedicated to that saint. The district has been devoted to

mining from before the memory of man, and St. Agnes was once a busy prosperous place. The painter Opie was born at Harmony Cottage, in this parish, in the year 1761. His name was really Hoppie. The church has been entirely rebuilt, but it contains a good old font. Trevaunance Porth, scarcely a mile distant, supplies the little town with a port for shipping the produce of its mines; but harbourage on this wild coast is very poor. It is stated that during one of Wesley's many visits to Cornwall, the only shelter he could obtain one night was at a haunted house in St. Agnes. Being disturbed at midnight, he found that the hall was laid for a banquet, and that a gaily-dressed company had assembled, including a gentleman with a red feather in his cap, who invited the preacher to join them. Accepting a vacant chair, Wesley, before he would take bite or sup, said, "It is my custom to ask a blessing on these occasions; stand all". The company rose, but no sooner had his lips pronounced the sacred invocation than the room grew dark and the spectral guests vanished. The house cannot be identified. Popular imagination is so powerful in the West Country, that even around the name of Wesley a kind of folklore has already sprung up. St. Agnes Beacon, about a mile from the village, is a hill of some 600 feet, and is well worth climbing for its view, which embraces Newquay on one side and St. Ives on the other. Geologically it is interesting for its deposits of clay and sand.

The memory of the old giant Bolster clings to this hill; he used to stand with one foot on the Beacon and the other on Carn Brea, in which attitude the artist Cruickshank has drawn him. He was a married man, but he used his wives very ill; it is said that he obtained a new one every year, killing the old one by throwing stones at her. Legend says that he pestered St. Agnes herself with his attentions. At last she conceived a device, not very saint-like but perhaps necessary. Would he fill a little hole in the cliff with his blood, as a proof of his affection? Of course he would. He cut his arm, and let the blood run; but the life-stream flowed and flowed, and his strength ebbed away, and the hole did not fill. At last, when the sea had become red with his blood, he died. The saint had deceived him; the small hole in the rock led down into a cavern, and the cavern led to the sea; not even the ocean could have filled it.

Alan River rises at Worthyvale (½ m. W. of Camelford Station) and joins the Camel near Wadebridge, where it loses its identity.

Alternon (7½ m. S.W. of Launceston) is the largest parish in Cornwall, comprising 15,014 acres; its church-town is the village of Pen-pont ("head of the bridge"). The dedication is to St. Non or Nun, the Mother of the Welsh St. David. The well was one of the most famous of Cornwall's many holy wells; its waters were deemed specific for madness. The patient was placed with his back to the water,

and then violently thrust in and soused with vigour. Prayers were said over him; and it is possible that in some cases the shock might cure, but in more cases it would certainly have done injury. The church has a fine three-stage tower; it is also notable for its admirable bench-ends and restored screen.

St. Anthony-in-Meneage (10 m. E. of Helston) is a beautifully situated church, said to have been built by Norman visitors who escaped shipwreck. There are ancient entrenchments in the neighbourhood, which returned to their old use during the Civil War. The restored church is Perp., with possible traces of E.E. in chancel and font. "Meneage," an affix applied to several parishes in this district, is allied to the Cornish *mên*, a stone; we have the same word in Manaccan and Manacles, while farther N. the root lives in such names as Manchester and Man.

St. Anthony-in-Roseland, on the S.E. bank of St. Mawes Harbour, has a well-restored church, perhaps the best specimen of E.E. in Cornwall. Zose Point, with its lighthouse, is sometimes called St. Anthony's Head. "Roseland" is from the Cornish *ros*, heath or moorland. Place House, in this parish, was once a priory, founded by Athelstan, and given later to the monks of Plympton.

Antony (about 4 m. S.W. of Saltash) has an interesting church, but its chief attraction is Antony House, at East Antony (2 m. distant), the seat of the Pole-Carew family. The house

ST. AUSTELL CHURCH

is best reached by ferry from Trematon. The Pole-Carews, a branch of the old Devonshire Carews, have been here since the fifteenth century. The house itself dates from 1721, and contains some good pictures by Vandyke, Holbein and Reynolds. Sir Richard Pole-Carew of South African fame was born here in 1849.

Arthur's Hall (about 5 m. S.E. of Camelford) is an ancient British camp. The name of Arthur occurs persistently in Cornwall; in most places idly and fabulously; but in this district (see Camelford and Tintagel) legend is very zealous in speaking of the old British chieftain, and has at least a colour of truth.

St. Austell is an intricate and not very attractive town, but it is in the heart of one of Cornwall's thickest centres of population, and its rural district actually shows a considerable increase in the late census. The church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, is badly placed, but is one of the finest in the duchy. Specially notable is its lofty ornamented Perp. tower of granite, whose niches contain figures representing God the Father, the crucified Christ, the Virgin and St. Joseph, three other saints, and the twelve Apostles. The church was restored in 1870; its oldest portion is the Dec. chancel. In the S. buttresses are sculptured the implements and emblems of the Crucifixion. There is some excellent stained glass, and the whole building is a thing of beauty, in a style not

common to Cornwall. Over the porch is an inscription which has been interpreted as *Ry du*, "give to God". The town can also boast of an admirable town-hall and market-place. The main source of its present prosperity is the china-clay industry. This clay is a kind of moist or softened granite, identical with the Chinese *kaolin;* its value was discovered by a Plymouth Quaker, W. Cookworthy, in 1768. The output of china-clay and china-stone from Cornwall in the year 1908 (654,814 tons) shows an increase. The produce of the St. Austell district is shipped at the little ports of Polmear and Charlestown, 2 miles distant. Carclaze Mine, formerly worked for tin and now for this china-clay, well deserves a visit.

Basil or *Trebasil* (about 5 m. S.W. of Launceston), now a farm, was formerly the seat of the Trevelyans. Their antiquity is proved by the legend that one of them saved himself on horseback when the ancient land of Lyonesse was submerged by the waves. Another of the family, besieged for debt by the sheriff's men, dispersed these by scattering beehives among them. A well here is known as St. Basil's, with traces of a chapel.

Bedruthan, formerly spelt Bodruthan (about 7 m. E. of Newquay by the cliffs, but 9 m. by carriage-road through Mawgan), will well repay the difficulty of reaching it. All the grandeur of the North Cornwall coast is here to be seen; but the caves can only be properly inspected at low tide. It is truly a superb bit of scenery,

combining grand and fantastic rocks with a sea constantly varying in its blues, greens and purples. In time of storm the spot is one of awful solemnity. Those who stand above these cliffs must acknowledge that even Cornwall has not a finer spectacle to offer, though the coast at Boscastle may be wilder and more barren. The finest of the caves is the Great Cavern; but the state of the tide is a most important consideration.

Belouda or *Belovely Beacon* (1 m. N.W. of Victoria Station) is a granite tor of 765 feet in height.

St. Bennet's Monastery (3½ m. S.W. of Bodmin) is the remains of a Benedictine foundation; hence the name. It has been badly used in modern times, but is still interesting.

Bessie's Cove is a tiny caverned bay near Cuddan Point.

Black Head is a bare promontory of serpentine on the coast, about 6 miles E. of the Lizard.

Blackadon Rings (1 m. S.E. of Menheniot Station) is an ancient circular entrenchment.

St. Blazey, whose church is dedicated to the martyred Bishop Blaise, shares the beauty of Cornwall's most wooded district, in some part marred by the industry of mining. The church claims no notice. There is a railway station here, on the line from Par to Newquay.

Bleu Bridge, on the road between Penzance and Trevailer, is noted for a granite block, once used as a stepping-stone, on which is the in-

scription, *Quenatavus Icdinui filius*. The date is supposed to be about 600 A.D.

Blisland (about 6 m. N.E. of Bodmin) has a church dedicated to St. Protus, of which the walls of nave and chancel are Norm., the remainder Perp. The ecclesiastical designation of the parish was Bliston-juxta-montem; it is not quite clear which hill is referred to. Bellarmine's Tor is the nearest, but Brown Willy may be meant. The estate was held by Harold in the time of the Confessor. There has been some admirable restoration.

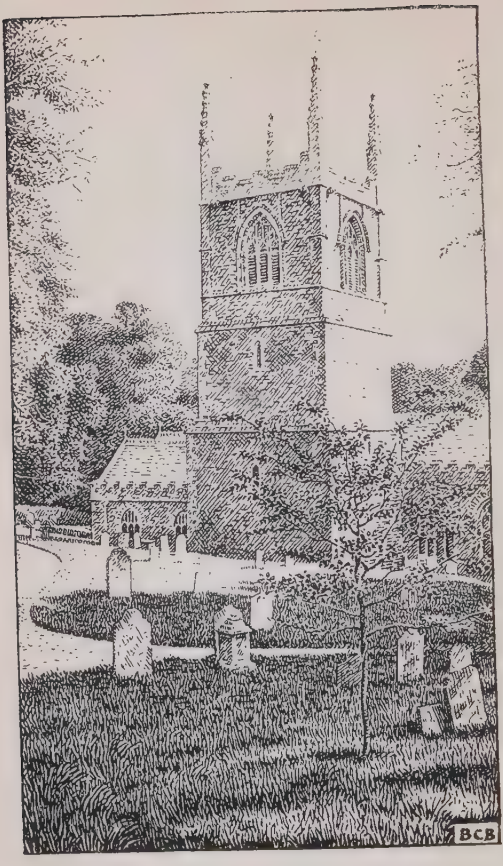
Boconnoc (4 m. E. of Lostwithiel) is famous not only for its memories of the Civil War, but for the lovely wooded park of Boconnoc Manor. The house stands in a lawn of 100 acres, while the well-watered park is stocked with beeches and oaks. Held under the Conqueror by Robert de Mortain, the manor passed later to the Carminows, Courtenays, and Mohuns; the last Lord Mohun being the infamous duellist, killed in 1713. (See Thackeray's *Esmond*.) Thomas Pitt, of Madras, owner of the famous Pitt diamond, then bought the estate, and one of his descendants was another noted duellist, the second Lord Camelford. At Boconnoc also was born the first William Pitt. In 1644 the house was seized for the king, who took up his quarters here. He is said to have been fired at while standing under an oak, which tree, from surprise and horror, afterwards bore parti-coloured leaves. The present mansion dates chiefly from the late eighteenth

century. The church (Perp.) is very interesting.

BODMIN (bod-minachau, "the abode of monks") is the county-town of Cornwall, though Truro is more really the capital. The recent census showed a slight increase of Bodmin's population, but the rural district has decreased. Petrock, a Welsh saint of Irish education, came to Cornwall in the sixth century, and founded Petrockstow (Padstow). Later he came on to Bodmin, and enlarged a hermit's cell into a small religious settlement; where, after further missionary travels, he died and left his bones. He also left his name, and there has been endless confusion between the two Petrockstows. It was clearly Padstow, not Bodmin, that was burnt by the Danes in 981; and Padstow also was referred to by William of Malmesbury in connection with the Cornish diocese. Bishops in the Celtic Church were monastic, not territorial; the first territorial bishop that we hear of in Cornwall is Kenstec of Dinurrin (probably Dingerrein). That Bodmin became episcopal or partly so is absolutely certain; its priory possessed a valuable ninth century copy of the Gospels (now in the British Museum), in which were entered the manumissions of slaves from 941 to 1043, and this, in the opinion of Bishop Stubbs, proves the existence of an episcopal residence at Bodmin. Perhaps Bodmin was a kind of suffragan-see to St. Germans, or perhaps for a time it was the sole see-town; the only thing

certain is that from 981 till the Cornish diocese was joined to that of Devon, St. Germans was the headquarters of the Cornish episcopate. Besides its priory, Bodmin is said to have had thirteen chapelries. The priory, founded in 938, originally Benedictine, was given to Austin canons by Bishop Warelwast. It was one of these canons that, in 1177, carried away the precious remains of St. Petrock to France; but this caused such an uproar of indignation, that they were returned. The case in which the bones were kept is still shown. At the Dissolution the site of the priory was sold to Sternhold, versifier of the Psalms. A few remains are embodied in the existing Priory-house.

Cornwall has ever been prompt in leading forlorn hopes; and two men of Bodmin, Flamank and Joseph, led the men of the West Country in their armed resistance to Henry VII.'s heavy taxation. Exeter refused to receive them, but they proceeded to Taunton, and then to London. Not until 2000 lay dead on Blackheath did the gallant Cornishmen acknowledge that they were beaten; and they then suffered the scant mercy of a cold-blooded unforgiving king. This was in 1496. A few weeks later Perkin Warbeck, calling himself Richard IV., landed near Land's End. He was proclaimed at Bodmin, and 3000 brave Cornishmen gathered round him, to be worsted at Exeter and deserted by their would-be king at Taunton. Cornwall suffered heavily from



BODMIN CHURCH

both enterprises; yet it was ready, in 1549, to play an active part in a general revolt of the West against the Protestant religion. The Cornish insurgents encamped near Bodmin, and were assisted by its mayor, Boyer. But at Exeter the rebellion was crushed by Lord Russell, and Sir Anthony Kingston was despatched to Cornwall to inflict punishment. He sent word to Boyer that he would dine with him, and should expect to find ready a gallows for the execution of certain rebels. The unsuspecting mayor caused a sumptuous banquet to be prepared; and when this had been discussed word came that the gallows was finished. "Then let us go and see if it is sufficiently strong," said Kingston. "Most assuredly it is," said Boyer. "Up with thee, then," said his guest; "the gallows is for thee, for thou hast been a busy rebel" Bodmin also played some part in the Civil War.

The church, the largest in Cornwall, is a fine specimen of Perp, dating from about 1470, with the exception of tower and part of chancel which are earlier. A spire, considered the best in the West of England, was destroyed by lightning in 1699. The monument to Prior Vyvyan (1533) bears the sculptured bishop with mitre and crozier; below are niches with statues of saints. Font and bench-ends are specially worthy of notice, and there is a fine peal of bells.

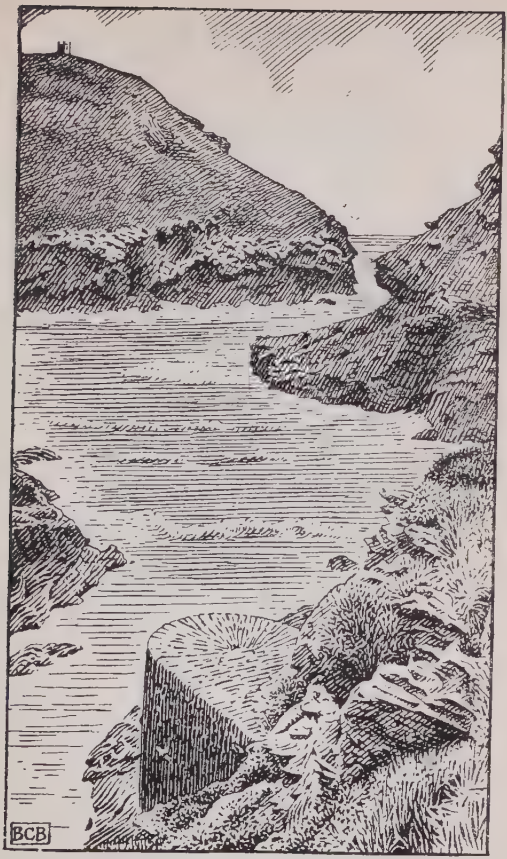
Bodmin Moors, like Dartmoor, are a swelling mass of granite, less lofty, but with even more

perilous bogs. Cultivation is rapidly increasing, but there is plenty of wildness left. This is the rainiest district of Cornwall, and is often swathed in fogs. Legends and prehistoric remains cluster thickly—stone-circles, beehive-huts, logans; there must at one time have been a large population here, pre-Celtic and later.

Bodrigan's Leap. (See Portmellin.)

Boleigh or *Bolleit* (about 2 m. E. of St. Buryan) is supposed to be the scene of Athelstan's final victory over the Britons. The Pipers, two rude granite pillars, have been supposed to mark the burial-place of the slain, but are probably of earlier date.

Boscastle may be reached by coach from Camelford Station (5 m.) or from Bude (18 m.). The name, a corruption of Bottreaux' Castle, embodies recollections of the Norman family of that name; the castle has gone. Boscastle is one of the wildest and most romantic spots on the Cornish coast. The place is entirely unconventional, with cliff-paths for its promenades, and no accessible beach. A tortuous zigzag ravine allows the Valleney stream to join an inlet of the sea, and thus a tiny port is formed; but it must be seen to be realised. Entrance to the harbour, through a double bend of rocks, is exceedingly difficult; vessels are warped in by immense hawsers. The best view of this harbour, sometimes called a miniature Balaclava, is from the exposed coast-guard station on the right; but the view from Willapark Point, on the opposite side, is



BOSCASTLE

almost equally fine. Near this headland stands the parish church of Forrabury, in an almost unrivalled situation ; it is dedicated to St. Symphorian. An interesting granite cross stands outside the churchyard ; and within the church some of Cornwall's fine carved bench-ends have been used for the altar. The absence of bells is accounted for by a tradition which inspired one of R. S. Hawker's most popular ballads. A fine peal of bells had been procured, and they were being brought to Boscastle by sea. Land was almost reached, and the pilot, who knew the perils of the coast, exclaimed, "God be thanked for a safe voyage". The captain swore roundly : "Thank God on land—at sea thank the skipper and his good ship". Suddenly a tempest arose ; the ship and all that it contained were lost, the pilot alone reaching land. But it seems that Hawker invented this tale to fit a genuine belief that the bells had been lost at sea.

> "Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
> Is waking in his weedy caves,
> Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
> Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.
> 'Come to thy God in time.'
> Thus saith the ocean chime ;
> 'Storm, whirlwind, billow past,
> Come to thy God at last'."

About a mile E. of Boscastle, in a secluded and most picturesque vale, stands Minster, so named from a monastic building that once

stood near; its chancel is partly E.E. Part of the church fell in after morning service about thirty years since.

Boscawen-ûn (4½ m. W. of Penzance) is mentioned in an ancient Welsh Triad as one of the three places of poetic contest and judgment in Britain (the "Gorsedd of Boscawen in Damnonium"). Such contests may fitly be associated with the circle of stones known as the "Nine Maidens"—a Bronze-Age monument which the Celts doubtless utilised. Nineteen stones are left with a monolith in the centre. Barrows, kistvaens and pottery have been discovered near. Another "Nine Maidens" is found to the N., at about the same distance from Penzance at Boskednan.

Bosphrennis or *Bosporthennis* (about 5 m. N. of Penzance) has an excellent specimen of an ancient beehive-hut, much resembling some of the monastic round-huts of Ireland, and probably dating from the same age. Apparently it is the only survivor of several, whose stones have gone to make the neighbouring "hedges". Near is a fallen cromlech. The hut consisted of two chambers, one circular, the other rectangular. Similar huts are found at this very day in the Hebrides, and though monuments of an early age abound near, we may feel safe in dating the dwelling from the early days of British Christianity.

Bossiney (1½ m. E. of Tintagel) is a small fishing village that once, together with Trevena, returned a member to Parliament, and can boast

that it was represented by Sir Francis Drake. There are earthworks and crosses near.

Botallack Mine (2 m. N. of Cape Cornwall) was formerly one of Cornwall's great show-places, but was long disused and became dangerous to visit. Some slight working is now carried on again. Our late King and Queen visited the mine in 1865 ; its depth is over 1000 feet, and it extends considerably under the sea. In time of storm the noise of the waves beating above, and rolling amongst the loose boulders of rock, is so tremendous that the stoutest-hearted pitmen have been terrified and driven from their work. Even in calm the deep-toned murmur of the sea can be heard. The coast scenery around is very grand.

Botathen, S. Petherwin (2 m. S.W. of Launceston), only deserves mention as being connected with a very curious ghost-story, the narrative of which was written by Ruddle, who was called in to exorcise the ghost. Botathen was the seat of the Blighs, and a boy of that family was much troubled by the appearance of a woman, who so haunted him that he became depressed ; the more so, as he was accused of being an idle lad, inventing foolish fables. Ruddle met the ghost on several occasions, and at last, "after a few words on each side, it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear since nor ever will to any man's disturbance". Unhappily the reverend gentleman does not quote his interviews. The

affair was well authenticated and credited at the time; and Defoe, who made a tour to Land's End, got hold of Ruddle's manuscript and gave it further popularity.

Botus Fleming (2 m. N.W. of Saltash) has a Perp. church with E.E. font, and a Crusader's monument, supposed to be that of Stephen le Fleming, its reputed founder.

St. Breage (3 m. W. of Helston) is interesting on account of its fifteenth century church, dedicated to St. Breaca, sister of St. Euny. This part of Cornwall was invaded by a body of Irish, including many saints, who arrived first on the N. coast early in the sixth century. The settlement was not accomplished without bloodshed; indeed, there is a holed sandstone cross in Breage Churchyard, which tradition says was carved out of granite sand hardened by blood. The rarity of sandstone work in this part accounts for the legend. The church (100 ft. E. to W.; 55 ft. N. to S.) consists of chancel, nave, and two aisles, with N. and S. transepts, once probably private chapels. The porch is of the special Cornish type produced by a use of granite; there is also a beautiful tower-arch, and modern screen. The altar-slabs are ancient, the reredos new. In the S. transept is the very striking tomb of Margaret Godolphin, date 1678. Specially interesting also are the frescoes, discovered beneath whitewash during the admirable restoration of 1890. That of St. Christopher closely resembles those at Poughill; there are also full-

length figures of St. Michael, St. Giles, and St. Corantine or Cury. In the tower hangs the largest bell in Cornwall; a former vicar is said to have so disliked the pealing that he had the old bells melted into one, so heavy that it takes three men to ring it. Perhaps this is why it is not now rung; the tone is very rich. The men of Breage and district had formerly a reputation for wrecking; an old couplet runs as follows :—

"God keep us from rocks and shelving sands,
And save us from Breage and Germoe men's hands".

St. Breward, locally called Simonward (about 4 m. S. of Camelford), is evidently so named from Bishop Brewer, who built and endowed the church in the thirteenth century, and stipulated that his anniversary should be observed. This is one of the moorland parishes, and embraces the highest hills in Cornwall. The church is a blend of Norm., Dec., and Perp.

Brown Gilly, perhaps a corruption of *bryn geled*, "prominent hill," is a bare and bold hill of about 1100 ft., on the Bodmin moors. Here are to be seen cairns, barrows, and the remains of a prehistoric village. Every mile of this district is written thick with the handwriting of antiquity. Not many miles distant is—

Brown Willy (probably *bryn uhella*, "highest hill"), the loftiest peak in the duchy (1380 feet). It may be reached from Launceston or from Bodmin, but the easiest journey is from Camelford, about 5 miles. This and its twin

peak, *Rough Tor*, may be made the centre of a single excursion, but the visitor must carefully avoid the treacherous bog that lies between. This bog is not the only danger. The moors are often swept by thick mists. It is safest, unless in brilliant and settled weather, to go in company with a guide. Mr. Baring-Gould tells us how he was himself caught in a bog, and had already sunk to his armpits before he managed with tremendous effort to extricate himself. This same bog, during that season, had swallowed six bullocks. The Jamaica Inn, once a solitary refreshment-house, will accommodate those who wish to pass a night in this deeply interesting region. Especially notable are the beehive-huts, their walls composed of rough unmortared moorstones, varying from 2 to 3 ft. in thickness, while the diameter of the huts is from 6 to 8 ft. The roofs were laid on in kraal fashion, boughs being roughly thatched with straw or bracken. A very fine specimen may be seen at Fernaker, in the hollow between the two hills. On the summit of Brown Willy is a huge unexplored cairn; the huts will be found lower down. These huts may be compared with those at Bosphrennis and Chysauster; they are probably of much the same date. The Fernaker circle of upright stones, the finest of its kind in Cornwall, is of course far older. Two kists were found among the barrows, one large, one small, both empty; it is supposed they were the resting-place of parent and child.

Rough Tor (pronounced Row Tor) is 1296 ft. in height, but, though not quite as lofty as Brown Willy, is grander in appearance, and is notable for its vast blocks of rugged granite, weathered into the wildest of shapes. On the eastern peak are remains of a chapel to St. Michael, to whom churches in exposed places were often dedicated; it was supposed that the archangel would preserve them from evil powers of the air. Around the feet of these hills are numerous traces of early occupation. West of Rough Tor is an admirable logan. The view from the hill tops is very extensive, and on clear days reaches to Somerset.

BUDE possibly derives its name from St. Budoc, but the point is uncertain. It has been condemned as unpicturesque and uninteresting, but its rising popularity proves the charm that it has for the public; and, indeed, in spite of commonplace houses and some features of distressing modernity, there is a real attraction about the place. Of antiquity it has little, beyond traces of a St. Michael's chapel in Chapel Rock; but it has been said that Agricola landed here. The canal, constructed early in last century, gave Bude some small amount of importance; it conveyed inland a considerable quantity of sand. The railway has since brought the canal into disuse, but the haven is still employed for a tiny coasting trade. In rough weather it is the sheerest absurdity to speak of it as a harbour; indeed, of true harbourage on this N. coast there is

none. The small Bude River flows to sea side by side with the artificial waterway. N.W. of the town spread the breezy Summerleaze Downs, much favoured by golfers; and below the cliffs is a noble stretch of sands. Bude makes a convenient centre from which to visit places more interesting than itself; coaches run to Clovelly, Hartland, Boscastle, and Tintagel. Those who would counteract unflattering opinions of the place should read Dr. George Macdonald's *Seaboard Parish*, in which, amid much tedious moralising, are some admirable descriptions of the district. Bude is the Kilkhaven of the novel, but for his church Macdonald must have gone elsewhere—and he need not have gone far. Bude church is tame and modern. Numberless traces of shipwreck strew all this coast, and broken spars and ship-beams may often be found in the fields, sometimes converted to agricultural uses.

St. Budock. (See Falmouth.)

St. Buryan ($5\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. of Penzance) is so named from Buriena, the beautiful daughter of a Munster chieftain; perhaps she was the Bruinsech of the Donegal Martyrology. She came to Cornwall in the days of St. Piran. Her oratory may either have been on the site of the present church, or it may have been at a spot named the Sentry (sanctuary), about a mile S.E. It is stated that during his expedition through Cornwall, subduing the "West Welsh," Athelstan first sighted the Isles of

Scilly from this spot, and vowed to build and endow a college if he returned safely from their conquest. He observed his vow. The collegiate foundation consisted of a dean and three prebendaries, the deanery having jurisdiction over the parishes of SS. Buryan, Levan, and Sennen. In later days there was a good deal of quarrelling between the deans, their royal patrons, and the Bishops of Exeter. The existing church, foolishly supposed by Whitaker to be Athelstan's, is fifteenth century Perp., but the rude Norm. arches N. of the chancel clearly belong to the earlier church that was dedicated 1238, while at least equally ancient are the font and the stoup in the porch. Its collegiate character is still visible in the chancel, where are the decanal and prebendal stalls, misplaced but undamaged; their seats could be raised in a fashion still familiar. The church has suffered cruelly from restoration, including, in 1814, the removal of its exquisite screen; but this has since been properly replaced. Many carved bench-ends were also destroyed. Nave and aisles are connected by pointed arches. The west-end buttressed tower, 90 ft., forms a conspicuous landmark; and on the pavement of this tower lies the coffin-shaped tomb of "Clarice La Femme Cheffrei De Bolleit," offering ten days' pardon to whoever should pray for her soul. There is no date, but the lettering is thirteenth century. A shaftless cross of Celtic form, but not Celtic date, stands on a rough flight of steps outside

the pinnacled south porch, and there is another cross in the roadway.

Cadgwith (2 m. N.E. Lizard Town) is a delightful fishing-village in the Parish of St. Ruan Minor. Poltesco with its ruined serpentine works, Kennack with fine sands, Caerleon Cove, are all within easy reach. Near also are many notable fissures and caverns, Dolor Hugo and others ; "hugo" being apparently a corruption of *fogou* (cave). But the great attraction is the Devil's Frying-pan, into which the sea enters by a natural arch. The explanation of such formations is that the waves eroded softer deposits, leaving only the rocky framework.

Caer Bran Round (4 m. W. of Penzance) exhibits the remains of a circular hill-castle, one of a chain of such castles defending the Land's End district, and so placed that signals might be flashed from one to the other. They must have been defensive against a landward foe ; seaward, with such a coast, there was little to fear.

Caerhays or *Carhays House* (3 m. S. of Tregony) is a modern building erected on the site of the old home of the Trevanions. Weapons belonging to members of that famous family are treasured at the Parish Church of St. Michael Caerhayes, in which church is a Saxon doorway. John Trevanion, one of

> "The four wheels of Charles's Wain,
> Grenville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning, slain,"

fell at the siege of Bristol.

Cairn Uny. (See Fogous.)

Callington (9 m. E. of Liskeard), formerly called Killington and Calvington, has by some been identified with the Celliwig or Gelliwic of Arthurian tradition; but it is certain that Kallibury Castle, or the Kelly Rounds (which see), has a better claim. But if there was a large principality, or tribe-land, known as Celliwig or Celli, Callington may have been included within its borders. It was formerly a prosperous town, with mines and a woollen trade; and it returned two members to Parliament. Horace Walpole once represented the constituency. Its mother church is St. Samson's, Southill, 2 miles distant, dedicated to the St. Samson of Guernsey and of Dol. A holy well of the same saint is near, and here was found an inscribed stone bearing an ogham. Southill church is Dec., consisting of chancel, nave, S. aisle and N. tower; it has a good Norm. font. Callington Church proper, dedicated to St. Mary, is a fine Perp. granite building, containing a very striking monument to Lord Willoughby de Broke, 1503. The effigy represents him in armour, wearing the insignia of the Garter; on the soles of the figure are monkish figures, said to be unique. The church was poorly restored in 1859, but has since been greatly improved by the addition of a N. aisle. There is a good brass to one of the church's benefactors, Sir Nicholas Assheton and wife; also, what is rare in Cornwall, a clerestory. The western tower has some fine carving.

Calstock (5 m. S.W. of Tavistock), on the Cornish side of the Tamar, which is here very beautiful, has a Perp. church, containing monuments of the Mount Edgcumbe family, and a fresco of St. George.

Camborne claims to be the actual centre of present-day mining in the duchy, Redruth being its only rival. Its population (14,582) shows a decrease of over 1000 on the last census, but is still the largest in Cornwall. Students from all parts of the world resort to its Mining School. The Perp. church was originally dedicated to St. Meriadoc of Brittany, who may have brought the affix "de Campbon," or *Campibonensis*, with him. Restored in 1862, enlarged in 1879, a good portion of the fourteenth century building is still retained. Specially interesting is the old pulpit, panelled with symbols of the Passion, but even more noteworthy is the stone altar-slab, inscribed *Leinit* (or *Leniut*) *jusit hec altare pro anima sua.* Tuckingmill, Penponds and Treslothan are parishes created from the mother parish of Camborne.

Camel River rises in the high ground near Davidstow, gives its name to Camelford, and passes through Wadebridge to its estuary at Padstow. It is joined by the De Lank and the Alan. About three miles from its source is the town of

Camelford, a rather dismal little place at present, but of deeply interesting associations. The name may lead some into supposing

that Camelford is the Camelot of Arthurian romance; but Camelot is more generally identified with South Cadbury in Somerset, which also has its river Camel, and which might strengthen its claim by its nearness to Glastonbury, the traditional burial-place of Arthur. But this tradition of Glastonbury is now discredited. Discredited also is the belief that Arthur fought his last battle at Slaughter Bridge, a bridge still spanning the Camel about a mile N. of Camelford. It is not pleasant to have to cast off so picturesque a tradition; but Scottish authorities now claim that the king's last battle took place at Camelon, on the Scottish river Carron, and though Cornwall will not surrender Slaughter Bridge without a struggle, it is probable that the Scotch are right. The whole question of Arthurian locality is a very complicated one, and has been further confused by this similarity of name between the Camels of Cornwall and Somerset, and the Camelon of Scotland. As head-king of the British, Arthur's sway extended from Land's End to Strathclyde, whose limits we may take to have been near the Forth. The whole subject of Arthur is so difficult that even Professor Rhys, patriotic Celt as he is, treats it with grave caution, while some scholars have impatiently got rid of the difficulty by comfortably asserting that no such person ever existed. (For other Arthurian localities, see *Tintagel*, *Damelioc*, etc.) Slaughter Bridge can, however, claim one great battle,

fought between the Britons and Saxons in 823. Near here was found a Romanised-British menhir, said to have been once utilised as a foot-bridge, on which is a Latin inscription, usually read as *Latinus hic jacit filius Macari*. The manor of Worthyvale was mentioned as Guerdevalan in Domesday.

Camelford can boast of having returned Lords Lansdowne, Brougham, and "Ossian" Macpherson, during its parliamentary days. Its parish church, Lanteglos ("church-enclosure"), is nearly 2 miles distant; it is a fine building with E.E. chancel, nave of combined Dec. and Perp., tower and font E.E. At the rectory, designed by Pugin, are an ancient cross and inscribed stone worth inspecting.

Cape Cornwall (4 m. N. of Land's End) is a mass of granite and slate, having the appearance of reaching even farther westward than Land's End itself; but this is an optical deception. Traces of an ancient chapel (St. Helen's) may be seen here. The Brison rocks, about a mile out, have been the scene of many wrecks.

Caradon Hill, height 1208 ft., is a spur of the Bodmin Moors, about 5 m. N. of Liskeard. Close by are disused copper mines. A local couplet runs—

> "When Caradon's capped and St. Cleer hooded,
> Liskeard town will soon be flooded".

Carclaze Mine.—"Car-glaze," grey rock (2 m. N.E. of St. Austell), has been quarried for

tin beyond the memory of man; it is now worked for china-clay. This clay, in which Cornwall has a large industry, is used for ware, for bleaching, and for giving substance to inferior cotton fabrics.

Carclew (2½ m. N. of Penryn Station) is famous for its grand park and gardens, with their rhododendrons and Lucombe oaks. In the park grows wild the *Erica ciliaris*.

Cardinham (5 m. E. of Bodmin) is now supposed to be the Caradigan at which Arthur sometimes held court. The earthwork stands in a field behind a lonely farm-house; it is well placed, with a rampart of about 260 yards, and faint traces of inner circumvallation.

Carnanton (6 m. N.E. of Newquay), once the seat of Attorney Noy, is now deservedly famous for the loveliness of its woods. Strangers will be admitted on presentation of visiting-cards. It is a veritable paradise of trees and ferns.

Carn.—There are many "carns" in Cornwall, and the name always means cairn or heap of stones, frequently covering a grave. Among the more important are: *Carn Brea* (near Carn Brea Station), a granite pile of 740 ft., with cairn, cliff-castle, traces of an oratory, stone circles, beehive-huts, and logan-stone, and a monument to Lord Dunstanville; *Carn Trecrobben*, near Lelant; *Carn Galva*, near Zennor; *Carn Kenidzhek*, near St. Just. There are many others, more than can even be named in so small a work as the present. One of the highest is

Carnmenelis or *Carn Menelez*, near Redruth, a stony eminence of 822 ft.

Carnon (3 m. S. of Truro) is notable for its sulphate of copper and arsenic works; also for its disused tin-workings.

Carrick Roadstead is a name given to the estuary of the Fal. As a Celtic place-name, Carrick always means "rocks".

Castle-an-Dinas is a name which, in Cornwall as in Wales, means the castle of the stronghold or earthwork. There are two special eminences with this name in the duchy One is 4½ m. N. of Penzance, a castellated hill of 735 ft., with an unsurpassed view, commanding both Channels. On one side lies Mount's Bay, on the other that of St. Ives; and here the visitor can realise the difference between the air of South Cornwall and that of North. The other Castle-an-Dinas is a hill of almost similar height, about 2½ m. E. of St. Colomb Major, said to have been surrounded in old time with forests in which King Arthur loved to hunt. The earthwork here is of greater importance than that of the other Dinas, comprising 6 acres with three rings of entrenchment.

Cawsand Bay is a favourite resort of Plymouthians, being easily reached by water. The quaint little villages of Cawsand and Kingsand unite to form one cluster of houses; they were once devoted to smuggling.

Chacewater (5 m. W. of Truro) is in the heart of the S. Cornish mining district. Its

church was formerly noted both for size and ugliness, but the architect, Mr. Sedding, has removed most of the latter complaint. James Watt stayed at Chacewater while he erected the first pumping-engine that was employed in Cornish mines.

Charlestown (2 m. E. of St. Austell), named after Charles Rashleigh who constructed the harbour, supplies a port for this busy district. Much china-clay is shipped here; but many of the neighbouring mines, here as elsewhere, are disused.

Cheesewring (about 7 m. N. of Liskeard) is a mushroom-like pile of weathered granite rocks, standing on an eminence of over 1000 ft., the lower blocks being much smaller than the upper. We need not attribute this singular pile to the Druids or to any other human agency; natural causes, denuding such rocks of earth and soft environments, have done the work, as has been the case with the logans. From this hill can be seen the two Channels, together with a wide extent of Devon and Cornwall. Near by are the "Hurlers" (probably of the later Stone Age), which tradition says are a body of Sabbath-breakers, who played their favourite game on the holy day. They formerly consisted of three circles, and two monoliths; but the circles have been robbed of many stones. Almost countless prehistoric monuments have been mutilated or despoiled in this fashion, by careless or ignorant farmers and proprietors. The Cheesewring itself nearly

met this fate; and "Daniel Gumb's Rocks," preserving the memory of a remarkable man, have gone entirely. Gumb, a stone-cutter, made himself a home among these rocks, living here with wife and children, and devoting his spare hours to a study of Euclid and astronomy He died in 1776. An account of his life will be found among the writings of the Rev. R. S. Hawker.

Chyandour, the eastern suburb of Penzance; the name means "the house by the water".

Chysauster or *Chysoyster* (about 5 m. N. of Penzance) is a cluster of beehive-huts in very tolerable preservation. They are evidently the remains of an ancient British village, covering some ten acres of the lower slopes of the hill that is crowned by Castle-an-Dinas. The shape of these varies from oval to circular, and there are inner cells opening from the main outer chamber. They differ considerably from the hut at Bosphrennis. Around may be traced ramparts and walls, and near is a subterranean passage or fogou. The huts are constructed of earth, roughly faced with uncemented stones. Were it not that almost identical dwellings are still found habitable even in the British Isles, a great antiquity might be assigned to these; as it is, we have no competent authority to name their date. Further exploration of the surroundings might throw light on the subject.

St. Cleer (3 m. N. of Liskeard Station) is named after St. Clether, of the Brychan tribe of saints. The holy well, which was doubtless his

baptistery, can boast of one of the finste well-chapels surviving in Cornwall. It had fallen into decay and ruin, but within the last few years has been wisely and carefully restored—far happier in this than the neglected oratory of St. Piran. St. Cleer was a busy little place, but has decayed with the mining; its church has a fine tower, and a Norm. zigzag doorway walled up. Some of the guide-books wrongly give the dedication as St. *Clare;* as does Dr. Knapp, who ought to know better, in his life of George Borrow. All who have read *Lavengro* will remember Borrow's boast that his father was a Cornishman. It was at the farm-house of Trethinnick, near St.Cleer, that the elder Borrow was born in 1758, and his son afterwards paid a pilgrimage to the spot. Many of us wish that he had dealt with Cornwall as he did with "Wild Wales".

St. Clement's (2 m. S.E. of Truro) has a finely placed church containing some good frescoes, discovered during restoration in 1866. The thirteenth century Polwhele aisle has a monument to the Cornish historian of that name. At this place is a sepulchral stone, once used as a gatepost, on which is an inscription, supposed to be of the fifth century, which is read as follows: *Isniocus Vitalis filius Torrici.* The cross cut on the stone is considered of later date than the inscription.

St. Clether (about 3½ m. S. of Tresmeer Station) is famous for its holy well situated amid most beautiful scenery, and now restored

to be the largest well-chapel in Cornwall. St. Clether was one of the tribe of Brychan, and reached Cornwall from Wales some time in the fifth century; he built his cell in this lovely spot by the river Inney. The late restoration is of a fifteen century building, whose stones may probably have been the very same as used by Clether. A full description of this well-chapel, by the Rev. Baring-Gould, will be found in the *Cornish Magazine*. In this parish is Basil, the seat of the Trevelyans. The parish church was rebuilt in 1865.

Clowance (close to Praze Station on the Helston line) is the seat of the old family of St. Aubyns. The house, surrounded with a wealth of trees not common in Cornwall, was rebuilt less than a century since; it contains a fine collection of pictures.

Colan (5 m. E. of Newquay) has a church of thirteenth century foundation, now chiefly Perp. Its dedication is supposed to be the same as the Welsh Llangollen and the Langolen of Brittany—namely, the seventh century St. Collen.

Coldrenick (2 m. E. of Menheniot Station) is a seat of the Trelawny family, and the birth-place of Sir J. Trelawny, one of the "Seven Bishops".

St. Columb Major (about 3 m. N. of St. Columb Road Station) can boast of an unusually fine church. There has been some uncertainty about the dedication of the Cornish St. Columbs, because many persons have jumped to the con-

clusion that they commemorate the great Columba of the north. But anything like jumping at conclusions is dangerous in Cornish hagiology. The dedication is almost certainly to the maiden Columba who was martyred in Gaul. The church, possessing chancel, nave, two aisles and two transepts, was restored in 1867; it still retains early Dec. and Perp. features, and some portions are believed to be earlier. An explosion of gunpowder, through the carelessness of some boys, in 1676, did damage, particularly to the chancel. There are good bench-ends and brasses, and a peal of eight bells in the belfry. The old tower was struck by lightning, and the present one was also struck during a storm a few years since. The quadrangular old moated rectory is supposed to have been intended for a collegiate building; its church accounts, dating from the sixteenth century, are specially interesting. The old Cornish game of hurling still lingers at St. Columb, which place was also a famous headquarters of wrestling. Hurling was a little like Rugby football, with goals, rules against forward-throwing, etc., but the ball was only carried or hurled, never kicked.

St. Columb Minor is the mother parish of Newquay, from which it is a little more than 2 miles distant. The handsome late Dec. church has the second highest tower in Cornwall, but its exquisite bench-ends and rood-screen are gone. In this parish is St. Columb Porth, and the Porth Island or insulated head-

land, whose noble cliff scenery and caves are greatly appreciated by visitors. The island, also known as Trevalgue Head, may be reached by a little bridge at any state of the tide, but in visiting the caves great care should be exercised. On such a headland we naturally expect to find a cliff-castle, and are not disappointed.

Constantine (5 m. E. of Helston) is apparently a dedication to the Constantine whom Gildas so roundly abuses, but who was converted by St. Petrock in later life, and who left his Cornish kingdom for a monastery in Ireland. But there are other Constantines or Cystennyns in early Cornish records, and discrimination is necessary. There is a similar dedication at St. Merryn (which see). In the Constantine parish is Gweek, at the head of the Helford River, the scene of Hereward's Cornish adventures, as related by Charles Kingsley. In the church was discovered, in 1860, the finest Cornish specimen of monumental brass. A late vicar of Constantine was killed by falling off the roof of the church, while overseeing its restoration.

Cotehele (about 5 m. E. of Callington) is the beautiful seat of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, dating from Henry VII. A quadrangular building of granite, it is nobly situated on the banks of the Tamar. The house is preserved as nearly as possible in its ancient condition—tapestry, antique furniture, weapons, hunting trophies, needlework. Royal memories cling about the

CRANTOCK CHURCH

place. Among the lovely woods by the river-side is a small chapel, commemorating the narrow escape of Sir Richard Edgcumbe, whom Richard III. desired to arrest at a time when arrest would certainly have meant execution. The knight escaped in these woods.

Coverack, near St. Keverne, is perhaps the best centre for the eastern Lizard district, being excellent for bathing and fishing, with a charming coast. A little way out lie the Manacles, (see p. 174).

Crantock (2½ m. W. of Newquay) is a peaceful old village with a church dedicated to St. Carantoc, the Irish Cairnech, who assisted St. Patrick in the compilation of the Senchus Mor. Possibly he was Irish; but the more general supposition is that he was either Welsh or Cornish, which in that day meant much the same thing. Strangely enough, there is another dedication to him near the Welsh Newquay, at Llangranog. He is said to have landed on the banks of the Gannel, and built his oratory probably near the site of the present holy well. The spot seems previously to have been known as Garrow or Carrow; hence it became Langarrow, and, finally, Crantock. A collegiate foundation was established here in Saxon times, mentioned in the Exeter Domesday as Langorroc; and this establishment was restored or refounded in the reign of Edward III., with accommodation for a dean and nine prebendaries. The present church (chiefly Perp., with Dec. and E.E. portions) has been

restored by the vicar; it has a cathedral-like arrangement of choir and nave, the choir being reached by steps. The font, 1473, deserves notice, and also the fine sandstone coffin lying in the churchyard. It is still rumoured in the village that Crantock was once a large and busy port, with many houses and churches, at a time when the Gannel was navigable; but that it was overwhelmed with sand during a great storm as a punishment for the sins of its people. An atmosphere of thoroughly Cornish quietude and romance hangs over the hamlet; there is no public-house, and apparently only visitors desire one. The inbred superstition of the Cornish may be found at its best in spots like this, and some rather eerie ideas cling around the sandy creek that separates old-fashioned Crantock from modern Newquay.

Creed. (See Grampound.)

Crowza Downs, in the Lizard district, are famous for their masses of diallage or "gabbro" rock. Crowza means "crosses". (See St. Keverne.)

Cuby (2¼ m. S. of Grampound) was once a separate parish, but is now amalgamated with that of Tregony, Cuby being the dominant partner. The dedication is to that Kebius or Cybi whose memory also survives in the Welsh Caergybi and Llangybi. He belonged to the Cornish royal stock. St. Nunn or Non was his aunt, and we find the Latinised form of her name on the famous Tregony stone, now placed at the S.W. angle of Cuby Church.

The usual reading of the inscription on this stone is *Nonnita Ercila Viricati tris fili Ercili hci*, which would seem to mean "Nonnita, Ercila and Viricati, three children of Ercilius, lie here". Neither the inscription, its interpretation, nor its date are quite clear. The church has a Norm. font. St. Cuby's Well is at Duloe (which see).

Cubert (5 m. S.W. of Newquay) is a dedication to St. Cuthbert, but how the name of this Northumbrian saint came down here has not been explained. The difficulty is increased by the fact that most Cornish dedications are to saints who are supposed to have actually visited the places in question, if not to have really founded their churches; and there is no story of Cuthbert ever coming so far south. Probably, as Mr. Baring-Gould conjectures, the original dedication was to St. Cybi or Cuby, and later ecclesiastics either mistook this for Cuthbert, or consciously changed the name. The same name attaches to a spring rising in the neighbourhood, which became in time one of the most popular wells for curing children's diseases. This well is in a cave on the beach; Hals says it was formerly visited even from far counties. The church has a peculiarly graceful bell-turret, and there is some Dec. wood-carving about its roof. Here also, as at Cuby, is an inscribed stone of Romano-British character; the inscription being *Conectoci fili Tegerno Mali*.

Cury (5½ m. S.E. of Helston) has a church dedicated to the Breton St. Corentin, and

Mr. Baring-Gould thinks that the district was peopled by Breton refugees of the tenth century. It is certain, however, that Corentin was known in Cornwall earlier than this; Borlase regards him as one of the first of Cornwall's apostles. The nave, chancel and transept of the church are mainly late Dec., and the aisle Perp., while in the S. doorway we have a genuine Norm. relic, probably surviving from an earlier building. The singular hagioscope deserves notice. In the churchyard is a monolith of 9 ft. high. It has been said that this church at Cury was the first to use the English liturgy, but others give that honour to St. Cury's, Menheniot.

Damelioc (about 7 m. S.W. of Tintagel) is best reached from Port Isaac Road Station; it may claim to be an authentic castle of King Arthur. This claim is actually strengthened by the fact that tradition has had little to say about it. When Gorlois, King or Duke of Cornwall, fled to his own country because he found that Uther Pendragon was becoming too fond of his wife Igerne, he placed her within the walls of Tintagel, and himself took refuge at Damelioc, said to have been a strong castle at no great distance. Perhaps he thought it best to divide the risks of capture, or that he might best defend Tintagel from the outside. Uther, following hot with love, laid double siege; he took Damelioc, killing Gorlois in its defence, and he took Tintagel—as much of it as he desired, which was the lady. Until the present

day historians and antiquaries do not seem to have troubled much about the identification of Damelioc; but it is now discovered here as a strong earthwork or camp, exactly answering to the details of the story. The entrenchment is specially large. Dr. Dickinson (*King Arthur in Cornwall*) says that "it once consisted of three concentric ramparts, of which two remain effective if not complete, while portions of a third and outer are still to be seen. . . . The enclosure, measuring from the inside of the middle rampart (the outermost is not complete enough to reckon by) has a diameter of about 170 yd., and a circumference of about 530 yd." Damelioc is one of the three places that may with certainty be associated with Arthur, so far as anything is certain in his story; the other two being Tintagel and Kelly Rounds. To these may perhaps be added Cardinham.

Davidstow (5 m. N.E. of Camelford) is locally often called Dewstow; Dewi being still the Welsh form of the name David. There are a number of "stows" in the N.E. of Cornwall, seeming to prove that this part of the duchy was more Saxonised than any other; and several of these, like this of Davidstow, retain their Celtic dedications. The church, a blend of Dec. and Perp., has recently been restored.

Dawns Mên (2 m. E. of St. Buryan), the Dancing Stones, sometimes called "Merry Maidens," is a very fine stone circle. Popular fancy has explained the stones as having once

been maidens who danced on the Sabbath, and thus met this fate.

St. Day (2½ m. E. of Redruth) is now included in the parish of Gwennap. It is stated that St. Day Church fell into ruin and the people preferred to contribute towards the enlargement of Gwennap than rebuild their own. A new church was, however, built fifty years since. Dr. Bannister, the Cornish scholar, was vicar here. The spot affords an extensive view of this busy mining district.

Delabole (close to Delabole Station, near Camelford) is supposed to yield the best slate in England. In Domesday it appears as Deliau, which some have associated with the name of St. Teilo; the "bol" means pit or mine. It must be confessed that the name presents some difficulty. Carew mentions the quarry as large and active in his day (1600).

Devoran, on the N. bank of the Restronguet Creek, near Falmouth, is a small modern town, dependent on the mining industry, for which it provides a port. The church was designed by Pearson.

Dingerein, the dinas or dun of Geraint, is an earthwork with subterranean passage, in the parish of Gerrans, N. of Falmouth Bay. There were several Geraints in early Cornish history, causing some confusion; one of them was apparently Arthurian, and another as late as the eighth century. Legend says that St. Teilo, the famous South Welsh saint, visited King Gerennius at Dingerein; and Gerennius or

Gerontius is, of course, Geraint. Dingerein is also identified with Dinurrin, perhaps not with absolute certainty, and has been incautiously named in connection with the first Cornish bishopric. This is quite wrong; in the Cornwall of that day there was no bishop, but many bishops. These were monastic, and attached to the chief religious foundations; not territorial, as in the Latin Church. That there was a bishop at Dinurrin named Kenstec seems certain; to say that he was the Bishop of Cornwall is absurd.

Dodman, sometimes corrupted to Deadman, means "stone point"; it is a grand headland E. of Veryan Bay, rising about 370 ft. above the sea. The rock falls sheer into the water, so that large vessels may pass close to shore.

St. Dominic (4 m. E. of Callington) is famous for its "mazzards," a species of small cherry. The church, restored about 30 years since, dates from 1259.

Dozmare Pool, situated amid the desolate Bodmin Moors, at a height of 890 ft. above sea-level, is the largest lake in Cornwall (Loe Pool can hardly be called a lake). It is about a mile in circumference, but in tradition and superstitious fable it looms far larger. Many strange things have been told of it—that it is fathomless, that no living thing can abide in it, that there is a powerful whirlpool at its centre. Dozmare is really very shallow, being now partially drained, and it contains good fish. Many have tried to identify it with the lake

from which King Arthur drew his sword Excalibur, and to which Bedivere returned it; but the position does not even accord with Tennyson's description, much less with any historic probabilities. Tennyson says:—

> "On one side lay the ocean, and on one
> Lay a great water".

Loe Pool, nearer to the Lyonesse of tradition, would better agree with such a picture; but Dozmare is a lonelier and more solemn spot. Another tradition clinging to the spot is that of Tregeagle; he is doomed to drain Dozmare with a leaky limpet-shell. Flint implements have been found plentifully here, and there are signs of old lake dwellings.

Duloe (about 5 m. N. of Looe) means, says Mr. Baring-Gould, *deu-looe*, the "two Looes," and is so named as being situated between the two. Another suggestion is *du-loe*, the "black Looe" (Looe apparently meaning river), but the point is difficult. The village is in a delightfully wooded district. Its very interesting church (St. Cuby) has a fifteenth century tower, fourteenth century chancel, and some fine carving and monuments (notably one to Colshill) in the Perp. N. chapel. There is a restored holy well of St. Cuby in the neighbourhood, often called St. Kibby's Well. Dr. Scott (of the celebrated scholastic partnership, Liddell and Scott) was rector here at one time. Near is the Duloe stone circle, notable for the smallness of its diameter and the great size of its stones.

Dupath (1½ m. E. of Callington) is one of the best preserved and most interesting of Cornish holy wells; unhappily, its surroundings are not the nicest. It is a little granite baptistery and oratory, with bath for immersion; probably not earlier than the twelfth or thirteenth century.

Egloshayle. (See Wadebridge.)

Egloskerry (4 m. N.W of Launceston) can boast of having contained the fine manor of Penheal, under which name the parish was taxed in Domesday. The old house is still magnificent. The name Egloskerry may mean the church of Keri, one of the many children of Brychan; or the "kerry" may be a corruption of Cyriacus. But the church appears to have been dedicated to SS. Ide and Lyddy.

St. Endellion (5 m. N. of Wadebridge) is not dedicated to any Endelienta, as has sometimes been supposed, but is evidently a corruption of Landelion (the prefix *Saint* is immaterial, and not of Celtic use). Landelian is the "Church of Delian"; Delian is a form, perhaps a misreading, of Deliau; Deliau is the Welsh Teilo. Thus, strange though it seems at first glance, the Cornish Endellion may be exactly the same as the Welsh Llandilo. But there was a St. Elian whose claim may be better still. The church here dates from Henry VI., and is unusually interesting, with a remarkable Catacleuse stoup and table-tomb.

St. Enoder (2½ m. S. of St. Columb Road Station) has a restored church, the nave early Dec. There is an uncertainty about the name,

it being by no means clear who St. Enoder was

St. Enodoc Church, on the banks of the Camel estuary opposite Padstow, restored in 1863, was formerly almost buried in drifting sands. It has mistakenly been called St. Kennedy, a name which prevailed locally; and it is not easy to identify this Enodoc or Gwennodoc. Perhaps he or she was one of the numerous Brychan saints. It is said that the parson used sometimes to enter the half-buried church by the roof, and perform service, so as to retain his tithes. For a long time it was impossible for regular service to be held here at all. The reader will find some details of St. Enodoc in the Rev. Baring-Gould's attractive novel *In the Roar of the Sea*, also embodying a highly coloured picture of a smuggler well known to Cornish tradition, the "Cruel Coppinger". The church was built about 1430, and an earlier font, of Norm. pattern, remains. Roman coins and pottery, etc., have been discovered near.

Enys (1½ m. N. of Penryn) has been in the Enys family from the time of Edward I. The gardens, very beautiful, contain a fine wych-elm.

St. Erme (about 4 m. N. of Truro) is a rather obscure dedication; very little is known of this St. Erme or Ermel, corrupted by later ignorance into Hermes. He left Britain for Brittany, and died about 562.

St. Erth (2 m. S. of Hayle) is a name that

FALMOUTH *Harbour*

has caused some controversy, but probably refers to Erc, a royal page at the Court of Tara when St. Patrick arrived there. He was converted, and became a bishop. The chancel and tower of the church are good specimens of early Perp.; the S. and N. aisle E. windows are specially interesting. Close to the church is the picturesque and ancient bridge over the river Hayle, which was once navigable as low as this. There are earthworks, crosses and fossils in the district—once also noted for its copper mills, now worked for iron. Near is the farm of Trewinnard, once a seat of the Mohuns and Arundells; where is preserved the first coach (reputedly) that ever ran in Cornwall.

St. Ervan (4 m. S. of Padstow) is dedicated to St. Erbin, a fifth century Cornish saint of royal blood. The manor of Trembleth was formerly in the Trembleths and Arundells.

St. Eval (5½ m. S. of Padstow) has a church so prominently placed that its tower was specially rebuilt by Bristol merchants in the eighteenth century, because of its utility to their vessels as a landmark Eval is a very doubtful saint—perhaps the Irish Evilla, perhaps the *Evali fili Dencui* of a Pembrokeshire inscribed stone.

FALMOUTH.—There is an older and a newer Falmouth, but no part is really ancient. The town owes its existence entirely to its magnificent harbour, of which Carew says that "a hundred vessels may anchor in it, and not

one see the mast of another". Leland, still earlier, wrote of it as "a havyn very notable and famose, and in a manner the most principale of al Britayne". But in speaking of "Falemutha" he meant strictly the mouth of the river; there was no town named Falmouth in his day. A few fishing huts stood here, at a spot which the Celts had named *Pen-y-cwm*, "head of the valley"; to which name the Saxons had added their familiar "wick," signifying village. Pen-y-cwm-wick soon became Penny-come-quick, with an appropriately foolish legend to explain it. There seem also to have been a few cottages known as Smith-wick—unless the two names were interchangeable. Pendennis Castle was erected by Henry VIII., on the site of earlier fortifications; and in the fine mansion of Arwenack the now extinct family of Killigrew had their seat—still surviving in name and partly in reality at Arwenack Street. Realising the possibilities of this noble position, Sir John Killigrew did his best to bring about the establishment of a seaport here, being bitterly opposed, as was natural, by the towns of Truro and Penryn. Sir John importuned, and the towns petitioned; the king (James I.) at last sanctioned the building of a few houses. The Civil War supervened, Pendennis being held for the king by the brave old John Arundel, in his eighty-seventh year, who defended it for six months, and only surrendered to Fairfax on the most honourable terms, after every morsel of food had been eaten. Even

during the Protectorate the Killigrews obtained some favours for their young town; and in the time of Charles II. (1660) it was at last ordained that "Smithike, *alias* Penny-come-quick, should for ever after be known as Falmouth; and in the following year Falmouth became a corporate town, distinct from Truro. From 1688 till 1850 it was the station for the departure of mail packets, and it was this long service rendered to the Post Office that rendered the town truly prosperous. Some of its prosperity and consequence it still retains as a port of call for outward-bound sailing ships; and both are likely to increase when the British public come to realise how lovely a spot Falmouth is, and how easily it can be reached from London or elsewhere. In the 1921 census the population was given as 13,318. Its popularity is growing; there has been some revival of mining and of shipping activity; and the beauties of its neighbourhood are inexhaustible.

The mother parish of Falmouth is St. Budock, its dedication being seemingly to the Breton Budoc. Budockvean, some miles distant, means Little Budock. To reach the church is a charming walk of about 2 miles; it contains good Killigrew brasses. The present church of Falmouth is a rather poor building, dedicated in 1663 to King Charles the Martyr—who, with all his faults, may perhaps have been as good a saint as many that figure in Roman or Celtic calendars. Around the older

part of the town cling many memories of the old packet service, with its deeds of wonderful daring; while southward, towards the sea, the place bears more the aspect of an ordinary but highly favoured tourist resort. Burton's Old Curiosity Shop deserves a visit; the experienced collector will discriminate cautiously in appraising its contents. Pendennis Castle is not remarkably interesting, though its heroic defence, and the memory that the gallant old John Arundel fired the manor-house of Arwenack from its walls, that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy, sheds a glamour over it. Across the estuary is St. Mawes (which see). The Polytechnic Hall, Free Library, Art Gallery, Observatory and Kimberley Park, all deserve a visit; there is also the handsome modern Church of All Saints, and many other religious buildings. The road leading to Pendennis Point is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom.

In climate Falmouth has much to endear it to the delicate; its enjoyment of sunshine during the winter can be only surpassed (in the British Isles) by the Channel Islands. The bracing air of North Cornwall must not be expected; but even this can be caught to some extent by a climb up the neighbouring hills, for the duchy at this point is only about a dozen miles in breadth.

Fal River, in name, is supposed to embody an ancient title of the sun-god; more likely it is from the Celtic *falbh*, running, flowing. It

rises in the Tregoss Moors of Central Cornwall, King Arthur's reputed hunting-ground; and from thence it flows through Grampound, Tregony and the Ruan Creek, to its junction with the Truro and Tresillian Rivers. Thence it flows on to form the grand Falmouth Harbour, fed further by the large creeks of Restronguet, Penryn and St. Mawes, with their tributary streams. The name Fal is used very carelessly. Persons often speak of going up the Fal to Truro, which is an impossibility; the Truro river is not the Fal. Still, it seems convenient to have one name for this great waterway, and that of the Fal has not unnaturally taken precedence. Only about 4 miles of the Fal proper are navigable. On the N.W. of the Fal Estuary is the Parish Church of

Feock, which embodies the name of Fiacc, a contemporary of St. Patrick, who is supposed to have left a hymn singing the deeds of that saint in extravagant and fabulous fashion. But as the name was common in Ireland, it may have been some other Fiacc who came to Cornwall, or this may be an absentee dedication. This is one of Cornwall's campanile churches, having the belfry apart from the main building. It is further interesting for a late use of the Cornish tongue. Hals, speaking of a time as recent as 1640, says that "Mr. William Jackman, the then vicar, was forced for divers years to administer the sacrament in the Cornish tongue, because the aged people did not well

understand the English, as he himself often told me".

Five Lanes, one of the many hamlets in the large parish of Alternon, is noted for its excessive rain and its excessive heat.

Flushing, easily reached from Falmouth by ferry, is in the parish of Mylor. It was founded by Dutch settlers before the days of Falmouth; and in time of naval war was a place of some importance. Many naval men and their families resided or visited here. The climate is considered the warmest in England.

Fogou is the Cornish name for caves, but usually applies to artificial subterranean passages, built at an early date for concealment of persons or of goods. There are admirable specimens at Cairn Uny, at Trelowarren, and at Trewoofe, near Boleigh. There is another at Porthcothan, on the coast near Padstow, whose original length must have been over 1000 yds. In most of these caverned passages only a few yards can now be traversed, for unless constantly kept in repair, walls and roof have a tendency to fall in. There is often a connection with hill-castles or other strong places; but the far more recent use of the fogous by smugglers makes it difficult to speak with certainty as to their real age.

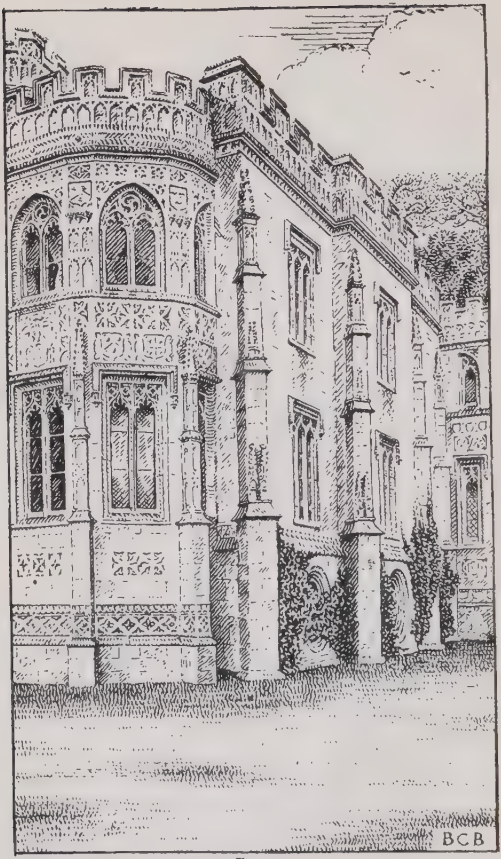
Forrabury, though one of the smallest parishes in Cornwall, can boast of including the greater part of Boscastle (which see).

FOWEY (pronounced Foy), the Dartmouth of Cornwall, was once a more notable port

FOWEY

than Dartmouth or any other in the W. of England. Falmouth is a mushroom by its side. To write the history of Fowey would be to chronicle much that is most brilliant in England's early naval records. At the Conquest the manor went to Robert de Mortain, but some tradition of an Irish St. Finbar or Fimbar, said to have been buried here, points to an earlier history. To this saint the church was dedicated, but in 1336, on its rebuilding, the dedication was changed to St. Nicholas Perhaps the Fowey folk wanted a patron-saint of whom more was known. The town sent vessels to the Crusades, and to Edward III.'s expedition against Calais it contributed forty-seven ships, more than any other port in the kingdom; these vessels being manned by 770 men, a number only exceeded by Yarmouth. The gallantry of the Foyens in meeting the enemies of their country was accompanied with a certain stiffneckedness towards the seamen of rival ports; chancing to pass near Rye and Winchelsea they "would vaile no bonnet," being required. Highly incensed by this lack of courtesy, the men of those twin ports sallied forth, forcibly to teach the Fowey men better manners; "howbeit," says Carew, "with a more hardy onset than happy issue, for the Foy men gave them so rough entertainment at their welcome, that they were glad to forsake patch without bidding farewell". Of course the Fowey men held their heads higher than ever after this, and actually presumed

to wear the arms of these Cinque Ports intertwined with their own, in token of their supremacy. They were a terror to the French coast, harrying it in war and in the rare times of peace. In 1457 the French returned the compliment by landing at night and burning the town, but failed in their attack on Place, the seat of the Treffrys. It was after this that the two forts were built, one on each side of the harbour, as at Dartmouth, with a stout chain dropped between them at nightfall. But Fowey, having won the grace of Edward IV. by its zeal against France, lost that grace by continuing this zeal after he had made peace with the French king. It was in vain that Edward sent word, "I am at peace with my brother of France"; the Fowey men replied that they themselves were at war with France. Furthermore, it is stated that they slit the nose of the king's pursuivant. Their obstinate and dogged enmity did not recognise the shifting moods of courts and palaces. It was an offence meriting chastisement, certainly; but Edward's revenge was petty and unpatriotic. He sent a party to Lostwithiel—they were afraid to come nearer; and these men, pretending to need help for some new designs against the French, invited the men of Fowey to come and assist their plans. Those dauntless seamen went gladly enough; they were then treacherously seized, their leader hanged, while the men of Dartmouth were sent to remove their harbour-chain



Place · House

and take away their ships. Doubtless the Devon men had some neighbourly spites to gratify; but even they must have felt that this was striking below the belt. The naval glory of Fowey never recovered this cruel blow, struck by an English king; but the spirit of the place was not quenched. In the reign of Henry VIII. its folk erected St. Catherine's Fort to guard their homes—now a fine old ruin. During the Civil War the town was taken by Essex, but the king's men soon regained possession, taking 6000 prisoners, and holding the place for a year and a half longer. In 1666 the Dutch chased our Virginian fleet of merchantmen into Fowey Harbour, and essayed to follow and destroy them. The plucky little Fowey forts had something to say in the matter, and so belaboured the great Dutch frigate of seventy guns which tried to force them, that it was glad to escape with little glory and no capture.

Fowey was created a borough by Elizabeth, returning two members; it was disfranchised at the great redistribution. A good deal of the beautiful church, the N. aisle especially, probably dates from 1336, when the building was re-erected; but the fine tower, 100 ft., is fifteenth century. The groundwork of the church has settled, causing a slope. There are monuments of the Treffrys—one erected by John Treffry during his own lifetime, in the S. aisle. The S. porch doorways are late Norm. in appearance if not in date.

Place House, restored by the late J. T.

Treffry, has two exquisite bay windows, dating from the time of Henry VII. The original hall and porch-room also survive, the latter being now the "Porphyry-room". It must be confessed that some of the additions to this fine old mansion are not in the best taste. An old seat of another family, the Mohuns, is at Bodinnick, just over the ferry from Fowey; it is now a farm. There are also many traces of Rashleighs at Fowey, their seat being at Menabilly, 2 miles distant, where the late owner constructed a grotto to exemplify Cornwall's mineral wealth. This grotto is octagonal, and its sides are inlaid with Cornish ores, fossils, stones and shells. At the house is a remarkable mineral collection, where may be seen splendid specimens of sulphuret of tin and copper, malachite, fluor, topazes, crystals, and blocks of prehistoric tin. By the eastern gate of the park is a granite pillar known as the Longstone, bearing the inscription *Cirusius hic jacit Cunomori filius.*

Fowey fascinates by the glory of its river-mouth, the loveliness and variety of its creeks; but its chief material concern is with china-clay shipment, for which vessels come from all parts. It is gratifying to know that both St. Catherine's Point on this side and St. Saviour's Point at Polruan are now the property of the National Trust, to be preserved in perpetuity from the perils of popularity.

Fowey River, rising at Foy-Fenton (the "spring or source of the Fowey"), on the

Bodmin Moors, runs southward across the moors, and zigzags to Lostwithiel, where it becomes tidal. Six miles farther S. it reaches Fowey, after a course of rare loveliness. Together with most of the estuaries in South Devon and Cornwall, it is distinguished by the beauty of its creeks. The etymology of its name, like that of the Fal, is very uncertain; Mr. Baring-Gould thinks that both spring from *falbh*, running, flowing. Not far from the source of the Fowey is

Garrah, about a mile S.W. of Brown Willy; it is a hill of 1060 ft. On its slope are beehive-huts, with small enclosures, perhaps used for cattle. At a little distance, between Garrah and Rough Tor, is the famous Fernaker circle, standing on boggy soil, on which the stones have partially sunk, and some have doubtless disappeared.

St. Genny's (9 m. W. of Bude) is a dedication to the Auvergne St. Genesius, of whom it is related that after being beheaded he walked about with his head under his arm. The early writers of saint legends were distinctly lacking in a sense of humour. The district is beautifully wooded, with fine coast. It may be possible here to meet with the rare Cornish chough, but the birds are almost extinct, owing to the foolish efforts of fanciers and collectors. William Braddon, Parliamentary member and officer, was buried in the chancel of the church, and it is supposed that he was vicar here. The churchyard has a curious slope.

St. Germans is so named after Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre (the Welsh Garmon or Harmon), who came to Britain in 430, together with Lupus of Troyes, for the purpose of suppressing the Pelagian heresy. For Pelagian, as Mr. Willis Bund remarks (*The Celtic Church in Wales*), it might be as well to read pagan; the Christian veneer, slight and only partially spread, was rubbing off. Germanus was eminently successful—though he had to return a few years later on a similar mission. His efforts certainly had great effect in spreading Christianity throughout Britain and Ireland. That he visited this part in person is probable if not certain; but there are difficulties in the matter of the establishment of the Cornish bishopric at St. Germans. (See Bodmin.) There was no territorial see in Cornwall at all until the influence of the Saxons was becoming powerful; and the foundation of such a see, probably about 930, may safely be associated with the victorious progress of Athelstan. The Welsh authorities tell us that in 981, owing to the ravaging of Bodmin by Danes, the see-town was removed from that place to St. Germans; but in reality it was Padstow that was ravaged, not Bodmin. One thing is absolutely certain; in 994, if not earlier, St. Germans was the ecclesiastical capital of Cornwall, and remained so till, before the middle of the next century, the Cornwall see was merged in that of Devonshire at Crediton. The date of this removal, and whether it was done by Canute or Edward

the Confessor, is so uncertain that it is safest to give no date at all. There was a priory of secular canons here, in the tenth century, its grounds and site being now occupied by Port Eliot. The present church, on the site of the old cathedral, dates from 1261; but it embodies a good deal of Norm. work from the earlier building. The porch is late Norm., and the two towers, peculiar in differing from each other, are both Norm. in their lower sections. The upper stage of the N. tower is E.E. octagonal; the S. is square and Perp. The S. aisle and nave are separated by massive pillars and arches; the roofs of both were raised during the restoration of 1893. It is possible that the Port Eliot pew stands on the site of a former N. aisle. In 1592, unhappily, the old Norm. chancel "fell suddenly down of a Friday," as Carew says, "very shortly after publick service was ended". The parishioners quickly repaired the damage, stimulated by their narrow escape. Notice should be given to the sedilia, the font, the remarkable miserere, and the niche called the Bishop's Throne. The church can boast some fine windows, one of which bears evidence to the combined genius of Burne-Jones and W. Morris.

At the Dissolution St. Germans' Priory came into the hands of John Champernowne, of the old Devon family; he exchanged it with John Eliot for Coteland or Courtland, in his own county, and it has remained in the Eliots ever

since. Some slight traces of the priory still remain—such as a few thirteenth century windows; but the mansion and estate were chiefly brought to their present condition by the first Lord Eliot, the friend of Dr. Johnson, Reynolds and Gibbon. There is a valuable Reynolds collections of pictures. Sir John Eliot, one of the first and most zealous opponents of Charles I.'s misgovernment, died in the Tower.

St. Germoe's, midway between Helston and Marazion, has a quaint little church dedicated to Germoe or Germoc, who seems to have been an Irish bard of royal race. There is an old Cornish saying, "Germo mather, Breaga lavethas," which is interpreted to mean "Germoe a king, Breaca a midwife"; but it is difficult to catch the point of the words. There was clearly a connection between Germoe and Breage, whose churches are such near neighbours. The church at St. Germoe is Dec. in original design, but has Perp. N. aisle, apparently replacing a former transept. The porch doorways, deeply moulded, are very interesting, as also its gable-cross and corbels. The pinnacled and battlemented tower has a rather uncommon appearance. Blight thought the font one of the most ancient in Cornwall, and was probably right; it is strangely plain and rude. More singular still is the structure known as St. Germoe's Chair, in the churchyard. This consists of three sedilia, roofed, and fronted by two pillared arches, 6 ft. in

height. Leland mentions this "chair," and also a St. Germoe's Well, which has gone. W. C. Borlase suggests that the "chair" may have been an altar-tomb, and the suggestion is a good one. This church has specially rich communion-plate, the gift of Lord Godolphin.

Gerrans (2 m. N.E. of St. Mawes) preserves the name of Geraint or Gerennius, traces of whose castle remain at Dingerein. This is generally thought to be the Geraint who married Enid, and who died fighting against the Saxons at Langport; but the book of Llandaff tells us that the Welsh St. Teilo visited Gerennius at Dingerein, and administered extreme unction to him on his deathbed —a tradition that hardly tallies with death on a Somerset battlefield. But in dealing with the name of Geraint, we must always remember that there is more than one Richmond in the field. Legend further says that the remains of this Geraint were taken across Gerrans Bay in a golden boat with silver oars, and laid to rest beneath the cairn known as Veryan or Carne Beacon. Search has been made here, with some hope of discovering this golden vessel; a kistvaen and bones were found, but nothing else.

St. Gluvias. (See Penryn.)

Glynn, close to Bodmin Road Station, is the picturesque seat of Lord Vivian, formerly a seat of the Glynns. The name, as with the Glynns of Ireland, is the same word as glen.

Godolphin Hall (5 m. N.W. of Helston)

stands under the shelter of Godolphin Hill, in the heart of a rich mineral district; it is now a farm, belonging to the Duke of Leeds. The grey old quadrangular building is eloquent with memories of the family whose name it bears. In one of its gateways are remains of an ancient chapel. Sidney Godolphin, Queen Anne's Lord High Treasurer, lived here; an earlier Sidney, one of the "four wheels of Charles's Wain" (Godolphin, Grenville, Slanning, Trevanion), was killed in the early days of the Civil War.

Godrevy Rocks, at the W. extremity of St. Ives Bay, are now the site of a lighthouse, erected in 1857, but they are still a peril to navigation. It is stated that on the very day of Charles I.'s beheadal, a vessel containing his wardrobe and other royal belongings was wrecked on these rocks. Out of sixty persons, only a man and boy survived by swimming to the rocks, and there remaining till the St. Ives men could fetch them off.

Golant (2 m. N. of Fowey) has been interpreted by tradition and short-sighted etymologists to mean gallant—"the gallants of Fowey". The name is clearly old Cornish—perhaps a corruption of *col-lan*, the church on the little hill. There is just a possibility that it might be a memory of St. Colan. But the dedication of the parish church is to St. Samson, the sixth century Glamorgan saint, whose footprints we meet with in Scilly, Guernsey and Brittany, as well as in Wales and Cornwall. He was certainly one of the most eminent and active of

South British saints. Golant is said formerly to have had "a tree in the tower, a well in the porch, and a chimney in the roof"; the well at least is still surviving, under an arch at the entrance of the church. In the church (late Perp.) it will be noticed that pulpit and lectern consist of old carved bench-ends, representing the Apostles and sacred symbols. Such a conversion is certainly better than the wanton destruction that has been too often the fate of these things. At Castle Dore, near by (an entrenchment, with an inscribed stone), Charles I. slept in his carriage on the night before the surrender of Lord Essex, 1644.

Goldsithney (1 m. E. of Marazion) is a village in the parish of Perranuthnoe, affording a grand view of Mount's Bay. There was a chapel here which must, in the first case, have been dedicated to St. Sithney or Sithuinus, but later said to have been dedicated to St. James; and it is stated that the granite figure over the keystone of Perranuthnoe Church's S. door was removed from the ruins of this chapel. The Irish name of Sithney was Setna, Latinised into Sithuinus.

Goonhilly Downs, near the Lizard, are an exceptionally barren piece of moorland, containing entrenchments and hut-circles. The name is probably a corruption of Gunwalloe, or Winwalloe, though the guide-books say differently.

Gorran (2 m. S. of Mevagissey) is the church town of Gorran Haven, a small fishing village.

Southward is the Dodman, a beautiful headland, now happily under the care of the National Trust.

Grade, a small parish near Lizard Town, contains the ancient seat of the Eriseys, whose mansion was built in the shape of the letter E. The church, like that of Sancreed, is dedicated not only to the Holy Creed or Faith, but to the Holy Cross; at least such is the opinion of W. C. Borlase, who interprets Grade as a corruption of Credo. Mr. Baring-Gould, however, speaks of a St. Credan in this connection —probably the saint whom Tonkin mentions as a great pig-healer; and in the matter of dedications a definite personality is always more probable than an abstraction.

Grampound (2 m. S. of its railway station) is in a parish with the same dedication as the above, namely, Creed. An old story tells that the site of the church was determined by the cast of a stone, thrown by a giant, who threw so well that the stone nearly rolled out of the parish. This is rather an amusing idea of a parish existing before the church. However ancient Grampound may be—and some have identified it with the *Voluba* of the Roman itineraries—its name is clearly Norman, Grandpont. Such names usually date from a time when bridges were still rare. No less than six camps in the neighbourhood of Grampound bespeak its antiquity as a settlement, situated on the main trackway that ran from Devon to Land's End. Its best boast, however, is having

been represented in Parliament by John Hampden; in contrast with which honour it can also claim to have been disfranchised earlier than the other Cornish rotten boroughs, owing to the excessive dishonesty of its elections. The shaft of a good granite cross stands in the market-place. The modern chapel-of-ease is built on the site of an ancient church, dedicated to St. Nona or Nun strangely corrupted into Naunter. St. Creed, the parish church, a mile distant, is not now regularly used. At Golden Farm, about the same distance, the priest Cuthbert Mayne was seized; and in memory of his execution at Bodmin he was beatified by Leo. XII.

Gulval (2 m. E. of Penzance) was more anciently known as Lanesly. It is interesting to notice how many of these "Lan" names in Cornwall have been superseded by the definite name of a saint—as at Crantock, formerly Langarrow. In such instances it is possible that there may have been a religious foundation on the spot before the visit of that saint whose name has finally attached to the place. Gulval or Gudwal is the saint mentioned in Bishop Stafford's Register as "Ste. Gwdvele, *alias* Wolvele de Lanyseley"; at Gulfwell the name has been further corrupted, owing to the temptation to such corruption offered by the holy well. Gulval Well was one of the most famous of the holy wells, much resorted to for divination and for cures. The church, most beautifully situated, is less

striking externally than in the interior; but its churchyard and vicarage-garden have a wealth of subtropical vegetation. The building is E.E. in general style and date, with portions of Dec.; and it bears evidence of its two restorations (in 1857 and 1892). There is a curious northward inclination of the chancel, said to typify the position of the Saviour's head upon the cross. The Bolitho family have done much to beautify this church, and their monuments of Derbyshire felspar give a singularly rich effect to the interior. In this neighbourhood was dug up an earthen pot full of Roman coins, dating from 260 to 350; indeed, the whole district abounds in interesting antiquities.

Gunnislake is a large village in the parish of Calstock, close to the New Bridge over the Tamar.

Gunwalloe (6 m. S. of Helston) preserves the name of Gwinwaloe or Winwaloe, the Breton Guennolé; and if it be true that the same saint left his name to the Landevenech of Brittany, the Landewednack and Towednack of Cornwall, his name must certainly sometimes have been shortened to Winoc. Unless the saint had two names, there has been some confounding of persons; but Gunwalloe is clear enough in its dedication to Winwaloe. In the thirteenth century we find the church spoken of as "ecclesia Sancti Wynwolay"; later, the manor got corrupted to Wynnanton. Winwaloe appears to have been the son of a Welsh prince who had

GURNARD'S HEAD

migrated to Brittany; and in this country he founded and became Abbot of Landevenech. The church is a fifteenth century structure, with detached belfry-tower which is older. It stands among the sands in what was once a lonely district, but the trail of the golfer is now everywhere, and the loneliness has gone. Part of a Norman font within is a relic of an earlier building. Screen and roof are interesting. This was the site of the Winnianton manor named in Domesday; and some cinerary urns found here point to a far earlier occupation. Fanciful tales are told of the church's founding, but it doubtless derived from the cell of Winwaloe. Close by are remains of a holy well. In the graveyard lie many shipwrecked seamen. Among such disasters may be mentioned the *Dollar* wreck, about 1785, a cause of much treasure-seeking later; and the wreck of the *Primrose* in 1807, when only a boy escaped.

Gurnard's Head (7 m N. of Penzance) is a fine headland, much resorted to by tourists, but not in reality more beautiful than many a spot along this coast. The air here is very delightful, combining as it does the fragrances of turf and fern and bush with the bracing freshness of the Atlantic. As at the Logan-stone headland in the S., there is a Dinas or entrenchment here, and, singularly enough, the little hamlet is in both cases called Treryn (or Treen). Similarity of position may doubtless account for similarity of name; and there seems to have been a line of

cliff-castles reaching from the one Treryn to the other. Some have supposed these to have been the last resort of the late Stone-men, the "giants" of popular tradition; and this west-most corner of Britain must have been their last shelter. Just before reaching the headland the traces of an old chapel may be noticed, with a slab that was probably the altar-stone; and round this are signs of hut-dwellings. Perhaps most of these clusters of beehive-huts had a little oratory in their midst; such certainly was the case in Ireland.

Gwavas Lake, just off Newlyn, is only a lake traditionally. It is said that there was once really a lake here, surrounded by the forest which we know flourished where the waters of Mount's Bay are rolling. This wooded district, with church and houses, was submerged by the same tempest that is supposed to have played havoc with the Scilly Isles and to have inundated Cardigan Bay. It is even said that the parish of Paul is so called from *pol* or pool, and not from any saint of that name; but this might be so without proving anything, for the Celtic "pool" more often meant a mere creek or inlet than a small lake. As regards the forest, Robert Hunt relates having himself gathered beech-nuts among the sands of Mount's Bay, and the remains of submerged trees are a reality; so that we cannot reject the possibility of Gwavas Lake having once been what it still professes to be.

Gweek. (See Constantine.)

Gwennap (3 m. S.E. of Redruth) was once the centre of the duchy's richest mining district, but is now a scene of desolation. Mines in this neighbourhood were worked to a depth of 1780 ft., with cuttings of over 60 miles in length. It is stated that value to the amount of £10,000,000 has been taken from these mines during the past century; and no other spot of equal size in the Old World is considered to have contained so much mineral wealth. The famous Gwennap Pit, immediately associated with the name of Wesley, was formerly supposed to be an artificial amphitheatre formed for the performance of interludes and mysteries; but it is now believed that the hollow is due to a subsidence following on mining operations. It was on a windy day in 1762 that Wesley tried the experiment of preaching in this pit, as a shelter and for acoustic reasons, with complete success. He preached here repeatedly to immense congregations, the last occasion being in his eighty-fifth year. In 1803 the pit was brought to its present condition, and is now used for the annual Whitsuntide gathering of Methodists—to whom indeed it must be hallowed ground. The church bears the name of a St. Wenep. When the word *dedication* is used, in reference to early Cornish churches, it is rather as a convenient than a strictly accurate term. In the modern sense, there were no dedications in the old Celtic Church; neither had many of those whom we call "saints" any regular

canonisation whatever. There were two centres of social life: the court of the chieftain, the religious settlement or monastery. Any one who belonged by birth or adoption to the religious house, family or tribe, belonged to the tribe of saints. This does not mean that the word "saint" was prefixed to his name; even in the greatest instances this was not done —Patrick was Patrick, Piran was Piran. This prefix began, in Cornwall, certainly not earlier than the tenth century; in many instances, such as Crantock, Sennen, Madron, Gwennap, the prefix "St." is omitted to this day. When a missionary saint left one of the monastic centres to found other churches, he would select his site, and there fast for forty days, after which he would construct his hut and his oratory. If he gave it no other name, it would be natural that his own name should attach to this little church, which perhaps might soon grow to be an important centre of religious activity; but sometimes he would give it the name of the chief saint of the monastery or tribe from which he came. Thus, when a church bears the name of a certain saint, we can rarely be absolutely certain that this saint himself founded or even visited it. This more especially applies in the case of saints of wide fame, such as Piran, Petrock, or Samson; in such an instance as this of Gwennap, we may feel tolerably sure that the place was his own foundation. The name survives, the man is forgotten. Except for its separated bell-tower,

there is nothing specially notable in Gwennap Church.

Gwinear (Gwinear Road Station) bears the name of St. Winear or Fingar, Latinised into Wynnerus, who seems to have reached Cornwall from Ireland in the later years of the fifth century, in company with Breaca, Ia, Germoc and others; it is said that he was killed by the Cornish Tewdrig or Theodore. The plan of the church, which is finely situated, is irregular and unusual; it consists of nave and chancel, with N. aisle of almost equal length, and a S. aisle considerably smaller, more like a transept; while added to the N. aisle is a still smaller transept-like chapel, with a separate entrance. The chancel is early Dec., the nave and aisles late Perp.; but there are traces of Norm. work, pointing to an earlier building. The tower is combined Dec. and Perp.; the Dec. chancel window, five lights, mullioned, is a very good specimen.

Gwithian (4½ m. N.E. of Hayle) embodies the name of a saint who was massacred at the same time as Gwinear; the name became corrupted to Gothian, and as such specially applies to the little oratory discovered in the sands not far from this spot. This oratory was clearly the precursor of the present church, moved from ne original site (as was the case at Perranzabuloe) to escape from the encroaching sand. But this sand has been at least as preservative as destructive. W. C. Borlase regards these oratories, Piran's and Gothian's, to be the earliest

Christian monuments surviving in Britain, though in Ireland they are paralleled if not surpassed; and Petrie has drawn attention to the fact that the oldest churches surviving in Greece are exactly similar to those in Ireland, therefore also to these in Cornwall, which are almost identical. That of Gothian, though longer, is even more simple in architecture than that of Piran; in the chancel are traces of a priest's doorway, and of benches round the walls, but the altar has been destroyed, "when the owner of the land turned the oratory into a cowshed". The masonry is of the roughest kind—simply a placing together of stones without any sort of cement. Many human remains have been found near. The mere fact of having been buried in the sand does not of itself prove antiquity—a house built last year might be similarly buried; but from internal evidence St. Gothian's oratory may be as early as the eighth, possibly the seventh, century. Probably it was about four centuries old when it was deserted for the present church, and left to the mercy of driving sands. The earliest part of this newer building is the E.E. transept; the tower is Perp., with parapet and richly sculptured pinnacles.

Halsetown (1½ m. S. of St. Ives) was built by James Hals, Mayor of St. Ives, about seventy years since, as an industrial suburb of that town. Its houses, once occupied by miners, are now largely deserted; but the place has a special

interest, as being connected with the boyhood of Sir Henry Irving. In his fourth year he was left here in charge of Mrs. Penberthy, his Cornish aunt, and he lived at Halsetown till he was eleven. To quote his own words: "I recall Halsetown as a village nestling between sloping hills, bare and desolate, disfigured by great heaps of slack from the mines, and with the Knill Monument standing prominent as a landmark to the east. It was a wild and weird place, fascinating in its own peculiar beauty, and taking a more definite shape in my youthful imagination by reason of the fancies and legends of the people." Sir Henry believed that this place had a real influence in shaping his mind.

Hannon is a valley of the Bodmin Moors, much devastated in 1847 by a flood of the river Camel.

Hanter-Gantick, sometimes known as the Cornish Valley of Rocks, is situated on the same moors. Formerly noted for its wild and romantic loneliness, it has more lately become a great quarry of granite.

Harlyn Bay (2½ m. W. of Padstow) has become famous for the neolithic cemetery lately discovered during excavation for a well. Some forty or fifty slate kists were exhumed, with skeletons and bones in plenty, but no pottery. There were some tiny kists for children, but many of the bodies had been buried without coffins. This district had already afforded similar discoveries, but nothing on such a large scale as this. The burials were in three layers,

a few feet below the surface of hard sand, but many feet below the drift-sand that had overswept the spot. The remains were those of a comparatively small race, the tallest man here buried being not more than 5 ft. 6 in.

Hawkstor, a hill of 1029 ft. on the Bodmin Moors, has a circle known as the Stripple Stones. This circle was originally a very fine specimen, 148 ft. in diameter, with a magnificent central pillar of 12 ft. in height; but it has been badly dealt with.

Hayle (Heyle or Hel River) can boast of having been, traditionally at least, the great landing-place of Irish saints who came hither direct from their native country; but those who came through South Wales usually landed in the Padstow estuary, or came overland by way of Devon. Near the present site of Hayle, at a place named Revyer or Riviere (supposed to be a Norman-French translation of the Cornish *hel*), was the palace of the king or chieftain Theodore. Leland tells us that this stood on the E. of the mouth of the Hayle River, and is now, "as sum think, drounid with sand". Drowned with sand it probably is, and if it can be identified in site with a house named Reviere, in the parish of Lelant, it must have been on the W. of the Hayle. Robert Hunt says that "this Christian king gave the saints shelter at his palace"; but he also seems to have slain not a few of them, and those that escaped him had to resist his "Christian" zeal by entrenching themselves on

Tregoning Hill. The truth is, this Theodore or Tewdrig was a pagan and a persecutor; and to his mind the arrival of a number of Irish, even though it included many saints, would have seemed very like an invasion. But the Irish visitors had good staying power, and they prevailed in the end, as we know from finding their names still strewn thickly from Breage to Land's End. There was a good deal of fighting as well as of preaching. It was about the close of the fifth century that this Irish settlement took place. It is not clear on which side of the Hayle Tewdrig's Castle was; some day perhaps the sand-towans will drift and reveal it. Hayle was formerly in the parishes of Phillack and St. Erth; it now has its own church of St. Elwyn, consecrated in 1888. The busy little seaport also aims at becoming a prosperous watering-place, and there is no reason why it should not succeed. There is a good beach, and, what is more rare still in this part of Cornwall, a good harbour; and children are not likely to complain of the abundance of sand, even if elder persons sometimes find it monotonous. The district is rich in traditional associations, and has its own special beauty—not increased perhaps by the foundries, coal-yards, timber-yards, rope-works, and breweries of Hayle Town. Still, to any true lover of Cornwall, it is pleasant to see thriving industries, though in themselves they may not be things of loveliness.

Helford (about 7 m. E. of Helston) is a

small village with a ferry across the Hel to Passage House; probably there was once a ford here, but the mud and sand would render such passage difficult. It is clearly wrong to speak of the Helford River, as people do; the river is, of course, the Hel or Hayle. It is stated that pearls have been found here. Defoe, nearly two centuries ago, speaks of Helford as "a small but good harbour, where many times the tin-ships go in to load for London"; and he tells the story of one of these tin-ships, with only one man and two boys aboard, being driven out of the port and as far as the Isle of Wight during the great tempest of November, 1703. They were saved by the courage and skill of one of the boys, who remembered a creek on the island into which he ran the vessel. This same word *hel* undoubtedly goes to form the name of

HELSTON, though, by the time of the Conquest, the Saxons had corrupted that name to Heulistone. Helston itself is situated on the Cober. Of course the popular interpretation of the name is Hell-stone, with an appropriate legend; Hunt makes an almost equally fanciful guess at Ella's town. The town received a charter from Cœur-de-Lion, or some say from John, together with many later charters from other sovereigns; and it returned members to Parliament till the Reform Bill. It was also a stannary town. Report says that vessels could at one time sail up to its walls. Defoe spoke of it as "large

and populous, with four spacious streets, a handsome church, and a good trade". The ancient tradition is that its port was ruined by the doomed Tregeagle spilling his burden of sand at the mouth of the estuary, and so blocking the entrance. The church admired by Defoe, dedicated to St. Michael, was destroyed by lightning; it was rebuilt in 1763. More interesting than the church was the old grammar-school, at which Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet, was once head-master, and Charles Kingsley scholar. At the entrance to the old bowling-green, where formerly stood a castle, is a granite memorial to W. M. Grylls; and at a little distance is Penrose, the ancient seat of the Penroses, who held jurisdiction over the Loe Pool, and had to receive a nominal payment at the annual cutting through of its bar. The main street of Helston is rendered musical and clean by rills of water running perpetually down its gutters, as at Truro. It is not in reality a very interesting place, but it derives lustre from its old May-tide celebration (8th May), known as Furry or Flora Day. This observance is of immemorial antiquity, and has lately been revived after a period of neglect. The people go out in the early morning to the fields to gather garlands and branches; with these they return and, forming couples, dance through the houses, in at the front door, out at the back. The tune to which they dance, and which resounds through Helston from morning to night, is a kind of hornpipe,

probably nearly as ancient as the celebration. But this Furry Day has been too often described to need fuller detailing here. The chief natural attraction at Helston is the Loe Pool, sometimes imagined to be the scene of King Arthur's finding and losing of his sword Excalibur. The spot has certainly a better claim than Dozmary; but in reality Tennyson's picture is drawn from a land of pure romance and imagination, a land of dream and inward vision, suited to his entirely mystic treatment of Arthur. Yet it is pleasant to fancy that from this mere the strange barge bore the wounded king "to the island-valley of Avilion"; that it was of this mere Bedivere said—

> "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
> And the long ripple washing in the reeds".

The sheet of water is about 7 miles in circumference; it is caused by the spreading of the river Cober, whose course to the sea was obstructed by the pebbly bar. Formerly, in days when this bar could only be cut through by permission of the lord of the manor, many floods occurred; now there is a culvert. The mines of the neighbourhood were once a defacement; these have now decayed, and Helston's quiet prosperity depends on its rich grazing land. The pool is the delight of anglers, and it is said that Nansloe, on the E. bank, is held on the tenure of providing boat and nets for the Duke of Cornwall, should he ever come here to fish

Hensbarrow Beacon (4 m. N. of St. Austell) is an eminence of 1034 ft., crowned by a tumulus.

St. Hilary. (See Marazion.)

Hingston Down, the high land between Callington and the Tamar (its greatest height being Kit Hill, 1067 ft.), was the scene of a desperate battle in 835 between King Edgar of Wessex and the combined Cornish and Danes. The Saxons won after much bloodshed; perhaps some of the slain were buried in the neighbouring barrows. A good deal of not very profitable mining has been done on the down, hardly bearing out the old couplet that says :—

> "Hignston Down well ywrought
> Is worth London town dear ybought".

There is a magnificent view from these hills.

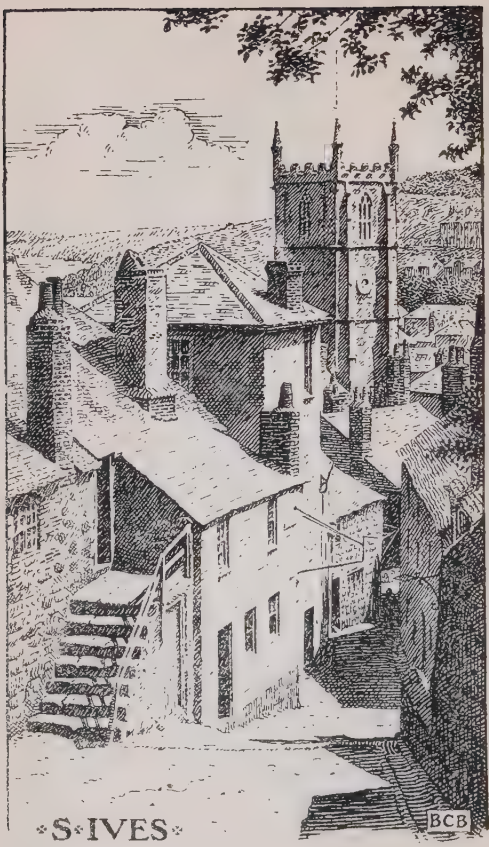
Illogan (2 m. N.W. of Redruth), the birthplace of the engineer Trevithick, is in the heart of the only Cornish district where mining still thrives. It is one of the most densely populated parishes in the duchy. The name is a little difficult; Rees speaks of a Welsh St. Illog, while others refer to a saint from Leinster. In this parish is Tehidy, with its immense park and fine collection of pictures (Gainsborough, Vandyke, Reynolds, Lely, etc.). This manor is the seat of the Bassets. In the church are some good monuments and a very curious font.

Ince Castle (3 m. S. of Saltash), on the

Lynher, was a seat of the Earls of Devon, and was held for Charles in the Civil War, but soon surrendered. At one time it belonged to the Killigrews, and it is stated that a member of this family kept a wife in each of the towers of the four corners, each believing she was sole mistress. This is evidently a daring fable. Ince is a brick building, in a district where brick buildings are rare.

St. Issey (4 m. W. of Wadebridge) was also sometimes called Nansant, or "holy valley"; it is not quite so easy to interpret its present name. "Whose name is it that the parish of St. Issey bears?" asks W. C. Borlase; and he suggests that it may be the same as Elidius, corrupted to Liddy, Ide or Idgy, and he endeavours to show that this Elidius was the same as the great Welsh Teilo. All this seems rather far-fetched. Might not Issey be the same dedication as St. Ives? We have actual proof that St. Ives was at one time written St. Iysse, and this certainly seems more likely than a derivation from Teilo. But the matter must be regarded as dubious. Perhaps the name is a corruption of St. Itha. St. Issey has a restored church on an old foundation. About 2 miles S. of the village is St. Issey Beacon, affording a grand prospect.

St. Ive ($4\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. of Liskeard) must on no account be confused with the familiar St. Ives, or with the St. Ives of Huntingdonshire. It is pronounced Eve, and is most probably a dedication to the Breton St. Yves. This point


S·IVES
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is not quite certain, but in any case we are safe in supposing that the Persian bishop Ivo of St. Ives, Huntingdon, is an imaginary personage. The church here, said to have been founded by Templars, is an attractive building, Dec. with Perp. additions; the pinnacled tower is Perp. The roof is unusually lofty, and there is a striking E. window. Near is the manor of Trebeigh, once belonging to the Templars, later to the Wreys.

ST. IVES, whose Cornish name is Porth Ia, is so named after St. Ia or Hia, one of the large body of Irish saints, chiefly converts of St. Patrick, who came to Cornwall during the latter half of the fifth century. She reached Pendinas, now known as the Island, on a coracle —tradition says on a miraculous leaf. It is practically certain that she was martyred by Tewdrig, but not till she had accomplished some good work among the Cornish folk. The present church of St. Ives stands on the site of her oratory, which was either her own foundation or was raised by disciples soon after her martyrdom. The Chapel of St. Nicholas, still to be seen on the Island, may date from a few centuries later, but is certainly far older than the existing St. Ives Church. Till about 1410 St. Ives, a tiny fishing village, was included with Towednack in the parish of Lelant; but at that time the people began to agitate for their own church, objecting that Lelant was too far off. They petitioned the Pope through Champernowne, their lord of the manor; and

the Bishop of Exeter was counselled to make both St. Ives and Towednack parochial, but dependant still on Lelant. Granite was brought from Zennor, and the church was completed in 1426. It consists of chancel, nave, two aisles, and tower 119 ft. in height; the Trenwith Chapel was added later. The roofs are of ornate waggon-form, with figures of angels at the springings of the braces; the chancel roof is particularly elaborate. One of the best organs of that time was placed in the church, but in 1647 Puritanic zeal caused its removal, for in the singularly interesting and valuable Borough Accounts of St. Ives we read, under that date, "Item payd the Joyners for takinge downe the Organs and Railings of the church, £1 15s. 7d.". These railings must have been the beautiful screen given to the original church by the master of the smiths that helped to erect it. These Borough Accounts deserve to be carefully studied; they may be found in J. H. Matthews's admirable *History of St. Ives*, and they give many illuminating glimpses of the life of the past. Visitors to the church should specially notice the bench-ends, and the font, which, though it cannot be earlier than the fifteenth century, unless it came from another structure, has certainly an older style. Perhaps it is a copy. A fifteenth century Trenwith brass, formerly on the floor of the Trenwith aisle, has been removed to the E. wall, and has been most quaintly restored. The usual nimbus has evidently been mistaken for the contour of

St. Michael's head, with the result that the archangel, as Mr. Matthews says, bears a head like a Dutch cheese. There is a fine cross outside the S. porch, thrown down by the Reformers, and re-erected about fifty years since. The church stands so low and near the shore that in rough weather waves have broken right over it. There are almost numberless prehistoric and Christian antiquities in the neighbourhood—crosses, holy wells, cromlechs, cairns, hut-dwellings, stone circles, entrenchments; only a complete guide to the district can fully enumerate these.

In the Domesday survey St. Ives came within the manor of Ludduham (now Ludgvan). Till the fifteenth century it remained a mere hamlet, but it enjoyed a quiet and increasing prosperity. In the reign of Henry VI. Porthminster was destroyed by the French. In 1497 Perkin Warbeck landed near St. Ives, and was here proclaimed King Richard IV. Rights of market were granted by Henry VII., and in 1558 the town was made a parliamentary borough, returning two members. It was a hospitable town, paying away considerable sums of money to relieve shipwrecked persons and unfortunates of all nationalities; in fact there was quite a remarkable breadth and toleration in its charities, as will be acknowledged by any one who studies its Borough Accounts. Like most active centres of industry, the town held strongly for the Parliament during the Civil War, and therefore its church does not possess

that letter of thanks from King Charles which figures in so many Cornish churches. The pier was built by Smeaton in 1770, but was added to and strengthened in 1890. The main interest at St. Ives has always been its fisheries, of which from the earliest times the town has been jealously careful; it never was a naval port, though it had its share of troubles from pirates, Turks and foreign foes. There has always been a spirit of independence about it; and at this day it invites visitors in no servile fashion, relying on the natural charms of its bay, and taking no trouble to build esplanades or pavilions. There is, however, a new quarter in which guests can be far better accommodated than in the picturesque but malodorous old town. Nooks that look tempting on canvas are not always an ideal dwelling-place. To the eastward Carbis Bay is fast becoming a fashionable suburb, and a little way inland from this place stands the singular Knill Monument. It was erected in 1782 by John Knill, mayor, who is suspected of having been an arrant smuggler, and who raised this steeple-like tower ostensibly to be his own mausoleum. Perhaps local rumour belied him when it whispered that he intended the thing to be a landmark for smuggling craft. In his will were many strange bequests, one of which was for a quinquennial ceremony to be enacted round this mausoleum. This ceremony took place in due course on Thursday, 25th July, 1911, and was reported by local papers as follows: "The trustees, accompanied by the borough

mace-bearers and police, escorted to the mausoleum ten girls under ten years of age, two old women to attend them, and a fiddler. To the strains of the violin the children danced for a quarter of an hour around the monument, and for so doing they each received 10s., the fiddler and the women getting a sovereign each."

In conclusion, it may interest some to be told that John Wesley paid as many as twenty-seven visits to St. Ives. The place savours strongly of Wesleyanism and of pilchards. (See Fisheries.) Artists also are quite as plentiful as at Newlyn, and scenes of the quaint streets, the fishing smacks, the rough coast, have often figured in the great exhibitions.

Jacobstow (about 7 m. S. of Bude) is apparently a dedication to St. James, and a Saxon settlement. In this parish is Penhallam, mentioned in Domesday.

Jamaica Inn (11 m. W. of Launceston), on the Bodmin Moors, once a solitary house of refreshment, is now the centre of a small hamlet.

St. John's (1 m. S.E. of Antony) is situated at the head of St. John's Lake, an inlet of the Tamar. The church, beautifully placed, has a good Norm. tower. A John is named as one of the Brychan saints, but Johns so abound in every calendar that it is impossible to say which gave his name to this parish.

St. Juliot or *Julietta* (2 m. S. of Boscastle) is locally sometimes called St. Jilt; perhaps the dedication is to Julitta, mother of St. Cyriacus.

There are traces of a St. Juliet's Chapel on the Island of Tintagel.

St. Just-in-Penwith (7 m. W. of Penzance) pronounced St. Toost, is a large parish of considerable population. The dedication has been debated; some say Justus, companion of Augustine, which is certainly a mistake. Perhaps it is Jestyn, son of Geraint. There were also Welsh saints named Ust and Usteg; one of these may possibly be responsible for the name. The church is fifteenth century, but there was an earlier building consecrated in 1336, and though it was supposed that nothing remained of this, restoration about thirty-six years since discovered a portion of the old sanctuary walls, including piscina and sedile. These had been simply plastered over, not rebuilt as was supposed, in 1834. The pier arches differ rather curiously in breadth, but the mouldings of the capitals are very fine. In the wall of the old sacrarium was found an inscribed stone, bearing the words *Selus hic jacet*, with a peculiar labarum on top of the stone; there is also an ancient inscribed stone found near the ruins of St. Helen's Chapel on Cape Cornwall. Traces of frescoes may be seen on the N. wall.

The St. Just Round or ampitheatre is one of those spots known in old Cornwall as *plân-an-guare*, which literally means "place of play," taking the word play in the sense of sport, as in the Cornish proverb, *Guare wheag yeo guare teag*, "Fair play is good play". But, as with

our English word play, *guare* also came to mean dramatic preformance; and these rounds were used for the interludes and miracle plays so dear to the Cornish of the Middle Ages. We find the same word surviving in the name of Planguary, a small village near Redruth; and these *plân-an-guare* are quite common in Cornwall. This one of St. Just somewhat resembles the Gwennap Pit, and may have been a natural hollow artificially improved.

St. Just-in-Roseland (2 m. N. of St. Mawes), being next to the parish of Gerrans, may claim to derive from Jestyn, son of Geraint, even more probably than the other St. Just. Roseland is a modern form of the earlier Rosinis, meaning "moorland-isle," and the neck of land is indeed very nearly insular. The church, interesting in itself, is delightfully situated; the whole of this Falmouth district teems with almost unspeakable loveliness.

St. Kea (about 2 m. S.W. of Truro) has an old ruined church of St. Kea, and a newer church built about a century since. Kea has sometimes been identified with the Kay of the Arthurian legends, but he seems rather to have been the Irish Kea or Kenan, the Ké of Brittany, who was converted when St. Patrick preached at Tara, and who came floating to Cornwall on a granite boulder. It was quite usual for Irish saints to arrive in this fashion. The spot where he made his settlement has an older name, Landege or Lanage; perhaps there was a church here before he came.

Kelly Rounds (about 1 m. S. of St. Kew Station) is sometimes also called Killibury. Mr. Baring-Gould has unhesitatingly identified Callington with the Celliwig or Killiwic of Arthurian tradition; but there is certainly insufficient warrant for this. The Kelly Rounds have a stronger claim. An ancient Welsh Triad speaks of the three chief palaces of Arthur as Caerleon-on-Usk, Celliwig "in Devon or Cornwall," and Penrhyn in the N. At that time Devon and Cornwall were really interchangeable terms for this part of the country. The name Celliwig is clearly connected with the Cornish *killi*, meaning woods or groves; and it is remarkable that in this very district we have Kelly Green, Kelly Wells, Kelly Brae, Bokelly, Pengelly, Kellan Head, Calliwith, and other names clearly formed from *killi*. The Kelly Rounds have been cut into two parts by a road, and so considerably effaced; there are traces of two ramparted circles with ditches, and to the W. are the remains of a further protective earthwork. The story of an archer who shot an arrow with his long-bow from Celliwig into Ireland, would far more probably be told of a place like this, near the coast and actually facing the S. of Ireland, than of an inland place such as Callington. But if Celliwig was merely a large district, Callington may very likely have been a part of it.

Kenwyn (1 m. N. of Truro) is believed by Borlase to be named from Ceinwen, daughter of Brychan. Whether that be so or not, it is

evidently the Cenion of the old British Fosse-way, mentioned by Richard of Cirencester as Cenia on the Fal. Here is Lis Escop, the residence of the Bishop of Truro. The church has been very much restored, but is still interesting; and there is much beautiful scenery.

St. Keverne is an extensive parish (about 8 m. N.E. of Lizard Point), embracing some of the wildest coast in Cornwall. Keverne is a disputed personage. Some, such as Leland and Whitaker, say that he is the same as Piran, the Irish Kieran—the Gaelic K becoming P by the common Cymric mutation. If so, why did Kieran remain Kieran here only, and become Piran in all the other of his Cornish churches? Besides which St. Piran's Day is 5th March, St. Keverne's is near Advent. In spite of the weighty authority of Mr. Baring-Gould, one is forced to the conclusion that Piran and Keverne are different personages. It is almost certain that St. Keverne is the Lannachebran of Domesday, which points to a church of St. Achebrann or Chebran; and there is record of a Welsh saint bearing this name. For want of certainty, we must simply speak of Keverne as Keverne, and not seek further to identify him. The old proverb that no metal will run "within the sound of Keverne's bell," would hardly have been said of Piran, the patron-saint of tinners. The church, about a mile inland, was collegiate before the Conquest, and was afterwards granted to the Cistercians of Beaulieu. The church is one of Cornwall's longest, being 110 feet in length,

and is mainly Perp., but with traces of E.E. Its spire replaces one that was struck by lightning in 1770. The three sets of roodstairs in the north wall are puzzling. There are some fine bench-ends with symbols and implements of the Passion, and a defaced mural painting of St. Christopher. The acute-pointed arches have elaborately moulded piers, which make the church lofty as well as long. There are many memorials of shipwreck here; the extensive parish embraces the notorious Manacles. It also includes Porthallow and Porthoustock, both being now discovered by visitors who love quiet in delightful surroundings.

Whoever St. Keverne may have been, there is a quaint story told about him. It is said that St. Just, of the Land's End district, paid him a visit. After enjoying his hospitality to the full, St. Just departed, taking with him Keverne's drinking-cup or chalice. Keverne searched everywhere for this chalice, and at last came to the conclusion that his saintly friend had stolen it. In a great rage he hastened after his guest, and while crossing Crowza Downs he thoughtfully pocketed a few large stones for future use. Presently he came in sight of the holy absconder, and called on him to stop; but St. Just proved very deaf. As shouts proved ineffectual, St. Keverne began to throw his stones, and he threw so well that St. Just thought it wise to drop the chalice and make the best of his way home. Having recovered his treasure, Keverne exhausted his wrath and his remaining stones by hurling these after the retreating saint; after

which he returned to his cell. It is significant that Celtic tradition never hesitated to tell such tales of its saints. St. Just evidently gave his brother-saint a good run, for the stones that Keverne threw lay in a field near Germoe till the last century, when they were broken up to mend the roads, and that field still bears the name of Tremen-keverne, "the three stones of Keverne". Curiously enough, these stones were of a kind of iron gritstone, common enough to Crowza Downs, but alien to this part where they lay.

St. Kew (5 m. N. of Wadebridge) has a church of rare beauty, dating from the fifteenth century, but carefully restored in 1883. The exquisite glass is said to have been removed from Bodmin Priory at its dissolution; one window represents the Passion; another, displaying the Jesse tree, is imperfect. A wild boar, supposed to be imaged on one of the windows, is said to have once infested the neighbourhood. It is not quite certain who Kew was; Mr. Baring-Gould says Docwin, whom he identifies with Cyngar of the Somerset Congresbury; W. C. Borlase suggests the Welsh Ciwa. The parish was formerly named Lanow. Miss Braddon has visited this spot frequently, and drawn some of its scenes in her fiction.

St. Keyne (2 m. S. of Liskeard Station) has obtained wider fame than most Cornish parishes, owing to the ballad Southey wrote with relation to the holy well. Keyne is

supposed to be Kenwyn, but it is not quite certain; we meet a similar name at Keynsham in Somerset. The church, combined Dec. and Perp., was restored in 1878; the well will be found about half a mile to the E. Overgrowing it are an elm and an ash; tradition speaks of a single tree bearing branches of oak, elm, ash and withy.

Kilkhampton (6 m. N. of Bude) is famous for its beautiful church (Perp.), with finely preserved Norm. doorway. Varied memories of the Grenvilles, of Cruel Coppinger, of R. S. Hawker, and of the Harvey who wrote *Meditations among the Tombs*, linger about this parish. It was fitting that in this church, said to have been built by a Grenville, should be buried Sir Bevil Grenville, the victor of Stamford Hill, brought hither from his death at Lansdown; but the monument to his memory is hardly worthy so true a hero. Curiously enough, Murray's handbook speaks of this monument as sixteenth century, which is manifestly absurd. As so often the case in this most interesting corner of Cornwall, the bench-ends are very noteworthy; so also the font and the graceful pillars of the arcade. Stowe, which for six centuries was the seat of the Grenvilles, was destroyed in 1720; it was at one time the finest building in the W. of England, covering more than 3 acres. The first Grenville of English history was a cousin of the Conqueror; the two most famous bearers of the name were Sir Richard, hero

of the *Revenge* in the time of Elizabeth, and Sir Bevil, heroic loyalist of the Civil War. Literature has not forgotten to do them honour, and the name is as dear to Devonians as it is to Cornishmen.

Kilmarth is the highest peak on the eastern border of Bodmin Moors, 1290 ft. There is a rock circle on the summit, and many prehistoric remains in the neighbourhood; also, in the right season, a profusion of those whortleberries that are so delicious when eaten with Cornish cream.

Kingsand, so named because Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., landed here, unites with Cawsand in one village, W. of Plymouth Sound.

Kynance Cove (about 1½ m. N.W. of the Lizard) is one of the most famous beauty spots of Cornwall, but those who know the duchy best will perhaps hesitate to give Kynance the palm. None the less, it is a spot of rare charm, some of which it owes to the rich colours of the serpentine rocks which distinguish this part of the coast, and which take their name from their resemblance in gloss and colouring to a serpent's skin. Some care is necessary in exploring the craggy and slippery cliffs, and the cove itself can only safely be traversed at low water. Here are the Devil's Bellows, Post Office and other singular rock-formations, to which popular fancy has given equally singular names. Perhaps some similar fancied resemblance gave the cove its name—

ci-nans, the "dog's-valley"; or this, obvious as it seems, may be a mistaken derivation.

Ladock (2 m. W. of Grampound Road Station) is a name not easy to account for. There was certainly no St. Ladoc, so far as can be traced; perhaps the name is corrupted from Lan-Cadoc. The place is notable for its lovely valley, and for its old stream-works, in which gold has been found.

Lamorna Cove (about 6 m. S.W. of Penzance) is a very favourite spot with tourists, who are brought here frequently by the coaches during the summer. Its beauty is such as will survive a good deal of vulgarising. In the name we have clearly Lan-morna—could it have been Lan-Morwenna?

Lamorran (about 6 m. S.E. of Truro, on a creek of the Fal) is one of Cornwall's campanile churches. There are traces of an old priory; also some beautiful gardens.

Landewednack, the parish of Lizard Point, is the most southerly parish in England. On three sides it is washed by the sea. We have in the name Landewednack the same dedication as at Towednack near St. Ives; "wednack" being merely a Cornish form of Winoc or Gwynog. Apparently for the sole reason that Gunwallo or Winwaloe went to Brittany and founded a monastery at Landevenech, several authorities name this Winwaloe (the Breton Guennolé) as the founder of Landewednack and Landevenech; but the latter names manifestly embody the name of a Winoc,

and as we know for certain that there was a St. Winoc in Britain, why should we attribute his foundations to Winwaloe? If the names are identical, why should the neighbouring parish of Gunwalloe retain that name practically unaltered, while this parish has become Landewednack? Winwaloe may have visited the spot, just as he finally settled at the Breton Landevenech; yet both places may bear the name of St. Winoc who had been there before him.

The church's beautiful situation is a little obscured by the trees that surround it. It is largely Dec. with Perp. additions and some poor restoration. Pulpit and some of the graveyard monuments are of serpentine; the tower is a curious blend of serpentine and granite, not very effective in appearance. The groined porch is very interesting, and the inner doorway displays three distinct styles. The E.E. font bears the inscription *Ric Bolham me fecit;* the bells have Latin mottoes and ancient bell-marks. Many graves record death by shipwreck and some by plague. It is said that the last sermon in Cornish was preached within these walls, about 1678. A lane between charming cottages, rich with rose and honeysuckle, leads to the impressive little Church Cove, a deep cleft shadowed by the Balk. This is the parish church of the so-called Lizard Town, whose accommodation is much taxed during the season, and whose green is a parking-place for motors, bringing those who flock to Kynance, to the lighthouse, or to Housel Bay.

LAND'S END, the Bolerium of classic writers, the Penwith of the Celts, is the most western point of England, though to the eye of the visitor it does not at first convey the expected impression. Yet the scene grows on one, and leaves memories not likely to be effaced. It is often said that the Scillies are within sight of this headland, but many visits may be paid without obtaining a sight of the islands; only on the clearest days are they visible. The Longships and the Wolf lighthouses are in full view, together with the many scattered rocks that render this coast so deadly perilous. The name Penwith has been differently interpreted, but the Rev. Baring-Gould explains it as meaning "headland of blood," and says that it refers to the Irish invasion of the fifth century, when so many saints arrived and imprinted their names on Western Cornwall—an invasion which, saintly as it was, was not accomplished without bloodshed. This explanation of the name, however, is hardly satisfactory; very likely the name Penwith is still more ancient. The bloodshed might refer to the final struggle between Celts and Ivernians; or, perhaps, Penwith simply means "chief headland". The "last house in England" was formerly a little cottage, still standing, but that distinction is now usurped by the commodious Land's End Hotel, at which the conveyances deposit their travellers. The point is a mass of the granite which again breaks out, at 9 leagues distance, to form the Scilly Isles. Below the extreme

LAND'S END

point is a natural arch or tunnel, in which two seas meet and clash. Various fantastic names have been given to rocks on the headland and lying off the coast.

Landulph (about 4 m. N. of Saltash, by land; nearer by water) has a good fifteenth century church, with striking windows, three-staged tower, carved benches, and in the churchyard a granite sundial dated 1690. But the most curious thing at Landulph is the tomb of Theodore Palæologus, date 1636, a descendant of the Christian emperors of Greece. He was in the direct line from that Thomas Palæologus whom the Mohammedan conquerors found in Constantinople. Theodore doubtless wandered about Europe trying to rouse Christendom to a sense of its duty; but priests and kings were too busy quarrelling with each other to trouble about the fate of Constantinople; and bitter has been the penalty paid for this early neglect of the Eastern Question. Theodore ultimately found a home and a wife in England, and at last a grave by the Tamar. It is strange to find East and West thus meeting in a Cornish parish church.

Laneast (7 m. W. of Launceston) has a church partly E.E., dedicated to SS. Gulval and Sithwella. There is a holy well here.

Lanherne. (See Mawgan.)

Lanhydrock (about 2 m. S. of Bodmin) embodies the name of a St. Ydroc. The parish contains Lanhydrock House, the old estate of the Robartes family, into whose hands it came

in 1620. Being held for the Parliament and taken by the Royalists, the prize fell to Sir Richard Grenville, but Parliament afterwards restored it to Lord Robartes. He must have been a skilful courtier, for he won the favour of the king against whose father he had fought, became Lord Privy Seal, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was further created Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor. Much of the original building was destroyed by fire in 1881, but its restoration has been largely in keeping with the first plan. Specially noticeable is the old ceiling entitled the "Creation," in a gallery 116 ft. in length. The ornate gateway dates from 1651, and parts of the wings are a little earlier; the noble avenue of sycamores was planted in 1648. To quote Mr. A. H. Norway, "it is a situation of perfect beauty in which the old house stands, high hills sloping upwards from the gardens, a little church nestling on their first slopes, a wide open undulating park in front, studded with noble trees". The little church, restored in 1887, is Perp.; it contains many memorials of the Robartes family. It was at this estate that the famous Tregeagle is said to have been steward, and there was undoubtedly a steward here of that name, around whom many far more ancient traditions have gathered. It is strange that popular fancy should have used a real personage of the seventeenth century as a peg on which to hang ideas actually prehistoric in their antiquity.

Lanivet (3 m. S.W. of Bodmin) claims to

be the most central parish in Cornwall. There was a Benedictine foundation here, whose remains are still called St. Benet's Monastery; but later years have not dealt kindly with the ivied relics. The place can also boast a holy well, some good crosses, traces of an ancient hospital, and an inscribed stone, probably seventh century, with a pattern of Celtic interlacing. In the church (restored Perp.) is a fourteenth century case for carrying the communion plate; also remains of mural painting.

Lanlivery (2 m. W. of Lostwithiel) seems a rather difficult name to deal with, but we are told that it was formerly called Lanvork, and this supports Tonkin's statement that the dedication was to St. Vorch. That statement, however, leaves us little the wiser. The Perp. church has a fine tower of three stages.

Lansallos (2½ m. W. of Polperro) has a most finely situated church, chiefly Perp.

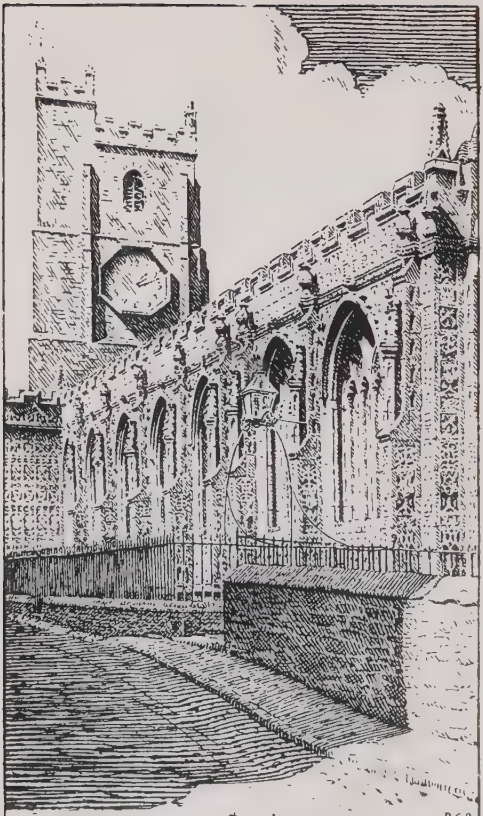
Lanteglos-by-Camelford is the parish church of Camelford (distant 2 m. S.W.). (See Camelford.)

Lanteglos-by-Fowey (about 1½ m. E. of Fowey, across the river) has a Dec. church with Perp. tower, and a fine peal of bells. The church formerly belonged to a Bridgwater monastic foundation. There are brasses and other memorials of the Mohuns and an ancient cross in the churchyard. The church is well worth a visit, both in itself and for its beautiful surroundings.

Launcells (1½ m. E. of Stratton) has a

church dedicated in 1321 to SS. Andrew and Swithin, but its name proves that there was an earlier *lan* here; it is difficult to identify the "cells". The church is Perp., with very rich bench-ends and some good encaustic tiles. There is a monument, dated 1644, to John Chamond, a former holder of the manor; and another in the churchyard to Sir Goldsworthy Gurney (1875).

LAUNCESTON (Lan-Stephen) is called after its mother parish of St. Stephen; its old secular name was Dunheved. The triumph of the Church was shown, as in many other instances, by the name of the religious settlement prevailing over that of the chieftain's settlement. The Celtic *dun* means not only hill but fortified place; "heved" may be *hafod*, thus meaning the "summer residence," or it might be the Saxon *haefod*, our modern "head". There was an entrenchment here in Celtic times, and this stronghold, seized and improved by the Saxons as an important border position, was in the possession of Harold immediately before the Conquest. William granted it, as he granted so much of Cornwall, to Robert de Mortain. There may perhaps be a little, but very little, of Mortain's castle surviving. The picturesque W. gatehouse dates from Henry VIII., and the outer bailey, once a place of public execution, is now a place of public recreation. The castle was wonderfully strong both in position and in the massive nature of its own defences. The keep, with



LAVNCESTON CHVRCH

its three surrounding courts, must have seemed well-nigh impregnable; but it did not prove so in the Civil War. Buller and Carew failed to hold it against Hopton and Grenville; but two years later the Parliamentarians again seized it. For a second time the Royalists gained possession, and the castle was able to offer its hospitality to the fugitive Charles II. But when at last Fairfax came to crush the last embers of loyalism in the west, Launceston and many another boastful stronghold were compelled to yield to his fine soldiership. The inner tower of the keep, described as "a cylinder within a cylinder," has walls of 12 ft. in thickness; its date is late Norm. In the eastern gatehouse George Fox was imprisoned, in 1655, as an enemy of the public peace. To quote that remarkable man's own journal, "We were brought to Launceston, where Captain Keat delivered us to the jailer. Now was there no friend nor friendly people near us; and the people of the town were dark and hardened." Trial and long imprisonment awaited him here.

The attraction of Launceston is divided between its castle and its church; and the Church again triumphs. It is the most richly decorated church in Cornwall. The tower is the oldest portion, supposed to date from 1380; but the main body of the present building was erected in granite by Sir Henry Trecarel of Trecarel, between the years 1511 and 1524. Sobered by personal bereavement, Trecarel

devoted masses of carved granite that he had prepared for his own residence to this and other churches (such as Linkinhorne); and their original purpose may explain part of the grotesqueness—though ecclesiastical adornment was itself often grotesque enough. His arms, those of the Ashes of Devon, appear on the S. porch, whose niche has been denuded of its image; on one side of this niche is St. George, on the other St. Martin. The Good Samaritan and Balaam also figure on this front. A line of panelled shields encircles the whole building, just above the plinth; in each shield is a letter, the whole consisting of the following sentences: *Ave Maria, gracia plena! Dominus tecum. Sponsus amat sponsum. Maria optimam partem elegit. O quam terribilis ac metuendus est locus iste! Vere aliud non est hic nisi domus Dei et porta celi.* In common mediæval fashion Mary Magdalene is thus identified with Mary the sister of Lazarus. At the eastern front is a figure of the Magdalene, together with minstrels and their quaint instruments; and, considering the local superstition that a year's luck will follow whoever can deposit a stone on the saint's back, it is surprising that this part of the church is so well preserved. Boys are fond enough of throwing stones at images, without any special inducement. The tower, which is the oldest part of the building, stands apart, connected by a vestry; it is almost certain that Trecarel intended also to rebuild this, as his design is manifestly incomplete. It is supposed

that Reformation troubles interrupted him before he had done what he wished, either within the church or to this tower. We must judge of the church's interior in the light of an uncompleted purpose ; nave and two aisles are of equal length, with wooden roof and Perp. shafts of granite. The pulpit, Trecarel's work, is quite the best feature of this interior, being a piece of fine workmanship ; the Norm. font is interesting, as also the marble monument of Sir Hugh Piper in the chancel. The last extensive restoration took place in 1893, mainly of the interior

In an enclosure near the gasworks will be found the remains of an Augustinian priory, founded in 1126 by Bishop Warelwast of Exeter. There was a much earlier collegiate foundation at St. Stephen's, established long before the Conquest ; and an effort was made by Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, to bring about a revival of the Cornish diocese with St. Stephen's as its see-town. Warelwast, in the interest of Exeter, met this attempt by promptly suppressing the college ; and this priory in the parish of St. Thomas seems to have been intended to replace it. At the White Hart Hotel may be seen a Norm. doorway, taken from this old priory. In the S. gate and the gatehouse (now a museum) we have traces of the old town walls. Notice should also be taken of some curious old houses with slate fronts. The parish of St. Stephen's lies on the N. side of the river Attery ; it is in reality the old borough of

Newport, which returned two members independently of the two returned by Launceston. The church, dating from 1259, has some E.E. portions, but is mainly Perp. The hill on which it stands affords a fine view of castle-crowned Launceston—a town really so beautiful and intersting that it need not regret its lack of industrial life. But this lack is emphasised by the loss of population shown by the last census (in 1911, 4117; in 1921, 3981). Launceston was formerly the county-town; prisoners even from Land's End had to travel hither for trial. Assizes were later held both here and at Bodmin; now at Bodmin only.

Lawhitton (2 m. S.E. of Launceston) is a manor belonging to the diocese of Exeter, as it formerly belonged to Crediton. The restored church, dedicated to St. Michael, has a pulpit dated 1665, bearing the Bennet arms.

St. Lawrence (1 m. N.W. of Bodmin) has traces of an old leper hospital, said to date from the thirteenth century. It was incorporated by Elizabeth, and consisted of seven houses, with a chapel, a mill, and a confinement cell. Its last inmate died a century since, and the endowment now goes to the Truro County Infirmary. The parish is still famous for its cattle fairs.

Lelant (3 m. E. of St. Ives) is the mother parish both of St. Ives and Towednack. After the Conquest the manor went to the Bottreaux. The full name of the parish is St. Uny Lelant, and this last word is supposed to be a cor-

ruption of *lan-nans*, "valley-church"—in fact the name of the parish was formerly Lanant. Uny was the Irish Eoghain or Euinus, the Uniac of Brittany. He was of royal race (what Irishman was not?) and endured captivity in Wales and Armorica before he became a missionary saint. We find dedications of his not only at Lelant, but at Redruth, Wendron, and Sancreed. His arrival in Cornwall was of the same date as that of St. Ia, St. Erc, and the many that came about the close of the fifth century. The present church consists of nave, chancel, N. and S. aisles, and buttressed Perp. tower. The econd bay on the N. of the nave is Norm.; adjoining which is a thirteenth century acutely pointed arch of plain masonry. The porch retains its niche for the holy-water stoup. The old shallow font, after being cast out and broken, has been restored and replaced; but the ancient bench-ends, closely resembling those of St. Ives, were destroyed some seventy years since, the chancel screen sharing their fate. In the chancel are piscina and credence; in the S. aisle two aumbries. This district abounds in Celtic crosses; there are two in Lelant cemetery, one in the churchyard, and others in the roads or elsewhere. Tradition says that this place was once a busy seaport, but was overwhelmed with sand, just as were Crantock and Perranzabuloe; and in cutting the railway through Lelant towans to St. Ives, a number of skeletons, said to be of Ivernian type, were discovered. All this

tends to support the tradition that the castle of Tewdrig, King of Cornwall, stood on the coast of this parish. Norden, writing about 1584, says that Lelant was "sometyme a haven towne, but now of late decayed by reason of the sande which has choaked the harbour and buried much of the landes and howses; many devises they use to prevent the obsorpation of the churche". This "obsorpation" is now prevented by the growth of the sand-rush (*Arundo arenaria*), and the distress of past parishioners has become the delight of present-day golfers. It is natural to find these wild towans haunted by some strange old legends, though the railway that brings tourists and golfers is not favourable to the lingering of tradition. A former Vicar of Lelant, named Polkinghorn, was reputed as a great exorcist of ghosts, and his services were constantly in demand; probably it was not in his time that a wonderful pixy-funeral was witnessed by a belated fisherman in the parish church.

Lescudjack Castle, at Chyandour (1 m. E. of Penzance), is a circular entrenchment in a fine defensive position.

Lesnewth (3 m. E. of Boscastle) is a parish that gives its name to the Hundred in which it is situated. It is one of the instances in which the name of the secular stronghold (*lis*) has not been supplanted by that of the church. In Domesday the manor was named Lisniwen. The church, restored in 1866, has portions of

Norm. and E.E.; the tower is Perp. A good cross stands in the churchyard.

St. Levan (9 m. S.W. of Penzance) is always supposed to be dedicated to the Irish St. Levan, but it is possible that this name is merely a modern misreading of Silvanus. Carew speaks of the parish as Siluan; and the country-folk of to-day still sometimes call it Slevan. The *Selus* or *Silvs* of the St. Just inscribed stone might be a contraction of Silvanus; but all this must be conjectural. The St. Levan of popular tradition is a very real personage, whether his true name was Silvanus or not. His well and chapel stood a little below the church, on the cliff; and at Porthcurnow are traces of another oratory that may have belonged to him, on a mound that has given traces of pre-Christian sepulchres. The saint lived on fish—there was not much else to live on; he used to catch one fish a day. One day he caught two, and threw them back; three times he caught a couple, and then he realised that there was some miraculous purpose. Returning to his cell he found that his sister Breaca had come to dinner with her two children. These children ate so greedily that they were choked by the fish-bones; this is said to explain why the Cornish used to call the bream "choke-cheeld". The tale is told differently, but is very persistent. Another tale says that Levan quarrelled with a woman named Joanna—she seems to have abused him first; and told her that in future any child christened in his well

with the name of Joanna should be a greater fool than herself. Parents, therefore, who have set their hearts on the name of Joanna, take their girls elsewhere to be christened.

The church nestles, one may say hides itself, in a lonely valley near the cliffs; it is very small, but has an effective tower, a well-preserved stoup, some quaintly carved bench-ends, and a beautiful screen. The transept is E.E., the rest Perp. In the churchyard are two roofless lych-gates; and here also is a cleft boulder of granite, like a mill-stone, with regard to which there is a popular verse:—

> "When with panniers wide
> A pack-horse can ride
> Through St. Levan's stone,
> The world will be done".

It is noticeable that many Celtic saints have stones connected with them—sometimes said to be their altars, or the mill-stones on which they sailed the sea.

Lewanick (5 m. S.W. of Launceston) is a corruption of Lan-Winoc, and this saint must have had something to do with the original church; but the second church, burnt in 1890, was dedicated to St. Martin. The present church is chiefly modern, but there is a rarity in the shape of a cresset-stone with seven holes, on a low octagonal pedestal. These cresset-stones were used for preserving perpetual fire in the church, to which people might resort to light their own fires in days when to get a light was a grave difficulty. There are old inscribed

stones in the churchyard, and a tolerable supply of crosses elsewhere. In the porch is a carving of a hare-hunt on the beautiful polyphant stone which is quarried near, and which resembles serpentine.

Lezant (4 m. S. of Launceston) is a corruption of *lan-sans*, "Holy Church". The church, dating from 1259, was dedicated to St. Brioc, which proves that Celtic proclivities were still strong; but the present building is Perp., with a good three-stage tower and peal of six bells. A seven-arch bridge over the Tamar, at Greston, connects this parish with Devon. The Cartamartha Rocks (supposed corruption of Caer-Tamar) afford a magnificent view of the river.

Linkinhorne (4 m. N.W. of Callington) is a dedication to the young martyred prince Melor, and Mr. Baring-Gould interprets the name as *Lan-tighern*, church of the king or prince. The church is a fine specimen of Perp., and its tower (120 ft.) is only surpassed in height by that of Probus, among Cornish churches. The parish was fortunate in containing Trefrys, the seat of Sir Henry Trecarel, whose other seat was Trecarel in Lezant; and he who did so much for Launceston Church did not neglect that of Linkinhorne. The present N. aisle and tower were his work; and in this case modern restoration has not meant defacement. A fourteenth century fresco has been discovered. Font and E. window are of polyphant. In the churchyard are some monu-

ments cut by Daniel Gumb, who lived among the Cheesewring rocks in the eighteenth century.

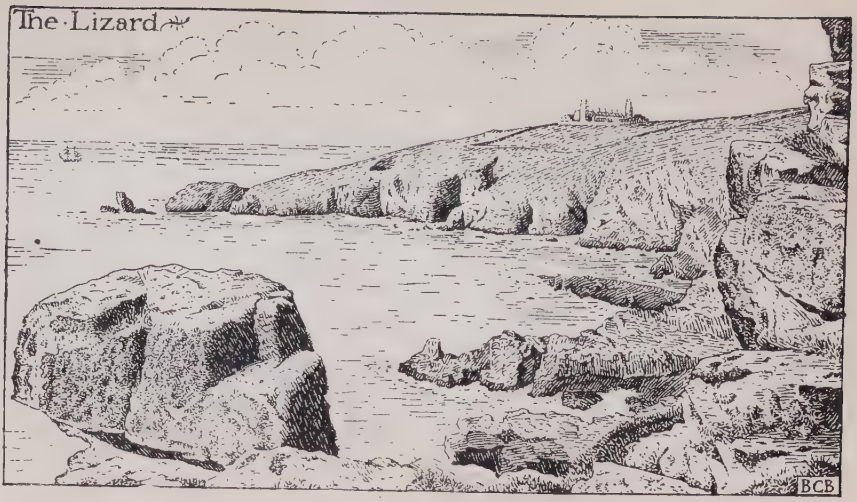
LISKEARD.—As the word *lan* (Welsh *llan*) originally meant enclosure, then sacred enclosure, and so came to mean church, in like manner the word *lis* meant the secular enclosure, the chieftain's fort, and so came to mean court or palace. The prefix abounds in Ireland, but in Wales and Cornwall has almost always been supplanted by the *lan*. The *keard* is more doubtful. One authority gives the meaning as "rocks"; another as "woodland"; another as "eminence". Perhaps the neighbouring hill of Caradon embodies the same root. We have practically the same name in the Liscard of Cheshire. The church, dedicated to St. Martin, is the largest in Cornwall with the exception of Bodmin; its tower, belonging to an earlier building, is E.E.; the remainder is late Perp. Interesting features are the lych-gate and the pulpit. The church belonged to Launceston Priory; the monks tried to get the vicarage also. Liskeard possessed a Norm. castle, built by Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., who was elected King of the Romans, but never enjoyed anything more than the empty title. The site of this castle is now a public park, adorned by an insignificant police-station, once the grammar-school at which "Peter Pindar" (Dr. Wolcot) was educated. A stannary town and a borough, Liskeard can boast of at least two among its parliamentary

representatives. In 1620 the great lawyer Sir Edward Coke was elected; and in 1774 Edward Gibbon was asked one morning if he would like to enter the House. He consented, and the electors of Liskeard were duly instructed to return him. He seems to have had no dealings whatever with his constituency. In 1643 a battle was fought on Braddoc Down between the Roundhead Ruthven and the loyal Hopton. Hopton was completely victorious, taking over a thousand prisoners; and soon afterwards Liskeard was twice visited by the king in person. He slept at a house in Barras Street. Liskeard has a public hall, and a free library, and is a clean comfortable little town, remaining about stationary in population; but the population of its rural district showed an immense decrease at the late census. In this parish is Doublebois, which need not be mentioned here save for the sake of a curious example of name-corruption. The people have converted its good old Norman-French name into Dubwalls.

THE LIZARD is a name that strictly applies only to the Lizard Point, but has been generously given to the whole district, almost insular, from Helston to the Helford River. The more correct name for the northern end of the district is Meneage (probably from *mên*, a stone). One ancient manuscript gives it the name of Silva Nemea. The word Lizard is explained as *Lis-arth*, the "lofty court" or palace. This headland, the Ocrinum of the ancients, has

long been used as a beacon for seamen. There are now two lighthouses, standing high above the sea, lit by electricity and visible at a great distance. Formerly the lamps were lighted with coal fires, blown by bellows; these were then superseded by oil. Besides these lights there is a powerful siren, whose yellings render day and night hideous during foggy weather. The lifeboat is at Polpeor, just west of the lighthouse, at the most southward spot in England; close by are the Pistol arch and the true Lizard. It is impossible to name all the fine rocks and headlands—Penolver, the Bumble, the Stacks, the coves of Crane, Caerthillian, Pentreath; every yard of this coast is glorious, and only a pedestrian can know it by threading his way among the boulders and bracken, the heather and short springy turf, with fragrance from sea and shore. Gulls are comparatively rare; one misses them. Luring as they are, the cliff-paths are dangerous in fog, or in wild weather.

The little settlement is really Landewednack (p. 146), but calls itself Lizard Town. It is flat and not picturesque, but one gets to like it, with its serpentine workers, its few shops, chapels, and artists. There is a good service of buses from Helston, and as the best approach to Kynance (p 145) the spot is thronged in summer, but its quietude returns when the visitors depart. On the Goonhilly Downs are weirdness and wildness as well as richness of expanse and colour; it is a Dartmoor without the tors. The botanist


The Lizard
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is generously rewarded by its search. In gardens also will be found a wealth of flora due to mild geniality of climate, where fogs and gales are more frequent than frosts.

Loe Pool. (See Helston.)

Logan Stones are a familiar feature of all granite districts. The word simply means "logging" or rolling; and this logging is produced naturally by the weathering of the stone. Between blocks of solid rock have been layers of softer substance, which have been washed away by the rain and storms of centuries, leaving the rocks poised. They were freely explained in the past as Druidic monuments, while the uneducated regarded them as the result of magic. Many of these natural formations, as well as artificially raised monuments, have been carelessly destroyed; the massive blocks proved too tempting to builders and agriculturists to be left untampered with. The best surviving specimen of logan stone is that at Treryn Dinas or Treen, in the parish of St. Levan. It weighs about 65 tons, and Dr. Borlase asserted that it was morally impossible for any force to move it. The foolish statement was as foolishly disproved, in 1824, by a nephew of the poet Goldsmith, who overthrew the logan with the help of the crew from the vessel on which he was lieutenant. Goldsmith did not realise the folly of his action till too late. He was compelled by the Admiralty to replace the rock; but though the cost is said to have ruined him, the stone has

never logged so well since. There is another fine logan near Zennor, and others in different parts of Cornwall and Devon.

Longships Lighthouse stands on a rock 60 ft. above sea-level (about 1½ m. W. of Land's End). The building is of granite, 68 ft. in circumference at base, 52 ft. in height; yet the lantern, which stands more than 100 ft. above the sea, has often been shattered by the waves, which dash clear over its top.

LOOE.—There are two Looes, separated by the Looe River. Both of them were distinct boroughs at one time, returning each two members to Parliament. Though hardly now "one of the most primitive places in England," as Wilkie Collins thought it, Looe is still a most attractive place, and it is its very charm that is robbing it of its primitive character. East Looe belonged to the parish of St. Martin's, West Looe to that of Talland; but both now have churches of their own. In point of former importance, East Looe may claim precedence; though it was probably the two combined that contributed as many as twenty ships and 315 men to the siege of Calais. The two are united by an eight-arch bridge; the old narrow bridge, built about 1400, had thirteen arches, and bore a chapel dedicated to St. Anne. St. Martin's, the mother church of East Looe, has a Norm. door, and a font of probably the same date; at the porch of its town-hall stands the ancient pillory. In West Looe is a pretty little church dedicated to St. Nicholas, once desecrated into a public

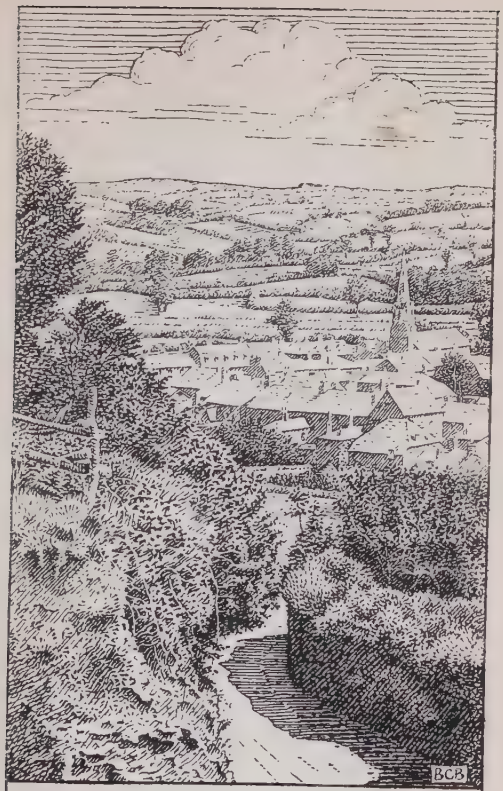
building and place of common amusement. A fine savour of antiquity still clings about both the Looes, which are now generally spoken of as one; rumours of ancient sea-fights, piracies, smuggling, are in the air. The narrow lanes and alleys, huddled about the waterside, are a delight to painters and to all who love the picturesque. Quaint doings may still be witnessed here on fair-days; "if you want to see funny things," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "you should go to Looe". And you must go quickly, for the advent of promenades and hotels, though it may not remove the curious old-world houses of the antique quarter, will bring a new spirit into them, and destroy the lingering charm of unconventionality. Looe is being developed in the most approved fashion, so far as its somewhat uncompromising site will allow.

Looe River rises near St. Cleer, passes through Moorswater and St. Keyne to Sandplace, where it may be navigated by small boats, and flows out to the sea between the two Looes. To the W. of its estuary lies

Looe Island, commonly called St. George's, because it contained an oratory dedicated to that saint. It was once noted as a haunt of choughs and smugglers.

LOSTWITHIEL.—The most absurd derivations have been given to this name. It has been interpreted as "lost-within-a-hill," and as "lost-with-all"; and of course a story of a lost or swallowed town has been concocted

to suit the name. In reality the name is probably *Lis-gwythiel*, the "palace in the wood," but there are other possible derivations. The *lis* is clear enough; the "withiel" might either be *uhella*, highest or chief; *huél* or *wheal*, a mine; or *gwél*, a field. Whitaker even speaks of an early Earl of Cornwall named Withiel, but his authority is rather doubtful. The parish itself is very tiny, but the place was of early importance. It was granted to the Earl of Cornwall by Henry III., and the earl made it a borough and sole coinage-town in Cornwall. Traces of the old stannary court may yet be seen at the Duchy House. At that period Lostwithiel was certainly the capital of the duchy; but it did not long retain the distinction, and its coinage privileges were shared by Launceston, Truro, Helston and Penzance. It can no longer be considered an important town, but it is a very attractive one, nestling amidst the most delightful inland scenery of Cornwall. The fine church, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, has a lantern spire of a kind unexampled elsewhere in the W. of England—a spire which Mr. Street has described as "the glory of Cornwall," and "a perfect example of the Dec. period". But for the misusage it suffered from the Roundheads, the church would have remained a rare specimen of Dec.; happily the tower, the beautiful E. window, and the font escaped. This font was specially desecrated by the Parliamentarians. In the words of an indignant Royalist, "in contempt



LOSTWITHIEL

of Christianity, religion and the church, they brought a horse to the font in the church, and there, with their kind of ceremonies, did, as they called it, christen the horse, and called him by the name of Charles, in contempt of his sacred Majesty". One writer has endeavoured to attribute this font to the days of King Arthur, but it cannot be earlier than the thirteenth century; it is octagonal, its eight panels covered with sculpture, some of which have been mutilated. Among its devices will be noticed a crucifix, a mitred bishop's head, a knight with hawk, horn and hound, lions, hare and dog, and a grotesquely hideous face crowned with snakes. Notice should be taken of the clerestory, a rarity in Cornwall. A portion of the church was blown up with gunpowder during the Roundhead occupation.

Lostwithiel is situated on the Fowey River, which is crossed by a fourteenth century bridge. There is good fishing here, but the river is no longer navigable to the town as it once was. One thing should be remembered of the old borough—it was represented in Parliament by Joseph Addison.

Ludgvan, pronounced Ludjan (3½ m. N.E. of Penzance), is one of the most perplexing names in Cornwall. Even Mr. Baring-Gould seems at fault; in his *Lives of the Saints* (1898) he says the name is Lan-Dwynwen; in his *Cornwall* (1899) he says it is Lithgean or Lidgean, an Irish saint. The name appears in Domesday as Luduham, in Leland as Ludewin,

in Carew as Luduan; and W. C. Borlase believes the name is simply a corruption of Lan-Dwynwen. The church is not particularly striking, but there is a good fourteenth century tower, and earlier font; restoration in 1887 was not conducted in the best taste. Ludgvan is interesting for its memories of Dr. Borlase and Sir Humphry Davy. Borlase was rector here for fifty-two years. He corresponded with Pope, sending him Cornish crystals for his grotto. Much of Borlase's archæology has since been discredited; but, nevertheless, students of Cornish history owe him a great debt. Humphry Davy, whose family have monuments in the church, was born at Varfell, where he spent his boyhood. There is a holy well here, which is said to have risen miraculously in response to the prayers of St. Ludgvan, who further prayed that those christened with its waters might never be hanged. The well maintained its reputation until at last a Ludgvan woman was actually hanged; and the whole district was in consternation. At last it was discovered that the woman had been baptised in another parish, and Ludgvan folk breathed freely once more. In this parish it is said that the last English wolf was destroyed.

Luxulyan (½ m. E. of Bridges Station) has given its name to a beautiful valley, a paradise of ferns, woodland glades, and granite boulders. Among these glades will be found profusely the *Osmunda regalis* and the graceful lady fern; while in springtime the ground is azure with

wild hyacinths. The Perp. church has a double dedication, to SS. Cyricus and Julitta; but the name Luxulyan, which Carew gives as Lasullian, clearly embodies the name of another saint—perhaps the Sulian of Wales and Brittany. In the village is a well of St. Cyricus. The Cornish Stannary Records were once deposited in the tower of Luxulyan Church, but during the Civil War were removed to Lostwithiel, and there unhappily destroyed. Among these granite moorlands are many traces of ancient tin-workings; and not only granite, but porphyry is found here. An immense block of porphyry, weighing 70 tons, was converted into a sarcophagus for the Duke of Wellington, at an expense of over £1000. Bryan, the founder of the now numerous Bryanites, was a native of this parish, and founded here his first chapel.

Lynher.—This river rises on the Bodmin Moors, flows through the lovely Trebartha woods, and after a course of 27 miles falls into the Lynher Creek, where it unites with the Tamar in forming the Hamoaze and Plymouth Sound.

Lyonesse is a name sometimes wrongly applied to the whole of Cornwall. It really applies only to those portions of West Cornwall which are supposed to have been submerged, and of which the Scillies are said to be survivals. (See Scilly.) It is not easy to account for the name, but it is certainly connected with the Leon of Brittany.

St. Mabyn (4 m. E. of Wadebridge) has a church whose tower makes a fine landmark. The dedication is usually given as a virgin St. Mabena, but it is more likely the Welsh St. Mabon, brother of Teilo. The tower (Perp.) has been damaged by lightning; its statues and corbels deserve notice.

Madron (2½ m. N.W. of Penzance) is really the mother church of Penzance; the dedication, much debated, is perhaps to the Irish St Medrhan or Maternus; perhaps to the Madrun who came to Cornwall from Wales. An attempt has been made to prove that, by a not uncommon Celtic mutation of letters, Madron is really Padarn, the famous Welsh saint of Llanbadarn Vawr. Both W. C. Borlase and the Rev Lach-Szyrma think so; but they have not proved their case. The church is said to have been built by Henry de Pomeroi, in the reign of Richard I., and given to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John; but of this early building nothing remains but the font, and this, standing on a rough block or granite, has been badly used. Parts of the tower and chancel are fourteenth century; other parts are Perp. of different dates. Some tiny statuettes of archangels will be noticed, possibly removed from an ancient reredos. The parish schools were founded by George Daniell, whose epitaph in the churchyard is as follows:—

> "Belgia me birth, Britaine me breeding gave:
> Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave".

But the great feature at Madron is, or used to be, the holy well, at about a mile's distance from the church. The real well or spring feeds a basin above which an oratory was erected; within which oratory was an altar and chancel, the basin serving as font or baptistery at the W. end. Part of the walls and stone seats remain, in a neglected condition. This was probably the most famous holy well in Cornwall; many are the stories told of its miraculous powers. It was quite a small Lourdes; cripples and diseased persons are reported to have been healed; Bishop Hall mentions one case. It was resorted to from far and near; and even within the present generation mothers have brought their sickly children to be strengthened by the water. It was a strange thing, in the civilised nineteenth century, to find people hanging votive rags around the well, and dropping crooked pins into its waters, sometimes as a means of divination, sometimes with a dim recollected notion of paying reverence to the water-spirit. A people's mythology dies hard.

Maker (about 2 m. S.W. of Devonport) has a church in a noble situation, commanding most extensive and beautiful views. During the French wars the tower was employed as a signal station, in connection with another at Mount Wise. There is a lych-gate, and an old font, which is said to have been brought here from Padstow; but the church is chiefly interesting for its memorials of the Edgcumbe family. There is a tradition here of a former

Lady Edgcumbe being buried in a trance, and reviving just as the sexton was trying to steal her ring. She recovered, and lived for many years. The same story has done good service elsewhere.

Malpas is a riverside village with ferry, 2 miles S.E. of Truro. The name is common in Wales, and there is a Malpas in Cheshire; it looks like genuine French, but may possibly be a corruption of old Celtic. The Cornish pronounce it Mopus.

Manaccan (about 8 m. E. of Helston) is a name that might seem to embody the Cornish word *mên*, which we find in Meneage and Manacles; but some speak of a female saint named Manacca, possibly fictitious; and there was certainly a St. Manaccus. Mr. Baring-Gould thinks that both Manaccan and Meneage are a corruption of mynachau, "monks". The place was formerly called Minster, proving the existence of a monastery. The church is very interesting; originally it was certainly cruciform, but, as so often in Cornwall, one of the transepts has been replaced by an aisle. The surviving chancel and S. transept are E.E., the E. wall of transept having a single lancet and piscina; there are also traces of a hagioscope. The S. doorway is very fine Norm. The Cornish historian Polwhele was at one time rector here. The district yields a mineral known as manaccanite, in which gold has sometimes been found.

Manacles are a perilous ridge of rocks lying

off St. Keverne, a deadly threat to all vessels making Falmouth Bay. They are about half a mile from the shore, and extend for the same distance; all but one are covered at high water. The passages between them are safe enough in calm weather to a skilful steersman. Probably the name (*mên-eglos*, "church-stone") applied originally to a single rock in connection with the landmark of St. Keverne spire; for we find that another of the rocks which stands in a direct line with Trenoweth, on the mainland, is named Mantrenoweth. The number of wrecks that have taken place here is very great, and there have been many of which no record survived. In 1809 two ships, bringing officers and men from the Peninsula, were wrecked almost simultaneously; about 200 were drowned. From one of the vessels, the *Primrose*, only a boy was saved, through the noble efforts of six fishermen from Porthoustock. For days the shore was strewn with corpses. In 1855 the *John* of Plymouth sailed for Canada, bearing 260 emigrants, of whom 112 were children. The weather was fine; nevertheless the vessel struck one of the Manacles and drifted till it stranded on others. Even then with care and patience every one might have been saved. Boats were launched, in which a few persons, chiefly crew, made a selfish and cowardly escape; and these carried the news to the mainland. The captain believed his position to be safe, the sea being calm; but a wind sprang up, and it was with the utmost difficulty that men from Porthou-

stock contrived to reach the ship, then slowly sinking. Three journeys between wreck and shore were made by these brave men, but they only managed to save 91 persons, one of whom was the captain; 196 were drowned. Of these 120 lie in St. Keverne churchyard. In 1891 the *Bay of Panama*, a Liverpool boat of 2282 tons, was lost here; 18 of her crew were drowned. More fresh in the public memory is the loss of the *Mohegan*, in October, 1898. The boat struck one of the Manacles, and within twenty minutes was submerged with the exception of masts and funnel. Rescue work was very difficult, but the Porthoustock lifeboat succeeded in saving 44 persons, 106 being lost. So mysterious was this calamity, that some have believed the rocks to have a magnetic power. Such are only a few cases out of many. Vessels sometimes get among the Manacles through carelessness, and emerge safely; in such instances the captain prudently drops a sail over the name of his boat, that it may not be seen and reported from the shore. A vessel may even strike the rocks and receive only a grazing, for the sea here is not so uniformly rough as it is round the Scillies or on the N. coast. But everything points to insufficient warning at this spot. The death-roll to be read in the churchyards of this Lizard district is by no means complete; before 1808 there was no law requiring drowned persons to be buried in churchyards at all. There was also in old times a

superstitious dread of rescuing drowning persons.

Marazion (3½ m. E. of Penzance) can boast an earlier importance than its greater neighbour, and may perhaps have been a mart of early trade between Britain and Eastern merchants. The name proves an ancient reputation as a market-town; both Marazion and the alternative Market-Jew mean "markets". The first, Marazion, may mean "John's Market," and Market-Jew is perhaps "Thursday Market"; King John, as Earl of Cornwall, being reported to have given the town a market on that day. Neither name, though tempting morsels to those who try to prove that all Britons are Israelites, has really any connection with Jews; though this does not disprove the fact that there were many Jews in this part of Cornwall. Added to its early consequence as a port, Marazion derived benefit from its connection with the Priory of St. Michael's Mount. The town was made a borough, but lost its privileges owing to the troubles of the religious rebellion in the time of Edward VI. It had already been plundered by the French, and never seems to have recovered from these blows. At the present moment it enjoys a quiet and respectable prosperity, from the beauty of its own situation and the interest of the neighbourhood. The buildings are really good, though chiefly modern; and the place does not suffer from the fishiness of Newlyn or St. Ives. Marazion was formerly

in the parish of St. Hilary, but a handsome new church now stands in the heart of the village, consecrated in 1861. The church of St. Hilary itself, distant one mile, was burnt in 1853, and rebuilt; but the tower, early Dec., remains almost in its original condition. It is strongly buttressed, with corbels along the cornice; the blocked spire-lights with their sculptured heads are very curious. This was evidently quite an exceptional church for West Cornwall, doubtless owing to influences from the Mount. It is said that St. Ives paid a yearly sum for the whitewashing of St. Hilary's spire, to render it a better landmark. In this parish is the famous stone dating from the time of Constantine, and supposed to have been a Roman milestone. Besides this there is another curiously inscribed stone.

Marhamchurch (2½ m. S. of Bude) is dedicated to a St. Merewenna, who perhaps may be no other than Morwenna. The church is Perp., and has a good seventeenth century pulpit; also some of the fine bench-ends for which this district is noteworthy. The village is situated by the Bude Canal with its antiquated engineering. It is a peaceful and delightful spot.

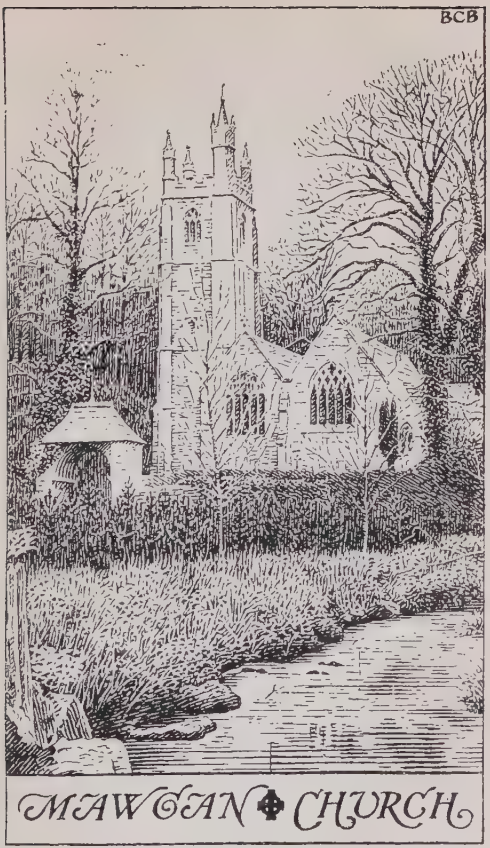
St. Mawes (easily reached by ferry from Falmouth) is apparently named after St. Maudez or Mauditus, an Irishman; but some have identified the place with St. Maclovius of St. Malo. It is true there is or was a Malo's Moor in the parish of Mullion.

This tangle of Celtic saints is most difficult to unravel. The castle, in excellent preservation, was built in the time of Henry VIII. This and the opposite Pendennis effectually defended Falmouth harbour. It is one of the largest castles of its kind in England. During the Civil War it was held for the king by Sir Richard Vivian, but surrendered to Fairfax in 1646. A light was thrown on ancient methods of working metal by the block of tin discovered in the river near St. Mawes in 1823. It is cast in ingot form, for convenience of conveyance.

Mawgan.—There are two Mawgans, though when the name is mentioned by visitors to Cornwall the Mawgan near Newquay is usually meant. St. Meugan or Maughan came from Wales, though he may have been of Irish birth; he seems to have been both a bard and a tutor of saints. St. Mawgan-in-Meneage is about 4 miles S.E. of Helston, on a creek of the Helford River; the church, originally cruciform, has now a N. aisle instead of a N. transept. S. transept and chancel are Dec.; the rest is Perp. The pinnacled tower is an admirable specimen. In the keystone of its western window is a figure supposed to be that of St. Mawgan himself. The fact that four noble Cornish families, the Carminows, Roskymers, Vyvyans and Ferrers, lived in this district, or had connection with it, lends special interest to the church. There is a stone effigy of a Crusader and his wife, and

though no name can be traced, this is clearly one of the Carminows, probably the Robert Carminow whom Hals mentions as having accompanied Edward I. to the Holy Land. In the N. aisle, over a monument to the loyal Richard Vyvyan, is the sword which he wielded in the Civil War.

Mawgan-in-Pydar (6 m. N. of Newquay) is one of the most beautiful parishes in Cornwall; it embraces the lovely Vale of Lanherne, the woods of Carnanton, and the delightful coast of Mawgan Porth. The church is Perp., and its exquisite pinnacled tower rises amid a cluster of fine Cornish elms. A restoration conducted without enthusiasm has happily spared the carved bench-ends, oak pulpit and screen. It is natural to find memorials of the powerful Arundels; there are good brasses also, one dated 1460. In the churchyard, close to which is the life-giving freshness of a running brook, stands a remarkable cross, spoken of by Blight as "the most elaborate of the kind in Cornwall. What is intended to be represented by this carving is not very evident; an angel seated on a block in a corner holds a serpent turning round a pillar, and with its head touching the face of a king. By the king's side is the figure of a queen kneeling before a lectern. On the eastern face is the crucifixion; the two remaining sides have each a single figure." Here also is a curious monument, in the shape of the stern of a boat, erected over ten seamen who drifted ashore, frozen to death, in the winter of 1846.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MAWGAN CHURCH

Close to the church is Lanherne, the ancient mansion of the Arundels—sometimes spelt Arundell—a family now extinct in the main line, but represented by the Arundels of Wiltshire. Lanherne came to the "great Arundels" in 1231, and the front of this old house, now a convent and much enlarged, dates from 1580; they had a finer house at Trerice. In 1794 a party of Carmelite nuns, driven from the Continent by the troubles of the French Revolution, came to England, and Lord Arundel granted them this beautiful place of refuge. They have been here ever since, and if a life of conventual fetters can ever be satisfying, it should be in this lovely spot. The settlement has attracted other Catholics to the district, so that there is generally a fair attendance of worshippers in the convent-chapel, which contains paintings of Vandyke and Rubens. Inquisitive visitors must not expect to catch sight of the nuns; they are concealed in their private gallery. Near the door of the chapel is an old cross of Pentewan stone, brought here from Gwinear, bearing a rude carving of the crucifixion, and an inscription in Saxon lettering—at least, the letters are generally supposed to be Saxon, though the matter is disputed. As the Arundels were always Catholics, it is natural to find a secret chamber in their old mansion; it is said that a priest was concealed here for eighteen months, in the time of Elizabeth. The West Country at that time was considerably overrun by fugitive and lurking priests, owing to the lingerings of

Romanism among the gentry and peasants. At Mawgan Porth are some fine caverns, similar to those of Bedruthan; and indeed, for its combination of inland and coastwise scenery, this is one of the most favoured spots in the kingdom.

St. Mellion (5½ m. N.W. of Saltash) is a dedication of St. Melyan's, a Cornish prince and father of Mylor; both he and his son were martyred. The church is Dec., much restored; it has monuments of the Corytons, lords of the Newton Manor. W. Coryton was one of the earliest to resist Charles I. in his illegal taxations. John de Trevisa, a fifteenth century chaplain of the Berkeleys in Gloucestershire, lived at Crocadon House in this parish; he was noted as a translator of part of the Bible, and of the *Acts of King Arthur*.

Menacuddle (½ m. N. of St. Austell) was formerly Manacutell, and might possibly mean the "stone of St. Austell"; but life is too short for the unravelment of these mysterious names. The picturesque ruins of a holy well and oratory remain, with a pretty cascade near.

Menheniot (½ m. N. of Menheniot Station) was written Minheneth in Leland's time. It is usually interpreted as *men-ha-Neot*, "the stone of Neot"; but more likely it is *men-heneth*, "the stone of age". Whitaker renders it "the mountain of the Elder". The parish is very large, and the living a rich one; it was once held by William of Wykeham. In this parish is Poole, a ruined seat of the Trelawneys; and Bishop Trelawney, of the "Seven

Bishops," was baptised in the church, which is chiefly noticeable for its old spire.

St. Merryn (2½ m. W. of Padstow) is presumably the Welsh St. Merin. This parish supplied the Catacleuse stone of which its own and other churches have been built. The name of Constantine Bay preserves memory of the old parish and church of Constantine, one of the few genuinely Cornish saints. Constantine, son of Cador, and himself King or Duke of Cornwall, was converted in his old age by Petrock, towards the close of the sixth century, and established his cell here at St. Merryn, not far from Petrock's-stow. It is doubtless on the site of this cell that the old church stands, overwhelmed and ruined by sand-storms long since, buried for a time, and now again visible among the towans. The sand that destroyed the church destroyed also the village, and the parish was merged in that of St. Merryn; where the feast-day of St. Constantine was long observed by an annual hurling match. It is said that a cottage in this parish was held for many generations on the tenure of rendering yearly a Cornish pie, made of limpets, raisins and sweet herbs. In this parish is Trevose Head, with its well-placed lighthouse and fine view.

Merther (3 m. E. of Truro) is generally interpreted to mean "martyr," like the Welsh Merthyr; but in Cornwall, as in Ireland, the word sometimes simply means burial-ground. The church, partly Dec., has a tower with

wooden belfry. Hals, the Cornish historian, was born here.

Merther-Euny. (See St. Wendron.)

Mevagissey (5½ m. S. of St. Austell) is said to be the Aberalva of Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*. It is a double dedication, to SS. Meven (or Mewan) and Issey. St. Mewan was a Welsh saint, who went to Brittany with St. Samson; as for St. Issey, W. C. Borlase has ingeniously identified him with St. Teilo, but we may be fairly certain that Issey is the Irish St. Itha. Mevagissey has long been noted for its pilchard-fishery (see Fisheries), and more recently for its conversion of these pilchards into "sardines". It has shown greater enterprise than some of the Cornish fishing villages, and less conservatism; for instance, it has abandoned the use of seine-fishing, and devoted itself to drift-nets. In this it is being rapidly followed by all the duchy's fishermen. It has also constructed a most useful new harbour. The place is quaint, interesting, and since its visitation of cholera, half a century since, has been clean and healthy. The church has a good Norm. font. Less than 2 miles distant is Heligan House, a mansion whose gardens contain much rare vegetation; while at Lanshadron was found the base of a cross, unique in bearing its inscription on this base. At Heligan is a beautiful old mill, dear to artists.

St. Mewan (1 m. W. of St. Austell) is a foundation of St. Mewan, disciple of St. Samson and friend of St. Austell. The church, with a curious tower, was restored by Mr. Street.

St. Michael's Mount (3 m. E. of Penzance) takes its name from the archangel, a dedication to which our forefathers often resorted when they built churches on high places; they imagined that St. Michael would defend these against evil powers of the air. In many respects this resembles the Mont St. Michel of Normandy. It has sometimes been identified with the much-debated Ictis of Diodorus; a supposition supported by Max Müller, and doubted by Prof. Rhys. Rhys states that old traditions and the rock's Cornish name ("the hoar rock in the wood") prove that it was not always insular; but this is no argument, for Mount's Bay can only have been a forest in quite prehistoric times. Diodorus says that at low tide the Britons conveyed their tin to the island in waggons, and there sold it to foreign merchants; and this might still be done, though the rock would certainly make a most inconvenient market. More likely, though the tin was produced in Cornwall, much of it was conveyed overland or by boat to the S.E. coast, possibly to the Isle of Thanet, and there sold. The question as to Ictis may still be considered open, and St. Michael's claim must honestly be held dubious. But the spot was evidently well known in very early days, and it is just possible that the Phœnicians used it as a port of shipment—rather, perhaps, for its safety than its convenience. It is said by tradition that St. Michael appeared on the summit, in the fifth century, and doubtless as

early as this there was a religious cell here; but the earliest chapel of which we can be certain is that endowed by Edward the Confessor, and granted to the Benedictine house of the Norman St. Michel. The similarity in name and position of the two foundations caused some early historians to confuse them. The grant of the Confessor was confirmed by Robert de Mortain at the Conquest. But the Mount was not only chapel and monastery, it was a fortress. Henry de Pomeroi held it for John in the time of Richard I. After the Yorkist victory at Barnet, some Lancastrian fugitives, the Earl of Oxford and others, gained admittance to the Mount disguised as pilgrims, and then held it against all comers. Sir John Arundell, county sheriff, was killed in attempting to take them; and they resisted until a pardon was granted them. A later Arundell, governor of the castle, himself proved rebel in 1549, when he and many other Cornishmen revolted in the Catholic interest; and during the Civil War the Mount again found itself the centre of violent conflict. Sir Francis Basset held it for the king, but surrendered to Colonel Hammond after a gallant defence, and was allowed to retreat to Scilly. From the Bassets the Mount passed to the St. Aubyns, being still the seat of that family (Lord Levan). In 1846 the late Queen and Prince Consort landed here, and a brass footprint shows where her Majesty placed her foot.

The rock rises to a height of 230 ft.; at low

tide, except at neap or in wild weather, it may be reached dryshod by means of the causeway, a third of a mile in length. Architecturally, its buildings cannot compare with those of the Norm. St. Michel, but still they are impressive; while the Mount itself is truly the glory of South Cornwall. Sometimes dim and mysterious, sometimes standing clear amid the material realities of noonday, glimpses of stormy light or of sunset brilliance will in a moment transfigure it to a city of a dream. Milton well speaks of "the great vision of the guarded Mount". About a mile in circumference, the rock consists of a blend of granite and slate, with veins of quartz. Its older buildings are a mixture of religious and militant. The chapel is chiefly Perp., but has a Dec. doorway. The refectory, now the dining-room, has a representation of hunting scenes around its plaster cornice. Among the pictures are some very fine Opies. The old stone lantern on the top of the tower is popularly called St. Michael's Chair, with a superstition that the one of a couple that sits here first will obtain the mastery; but the true "chair" is a craggy seat on the western side of the Mount. A small hamlet clusters at the foot.

Michaelstow (4 m. S. of Camelford) has an old church; nave Dec., tower and S. aisle Perp.; the font is Norm. This parish was formerly known as Hellesbury, and includes part of the Manor of Helstone; perhaps Hellesbury was the name of the strong earthwork on

Michaelstow Beacon (sometimes called St. Syth's Beacon), which rises to a height of nearly 700 ft. Tradition tells of a chapel here, dedicated to the Irish St. Ytha.

Minster (1 m. E. of Boscastle) takes its name from a monastery of Benedictines, established by William de Bottreaux, ruins of which may still be seen; the church is said to have been part of the monastic buildings. Its tower is curiously low, but tradition says that Minster had once a fine tower, and Robert Hunt says that he found remains of this among the grass of the churchyard. Seeking for an explanation, he was at last told that the tower proved a peril to seamen, who mistook its light for a beacon; one day a party of enraged men came upon and pulled it down, in spite of the exertions of the monks. But the position of Minster does not quite favour this story. Hawker celebrated the place in one of his poems.

Minver (3½ m. E. of Padstow) is a dedication to Minver or Minfre, of the Brychan family of saints. The parish, divided into highland and lowland, comprises the chapelries of St. Enodoc and St. Michael, as well as its own mother church. This church is for the most part good E.E., with some Perp. additions; the bench-ends are excellent.

Mitchell (6½ m. N. of Truro) only calls for mention as having been one of the most rotten of Cornish boroughs at a time when the duchy was noted in this way. Its seven electors returned two members to Parliament, one of

whom was once the Duke of Wellington; the borough also returned the Cornish historian, Carew. Its charter was granted in the reign of Edward VI. Some of its members knew so little about it that one, being told he represented St. Michael's in Cornwall, imagined his constituency to be St. Michael's Mount.

Morvah (8 m. W. of St. Ives), sometimes called Morveth in the past, has a reputation for mermaids which would seem to link its name to the Breton name *morverch*, applied to these ladies of the sea. But Tonkin says, "Morva signifies *locus maritimus*," and perhaps he is right. The district is wild and barren. In this parish is the famous Chûn or Chywoon Castle, the best of its kind in Cornwall. Though much mutilated, the two circular walls can still be traced, with their intermediate ditches, and we may guess that there was a third inner wall. The second wall was 12 ft. in thickness, and of a style of masonry that proves its date to be later than many Cornish hill castles, mere earthworks rather than mason work. We may with tolerable certainty conclude that Chûn was Irish, and perhaps it was built during the invasion of Irish saints and immigrants in the fifth century. Not far off is Chûn cromlech or kistvaen, surrounded by stones that once apparently formed a circle around it. This is certainly far older than the castle, and the work of a different race of men.

Morval (1 m. E. of Sand Place Station) has a temptingly Celtic-looking name, and there

was, indeed, a Bishop of St. David's named Morvael; but perhaps it is only a corruption of the name Morville, for the manor once belonged to Hugh de Morville, one of the murderers of Becket. The dedication of Morval Church was to Gwen, sister of St. Non and mother of St. Cybi or Cuby.

Morwenstow, in the N.E. corner of Cornwall, 2 miles from the Devon frontier, has gained a wide reputation in connection with the name of the Rev. R. S. Hawker. The name is Morwenna-stow, Morwenna being a granddaughter of Brychan; the church is a Celtic foundation, not Saxon as Hawker believed. The "stow" of course is Saxon, and the men of Wessex undoubtedly made the place a stronghold to keep the Cornish in check. The fusion of Celt and Saxon in this district is a most attractive feature. For a record of Hawker's life readers should turn to his biography by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. The fine church itself, and the memory of one who laboured earnestly as its vicar for forty-one years, make Morwenstow well worthy of a pilgrimage; and the place is lovely in itself. To quote Mr. Baring-Gould: "Morwenstow tower, grey-stoned, pinnacled, stands up against the blue ocean, with a grove of stunted sycamores on the north of the church. Some way below, deep down in the glen, are seen the roofs and fantastic chimneys of the vicarage. The quaint lych-gate and ruined cottage beside it, the venerable church, the steep slopes of the hills

MORWENSTOW CHURCH

blazing with gorse or red with heather, and the background of sparkling blue sea half-way up the sky—from such a height above the shore is it looked upon—form a picture, once seen, never to be forgotten." There are two wells near—that of St. John the Baptist, to whom the church is dedicated, and that of Morwenna, tumbling to the sea from half-way down the cliff. The church consists of chancel, nave and two aisles; its rough font is probably the earliest relic it contains (tenth century). In the N. aisle are Norm. arches with beautiful zigzag moulding; two other arches here are transition E.E. The zigzag was interpreted symbolically by Hawker, as "the ripple of the lake of Genesareth, the spirit breathing upon the waters of baptism"; but the beauty of such interpretation must not be taken for archæologic accuracy. A carved vine creeps from the chancel down the church, and in this a symbolic meaning is quite admissible.

"Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall
First in the chancel; then along the wall
Slowly it travels on, a leafy line,
With here and there a cluster, and anon
More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone
Through arch and aisle."

The S. arcade is much later than the N., one capital bearing the date 1564. Some of the fine bench-ends peculiar to this district remain, but the screen, rescued and reconstructed after mutilation by Mr. Hawker, has now been "restored" away. The nave door is good Norm.; the piscina E.E.

This parish has long been notorious for its shipwrecks, and Hawker made it his duty to give Christian burial to every body cast upon the shore. It is a wild coast, and its people were equally wild at the time when he became their vicar (1834). Smuggling was boldly practised whenever possible, and something very much like wrecking was not unknown. Eccentric as he was, Hawker lived a life of noble-hearted endeavour among these rude peasants and fishermen; he stood their friend against all oppression; he would give the very coat off his back to clothe, and the dinner from his cupboard to feed them. There is a mystery connected with his last days, and his admittance to the Church of Rome; we are compelled to believe that the hasty zeal of his Catholic wife brought the priest to the bedside of a dying and semi-unconscious man. His death took place in 1875.

In this parish is Tonacombe, a well-preserved sixteenth century mansion, the hall retaining its minstrels' gallery. In Morwenstow Church, below the altar, is a stone to the memory of John Kempthorne, who gave this house its panelling.

Mount Edgcumbe is claimed as one of the lions of Plymouth, and does much to add beauty to that imperial seaport; it is really on Cornish soil, and is the seat of a Cornish peer. Its present occupant is the fourth Earl of Mount Edgcumbe (peerage created in 1789). The present house was begun in 1553. When

Medina Sidonia caught sight of the estate from his vessel, on his memorable visit as Admiral of the Spanish Armada, he coveted the spot at once; and it is said that Philip promised he should have it in reward of his services. The gardens are very beautiful; there are the Low and Upper Gardens, the English Garden with its un-English vegetation, the French, in style of the old empire, the Italian with its orange trees and marble fountains. Some fine statuary is scattered about the grounds.

The dwelling-house is handsome and commodious; in its dining-room are portraits by Reynolds, Lely and Mascall. Reynolds was a frequent visitor here. There are the remains of a castle, raised in the sixteenth century to defend the port; and in the Civil War the place was held for the king till 1645, when its proprietor suffered the penalties of his loyalty. A great many notabilities have visited Mount Edgcumbe at different times, from Cosmo de Medici to the Princess Amelia, George III., Queen Charlotte, William IV., Queen Victoria, Napoleon III., the Emperor Frederick (then Crown Prince), the King of Sweden and others. The spot is not only lovely in itself, but it commands scenes of surpassing beauty and of constant naval activity. The park and gardens may be visited on special public days, or by special order from the Manor House; the house itself is not open to the public.

Mousehole (3 m. S.W. of Penzance) was formerly named Porth Enys, the "island port,"

with evident reference to the rock of St. Clement's, on which there once stood a chapel. It is in the parish of Paul. This quaint little village can boast of having been destroyed by Spaniards in 1595. Its fishermen have shown great enterprise in having built one of the piers of their harbour at an expense of £14,000. In this village was born Dolly Pentreath, reputed to be the last to speak Cornish; and at Mousehole she was visited by Daines Barrington, who records his interview. Another authority on ancient Cornish, John Keigwin, belonged to the old family whose house survives under the name of the Keigwin Arms. This is said to be the only house in Mousehole that escaped the Spanish; it is a typical Elizabethan dwelling, with walls 4 ft. thick. There is a cavern here also that deserves a visit.

Mullion (6 m. S. of Helston), whose cove is still known as Porthmellin, is a dedication to St. Melyan, father of Mylor. The church, restored in 1870, has a striking tower of granite and serpentine—not the only "black and white" tower in this district; it dates from 1500. The Crucifixion over the W. window may be of earlier date; the protecting figure of the Father stands behind the Christ. In front of the altar are carved wooden figures, said to have formed part of a screen; one of these, says Blight, is intended for St. Clare. But the most noteworthy feature of the church is its bench-ends, fifteenth century or earlier. All manner of devices, heads, figures and letterings, appear

on these. One series of ten gives the symbols of the Passion and Crucifixion—the scourge, the wounds, the crown of thorns, the reed, sponge, spear, nails, dice, hammer and pincers; also the chalice and wafer. There is also some good glass in the church. The grand coast scenery, with its caverns and cliffs of serpentine, is causing Mullion to be resorted to by tourists, and the efforts of the old inn to cater for these are now seconded by large modern hotels. At Poldhu, between Mullion and Gunwalloe, in 1900 was established the first Marconi wireless station, and the first message to America was thence transmitted. Mullion Island, close to the Cove, is easily reached, and gives an extensive view of the shore. A former vicar, G. Harvey, wrote an excellent little guide to Mullion, telling of its traditions and its many shipwrecks.

Mylor (2 m. N. of Falmouth, across the Penryn Creek) preserves the name of the martyred Prince Melor, son of St. Melyan; their story is rather involved and difficult, and the martyrdom which they suffered was more likely political than religious. The church retains much of its original Norm. character, with Perp. additions; there is a good Trefusis monument, and a lofty cross in the churchyard. The church-town is about a mile from the village of Mylor Bridge, at the head of the creek.

St. Neot's (5 m. N.W. of Liskeard) is the second largest parish in Cornwall, comprising nearly 14,000 acres. At the Conquest there was a Saxon collegiate foundation here known

as Neotstow; it was suppressed by Robert de Mortain. Varying traditions state that St. Neot was either the elder brother or the uncle of King Alfred—that from Glastonbury he came to Cornwall; that he built his hermitage here, and would stand for hours immersed in his well while he recited the entire Psalter; that he was a dwarf; that he rescued beasts from their hunters, and his own oxen from thieves; that he lived on a miraculous pair of fishes, which, though he continually ate them, continued to sport in his well; that he advised Alfred to found the schools of Oxford, and was himself placed at their head. This last statement is as fabulous as most of the others, many of which will be seen pictured in the famous stained-glass windows of the church. These windows were restored with care, but not in the best style of modern imitation, by the Rev. R. S. Grylls, in 1829. There are fifteen windows, and the glass in about half is new, though not the designs. They are known as the St. Neot's Window, the St. George's, the Young Women's, the Wives', the Harris, the Callawaye, the Tubbe, the Chancel, the Creation, the Noah, the Borlase, the Motton, Redemption, Acts and Armorial. Those named the Young Women's and the Wives' were respectively presented by the maids and matrons of the parish in the sixteenth century. The church has a beautiful Dec. tower, and a very fine carved roof, sixteenth century; the exterior is also richly ornamented. In the porch should be

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noticed a good groined roof. In the N. aisle is a reliquary that once contained the arm of St. Neot—the only portion that was left when the saint's remains were carried off to enrich Eynesbury Abbey at the Huntingdon St. Neot's. If we may believe Asser, Alfred once visited this neighbourhood. Its moors were clothed with dense woodland, and the king "was on a visit to Cornwall for the sake of hunting, when he turned out of the road to pray in a certain chapel, in which the body of St. Neot now rests". This is spoken of as an eventful epoch in his life. The holy well in which the saint used to stand is near the church; its arching is modern. This is one of the very few, scarcely half a dozen, purely Saxon foundations in Cornwall.

Newlyn (1 m. W. of Penzance) is equally noted for artists and fish, its present prosperity resulting from both. It apparently bears the name of the Celtic St. Newlina or Noualen, who was martyred in Brittany. The place deserves its reputation. The harbour, with its two protecting piers, is very commodious for the small craft that resort to it; while the village itself is a blend of quaint old cottages, fish-cellars, modern villas and artists' studios. Being burnt by the Spanish in 1595, nothing survives of an earlier date. Speaking of the artistic invasion of this remote fishing village, Mr. Stanhope Forbes says: "It is difficult to say who was the original settler, for painters seem always to have known the attractions of

the place". It was here that Mr. Forbes himself painted "The Health of the Bride," and that Mr. Frank Bramley painted his "Hopeless Dawn," giving with such vivid pathos a tale that is of constant recurrence in the fishing homes of the West. The little Art Gallery so appropriately established at Newlyn was built by Cornwall's great benefactor, Mr. Passmore Edwards; while in direct connection with the artists is the brass and copper repoussé work of the villagers, initiated by Mr Bolitho, another great benefactor of the neighbourhood. This work is now brought to considerable excellence of design and execution, and it is interesting to find what artistic taste can be developed from rough fishermen and lads. But perhaps it is not fair to speak of Newlyn fishermen as rough; they are intelligent, courteous and kindly. It is possible that there may have been an ancient chapelry here—Leland says there was; but the present church is quite modern, and is suitably dedicated to the fisherman St. Peter. It has some good stained glass, and a terra-cotta reredos.

Newlyn East (5 m. S. of Newquay) was probably the original settlement of St. Newlyna. There are many ancient sepulchral mounds here. Trerice, once a seat of the Arundells, is in this parish; it contains some striking panel-carvings, representing different old Cornish manor-houses.

NEWQUAY, the most popular watering-place in Cornwall, is in itself a town devoid alike of interest and charm, but the neighbourhood amply supplies both, and supplements

NEWQUAY

them with huge draughts of invigorating Atlantic air. Though most of the houses are really new, the name is not. Carew, three centuries since, speaks of "newe Kaye, a place in the north coast of Pydar Hundred, so called because in former times the neighbours attempted to supplie the defect of nature by art, in making there a kay for the rode of shipping". Some say this "newe kaye" was built when that of far more ancient Crantock was destroyed by invading sands. Almost the only antiquity in Newquay is the Huer's House on the Headland, recalling the fact that the place was once an active fishing village. But the pilchards do not visit it any longer—holiday-folk have come instead—and the task of the huer, of watching from this eminence to sight the arrival of the shoals, is a thing of the past. Some of the finest hotels of Cornwall are here; but the town has been so built that little view of the sea can be obtained from its winding streets, and there is practically no sea-front. The houses that are built along the cliffs usurp the whole view; but the grand beaches and headlands are a compensation. Newquay is in the parish of St. Columb Minor, but it has its own modern church. Some china-clay is shipped at the small harbour, brought by the local mineral railway. (See St. Columb, Bedruthan, Mawgan, etc.)

St. Nighton's or *St. Nectan's Kieve* (2½ m. E. of Tintagel) is a secluded waterfall, not particularly easy to reach. The chief cascade

falls about 40 ft. into a circular basin of rock, the "kieve" as the Cornish call it. Legend says that St. Nectan had an oratory here, and that when dying he threw the silver bell of his chapel into the waterfall. There is also a tale of two sisters, foreigners, who came to live on the site of his cell. No one knew who they were; they lived and died unknown. Hawker wrote a poem on the subject, in which, with his customary loose archæology, he gives St. Neot's name to the spot instead of St. Nectan's :—

> "It is from Neot's sainted steep
> The foamy waters flash and leap;
> It is where shrinking wild-flowers grow,
> They lave the nymph that dwells below".

Northill (about 6½ m. S.W. of Launceston) has a church dedicated to St. Torney, the Welsh Tyrnog; unless Torney be simply a corruption of *tighern*, in which case it would refer to one of the royal martyrs, Melyan or Mylor. The church has a fine three-stage tower. In this parish is Trebartha Hall, with its beautiful woodland scenery, and the lovely Goletha Falls.

Otterham (1½ m. N.E. of Otterham Station) is clearly the Othram of Domesday, a manor given to De Mortain. It is a most thinly populated district.

PADSTOW is a corruption of Petrock's-stow, which was also a name applied to Bodmin, thus causing confusion. Petrock was a Celtic saint, probably a Welshman, who went

to Ireland to be educated; he came to Cornwall in a coracle, and landed somewhere in the estuary of the Camel. He almost certainly founded a religious cell before going on to Bodmin; but there has been some dispute as to the priority. In the thirteenth century Padstow was known as Aldestowe; in fact, the place has been troubled with a multiplicity of names, most confusing to an inquirer. There can be no doubt that the estuary was once far more navigable than now, though it still offers fair harbourage for small craft. The Doombar (possibly *dune-bar*) and the choking sands spoil the passage. The sand, useful agriculturally as well as to golfers, is death to the prosperity of a seaport. The Harlyn Bay discoveries prove that this neighbourhood was once thickly populated, in days long before the arrival of St. Petrock. The church is well worth a visit, on account of its fine E.E. tower, its sculptured Norm. font, its remains of old timber roofing, and the quaint bench-ends in the chancel. In the chancel over the piscina is an effigy, sometimes said to be St. Petrock himself, sometimes St. Anthony of Egypt. There is some excellent glass, and in the churchyard is a good cross. Place House, the seat of the Prideaux, is on the site of an ancient monastic foundation, probably an offshoot or perhaps the forerunner of Bodmin Priory. Dean Prideaux was born here. Polzeath, north of the estuary, has a very fine bathing-beach.

Par chiefly concerns travellers as being the junction for Fowey and Newquay; but its little harbour is increasingly active in the shipment of china-clay. The breakwater and ample quays are due to the late Mr. Treffry. Mines and quarries now deserted once added greatly to the place's activity.

Paul (2½ m. S.W. of Penzance) is now often called St. Paul, but the prefix, as always in Cornwall, is quite modern. The church stands on a steep hill overlooking Mount's Bay, and makes a good landmark; it is Dec. with Perp. additions. Burnt by the Spanish in 1595, none of the earlier woodwork remains; but much of the stonework survived the flames, and there are signs of clumsy reparation. In restoring the porch, about a century since, some charred woodwork was found. The tower is one of the loftiest in West Cornwall. Among other interesting monuments in the churchyard is the grave of Dolly Pentreath, whose epitaph is as follows: "Here lyeth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this county from the earliest records till it expired in the eighteenth century in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garrett, Vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860." This nephew of the great Napoleon was a keen student of language. But Borrow had been here before 1860. In

his diaries we read (15th January, 1854): "Went to St. Paul's Church. Saw an ancient tomb with the inscription in Cornish at the N. end. Sat in a pew under a black suit of armour belonging to the Godolphin family, with two swords." The epitaph which attracted his notice was this:—

"Bounas heb dueth Eu poes Karens wei
tha pobl Bohodzhak Paull han Egles nei".

The words have been thus translated:—

"Eternal life be his whose loving care
Gave Paul an alms-house and the church repair".

Pelynt (5 m. W. of West Looe) has a church now dedicated to St. Mary, but formerly to St. Nonna or Nun, the mother of St. David; her holy well is here, in fairly good condition—it must not be confounded with that at Alternon. The church, with a Dec. tower, has been much and not well restored. Equally renovated is Trelawne, the second seat of the famous Trelawnys; their first was at Trelawne in Alternon, from which Sir Jonathan Trelawny migrated in 1600, bringing the name of his old estate with him. It was another Sir Jonathan whose name has travelled far and wide on the wings of a ballad-burthen—

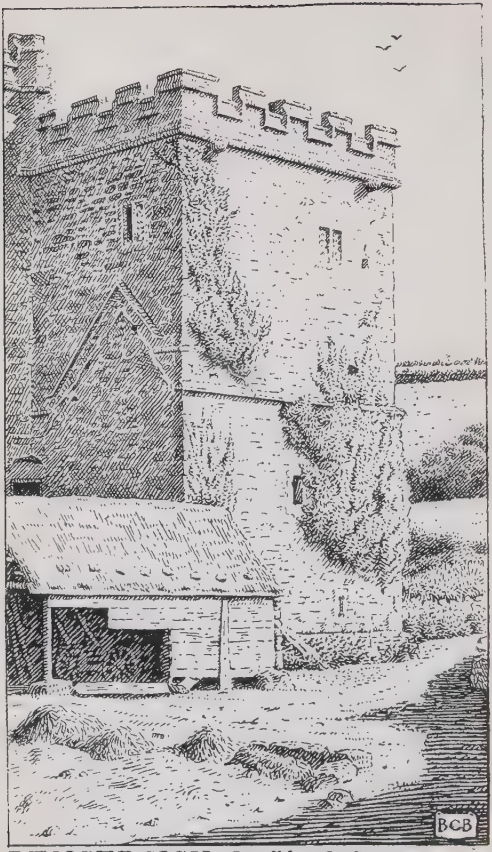
"And shall Trelawny die?—
There's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why".

Trelawny was one of the "Seven Bishops," and there can be no doubt that this refrain,

with other lines now forgotten, really circulated from mouth to mouth throughout Cornwall during the agitation of that memorable trial. He was not the Cornishmen's own bishop, for his diocese was Bristol; but the fact that he was a Trelawny was enough to set all Cornwall aflame. The ballad as at present existing was the production of R. S. Hawker, but many, including Scott and Macaulay, were deceived into thinking it a genuine song of the period. The crozier of this bishop is preserved in the church, in a restored condition; the original was injured and partly destroyed by lightning. Parts of Trelawne House are of the fifteenth century; it is supposed to have been built by Lord Bonville, of the Devon Bonvilles, to whom it passed from the Bodrugans and Champernownes. There are some good pictures. At Tregarrick are memories of the Winslades and Bullers. Readers should turn to Mrs. Bray's novel, *Trelawny of Trelawne*.

Pen is a very common prefix to place-names in Cornwall, as in Wales, and always signifies headland or point. In Scotland it is *Ben*, and signifies hill more often than headland; we have the same root on the Continent, in Apennine. The Goidelic form of the word is *ken*.

Pencarrow (3½ m. N. of Bodmin) has been the seat of the Molesworths since Elizabeth; it is one of the finest seats in Cornwall. The house, rebuilt in the eighteenth century, contains some good pictures. Pencarrow is *pencaerau*, the hill of camps. There are two



PENGERSICK *Castle*

entrenchments here, one of which, on the summit of the park, has three ramparts.

Pendarves (2 m. S.E. of Camborne) is a settlement that sprang into existence through the enterprise of the late E. W. W. Pendarves; it consists of a granite mansion with collection of pictures and minerals, a new church on the site of an old one, schools and dwelling-houses, all erected in the middle of the nineteenth century. In the park is the Pendarves Quoit, a cromlech.

Pendeen (7 m. N.W. of Penzance) was the birthplace of the antiquary, Dr. Borlase (1696); the house is now a farm. The same name applies to the cove, with its blend of granite and slate, and to the village. The church is a model of Iona Cathedral, being designed as such by the Rev. R. Aitken, the revivalist, who became first incumbent of his own church. The granite was both wrought and given free. Pendeen Vau is one of the singular caverned passages or fogous rather common in Cornwall.

Pendennis. (See Falmouth.)

Pengersick (5 m. E. of Marazion) is the picturesque remains of a castle built in the reign of Henry VIII. by a fugitive from justice named Millaton. Strangely enough, a number of ancient myths have clustered around the memory of this Millaton—just as popular fancy endowed a modern land-steward with all the folklore of Tregeagle. Millaton appears to have committed a murder in London, and

to have concealed himself in this stronghold, which he erected for the purpose and made highly defensive. But in all probability there was a castle or manor-house here before this Millaton's time, for there were Pengersicks in West Cornwall long earlier, and their name would doubtless attach to the same locality. Two towers of the building remain, in the larger of which are panellings with curious paintings, and inscriptions now illegible.

Penjerrick (3 m. S.W. of Falmouth) is one of the most lovely estates in the duchy, and fragrant also with memories of the Quaker Foxes. The subtropical vegetation and the landscape gardening are unique in their perfection. For a full description the reader should turn to the *Cornish Magazine*—a most valuable publication that unhappily soon expired. There are two other seats of the Foxes in the neighbourhood, Rose Hill and Grove Hill, the latter having some good paintings.

Penkivel or *St. Michael's Penkivel* (about 3 m. S.E. of Truro) was formerly a collegiate foundation, founded in the fourteenth century; and the church retains traces of four distinct altars, telling of four resident priests. It was restored in 1862. There is an oratory in the tower, with altar and piscina. Some fine Boscawen monuments, notably one of the admiral, "Old Dreadnought," by Rysbrach, remind us that Tregothnan, the seat of the Boscawens (Lord Falmouth), is in the neighbourhood. The admiral is one of the most heroic figures

in British naval history. This noble estate, with its magnificent views of the Fal district, ranks high among the finest seats in Cornwall. The house was designed by the architect of the National Gallery. The grounds, but not the house, may be inspected by the public.

PENRYN can boast that its neighbour Falmouth is a mere upstart by its side; it is said to have had a court-leet before the Conquest. From 1553 to the first Reform Bill it sent two members to Parliament. The borough, incorporated by James I., has in its possession a silver cup and cover, the gift of Lady Jane Killigrew "to the town of Pemmarin when they received me that was in great misery, J. K., 1633". It was another Killigrew lady, Dame Mary, who won fame as a pirate; she boarded some Dutch ships that lay off Falmouth, and robbed them of much treasure in a manner that brought about bloodshed. Being brought to trial she was condemned to death, but pardoned by stress of intercession. Penryn gallantly received and sheltered the not very gentle gentlewoman; and she at least exhibited the grace of gratitude. The Parish Church of Penryn is that of St. Gluvias, the Glywys Cerniw, or "Gluvias the Cornishman," as the Welsh call him; the building was so much restored in 1883 that it is practically new. Near the church are the remains of Glassiney College, founded in the thirteenth century by Bishop Bronescombe, dissolved by Edward VI. Only slight traces survive among the gardens at the

back of Penryn's main street. This college is said to have been the chief centre of Cornwall's vernacular literature, and the principal source of its old mysteries and interludes. The Penryn granite, familiar to every Londoner who crosses Waterloo Bridge, is worked in the immediate neighbourhood, and shipped from Penryn Creek. An event known as the Penryn Tragedy, which forms the plot of one of Lillo's plays, took place in this district; the same tale has been conveyed to Wales, and credited to a Montgomeryshire parish, but a Welsh poem that tells the story correctly attributes it to Cornwall. A wanderer, returning home wealthy after long years of absence, puts up at his father's house for the night without making himself known to his parents. The mother, having caught sight of his gold, persuades his father to kill him in his sleep; next morning the sister, who is in the secret, comes to congratulate them on the return of their son. Agonised with remorse, the parents kill themselves. Another tale told of Penryn is that some Spanish once landed here intent on mischief, but were alarmed by a sound of marching and of martial music, and fled. What they heard was merely the performance of a party of strolling actors.

Pentargon (1 m. E. of Boscastle), interpreted to mean "Arthur's head," has a wild cove at the foot of its dark, bare cliffs. The caves are often haunted by seals.

Pentewan (4 m. S. of St. Austell) is famous for its elvan building-stone, shipped, together

with much china-clay, at the small port here. The old tin-works revealed proofs that the sea has here encroached on land that was once well wooded.

Pentillie Castle (5 m. N. of Saltash), in the parish of Pillaton, is a modern building, apparently named after its proprietors, the Tillies. Sir James Tillie, dying in 1712, left directions that his body should be placed in a tower on his grounds, seated at a table supplied with requisites for smoking and drinking. This strange imitation of heathen burials was not strictly carried out.

PENZANCE, though still a large town for Cornwall, showed a failure of population in the last census, the drop being from 13,478, to 12,096. The name *pen-sans* means "holy headland," and certainly first applied to the point of land now known as Battery Rocks, on which stood an ancient chapel; but the town authorities, misreading the title to mean "holy head," took the Baptist's head as the town arms. So far as record goes, the town cannot claim antiquity, though the wealth of old-time relics in the district is almost inexhaustible. Its market was granted in 1332, its charter in 1512, and in 1614 the town was incorporated. It was also a coinage town. The mother parish is Madron, but Penzance has now three good churches of its own, the oldest of which, St. Mary's, was erected in 1835 on the site of a chapel of Our Lady, whose alms-box and font still survive.

The best features of this church are its commodious size and its commanding situation. In Alverton Street we have the name of the old Alwaretone estate, mentioned in Domesday. The principal event in the history of Penzance is its burning by the Spaniards in 1595, a fate foretold in an old Cornish prophecy which, being translated, runs :—

> "They shall land on the rock of Merlin
> Who shall burn Paul, Penzance, and Newlyn".

The prophecy probably helped to bring about its own fulfilment, for the inhabitants, thinking themselves foredoomed, gave little opposition to the party of about 200 Spanish. These, landing at Mousehole, on a rock that really bore the name of Merlin, proceeded to fire and pillage. Having sacked Mousehole, Paul, Newlyn and Penzance, the foe retired to their galleons for the night; but by next day the Cornish folk had plucked up a little courage, and the Spaniards deemed it wise to set sail before Drake and Hawkins should be on their sea-track. A new town soon rose from the ashes of the old one, but this was also doomed to suffer; Penzance being loyal to the king was revengefully treated by Fairfax in 1646. Under Charles II. its fortunes revived; and when Defoe came westward he found Penzance "a place of good business, well built and populous, having a good trade and a great many ships belonging to it, notwithstanding it is so remote". With a superstition not yet

PENZANCE

extinct among Londoners, he seemed surprised that anything could do well that was far from London. This remoteness is now practically a thing of the past. A rapid railway service to Paddington has made Penzance almost like a suburb of Covent Garden. That railway itself was seriously imperilled by the sea in 1869, when over 600 feet of the viaduct across the beach to Marazion was destroyed.

Visitors of all kinds, except those who seek for the music-hall species of entertainment, will find ample attractions at Penzance. The Morrab Gardens, though very small, have a remarkable growth of exotic vegetation, and are a sufficient reason for the town's claim to be a perfect winter-resort. Penzance is in fact cooler than London in the summer, and much warmer in the winter. The fine block of municipal buildings in Alverton Street embraces the admirably kept museums of the Natural History and Antiquarian Society, and of the Cornish Royal Geological Society, besides the Guildhall, and St. John's Hall for meetings and entertainments. At Morrab House is the Penzance Library, the largest in Cornwall, comprising 23,000 volumes, many of which are most valuable. It is specially rich in the departments of local antiquity, Shakespeare, and philology. There are also an excellent little Free Library, a School of Art, Mining and Science Schools. The main thoroughfare is blocked and yet rendered imposing by the domed market-house, immediately below which stands a statue of Sir Humphry

Davy, born at Penzance in 1778. The town has also memories of the boyhood of Pellew, Lord Exmouth, and of Davies Gilbert, sometime President of the Royal Society. Besides the local vegetable produce, and the flowers from Scilly, the train from Penzance carries to the great markets a vast quantity of fish. (See Fisheries.)

Perranarworthal (about 1 m. from Perranwell Station) is a romantic little village in a district notable for its water-mills. The small church, restored, is dedicated to St. Perran or Piran, who deserves to be called the St. Patrick of Cornwall, for the place which he formerly filled in the popular imagination. In spite of this some have doubted that he was ever in Cornwall at all. His holy well, giving its name to the village of Perranwell in this parish, has disappeared, having been accidentally drained by mining operations. Piran is really the Irish Kieran of Saighir, the Goidelic K naturally becoming the Brythonic P. (See Perranzabuloe.)

Perranporth (7 m. W. of Newquay) has recently come into great favour by reason of its magnificent coast, arched rocks and caverns, fine sands, and unsurpassed surf-riding

Perranuthnoe (2 m. E. of Marazion Station) was named Lanudno in the taxation of Pope Nicholas, and this would seem to point to some dedication or appellation earlier than that of Perran. The church has a good Perp. tower, but its S. transept is clearly much earlier

It is said to have been on the coast here that Trevelyan's horse landed him, when he escaped from the inrush of the sea across Lyonesse.

Perranzabuloe (6 m. N.W. of Truro) is really Perran-in-sabulo, and the name has a very true meaning. The parish includes Perranporth, on the line between Newquay and Chacewater; which railway has robbed the district of its almost weird isolation, by popularising the wide sands and grand caverned cliffs. St. Piran is supposed to have reached this sandy coast of Cornwall some time near the close of the fifth century, arriving on a mill-stone. He is then popularly believed to have founded his cell, the oratory that still remains in much mutilated ruin among the drifting sand-towans of Perran. Tradition is of course wrong—the oratory is at least two centuries later than St. Piran, but it may mark the site of the original cell. Equally wrong is the tradition that Piran was the discoverer of tin, for that metal had been worked long before the Christian era; yet he became the patron of the tinners in Cornwall, and his festival as such has been observed to quite modern times. Accepting the statement that Piran really visited Cornwall, we must believe that the ancient Perranzabuloe oratory was raised about the seventh century, but that it probably received something in the way of restoration before it became buried by the sands. It may have been in the tenth century that it was found necessary to build a second church, a little further inland; and this church

was made collegiate in the time of the Confessor, with a dean and canons, being enriched with the offerings of many pilgrims who were drawn hither by the fame of St. Piran. Henry I. presented this establishment to the canons of Exeter. In 1420 the church was rebuilt; but Borlase, writing in the eighteenth century, at a time when the first oratory was entirely lost, said: "The second church is in no small danger". In 1803 this danger became so imminent that the people of Perranzabuloe resolved to move their church-town once more. The result was the present church, in which a tablet records the fact that "the first stone was laid in the year 1804, after two former churches had been successively overwhelmed with the sand of the desert in which they were imprudently built". Traces of the second church may be seen yet, marked by a cross; but the materials were for the most part removed and reproduced in the existing building, in which also is an ancient hexagonal font, supposed to have been removed from the buried oratory. In 1835 a shifting of sand, about a third of a mile to the W. of the second church, revealed this oratory itself after a burial of eight or nine centuries. Though the discovery made a considerable stir, and was proclaimed to the public in books written by the Revs. W. Haslam and Trelawny-Collins, the ruin was treated with neglect, except one most ill-advised attempt at restoration by Mr. Haslam. For many years the remains were left to the com-

bined mercy of the sands and of pilfering tourists, and only in very recent days has a protecting rail been placed around them. The church is about 29 ft. in length, 16 ft. in breadth, with arched doorway and one little window, walled up, over the altar. It is exactly similar to many oratories of the same or earlier date in Ireland. The masonry is of the roughest, its stones seeming to have been thrown together without care or selection; while the floor is a species of concrete, china-clay being used instead of lime. Several skeletons were found in the church itself, one of which, of a man about 7 ft. 6 in. in height, is sometimes supposed to be Piran himself; while without, both here and around the second church, are to be found countless human remains. The spot was clearly much resorted to as a burial-ground of special sanctity. The church is not easy to find among the environing sand-heaps; its remains are now properly protected. About 1½ miles N. of the present Perranzabuloe village is the Perran Round, a remarkable amphitheatre or *plân-an-guare*, 130 ft. in diameter, with traces of seven tiers of seats. In comparatively modern times this was used for the performance of miracle-plays; in earlier days it may have had other uses, perhaps for sports or as a place of public assembly. It is considered one of the most remarkable earthworks of its kind in the kingdom.

Little Petherick (3 m. S. of Padstow), sometimes called St. Petrock Minor, has a charm-

ingly placed church, dating from the fourteenth century, but largely rebuilt in 1858, and restored in 1902. There are many interesting features, including a fine rood-screen and loft.

South Petherwin (2½ m. S. of Launceston) is supposed to be a foundation of St. Padarn's, the great patron of Llanbadarn-Vawr; but it must be confessed that Petherwin sounds a little more like a corruption of Pedredin or Pedrwn, the name of Padarn's father. That resemblance may be merely accidental; Mr. Baring-Gould is probably right when he says that Petherwin is Padarn's Gwynedd. But Professor Rhys associates the word Gwynedd with the tribe of Veneti, and it does not appear why this district of Dumnonia should be called Padarn's Gwynedd. South Petherwin is the mother parish of Trewen, and the manors both belong to the Bishops of Exeter. North Petherwin is in Devon.

Phillack (1 m. N. of Hayle) is a parish that includes part of Hayle. The dedication of the church is now to St. Felicitas, but must originally have been to St. Piala, the sister of Gwinear, who came from Ireland with her brother early in the sixth century, landing near Hayle, from whence they are said to have proceeded to a village named Conetconia. They were martyred soon after by Tewdrig. Conetconia is usually identified with the old manor of Conarton (in Domesday Conarditone), whose name still survives at Connerton or Connordown.

The lordship of the whole Hundred of Penwith seems to have attached to the manor of Conarton. Phillack Church is perilously surrounded with sand-dunes, only kept in check by the growth of reed grass. It was almost entirely rebuilt in 1857, but some relics of Norm. work are preserved; and in the churchyard is a good cross.

Philleigh (4½ m. N. of St. Mawes) is one of the numerous churches that Mr. W. C. Borlase ascribes to St. Teilo, sometimes called Feliaus. It was formerly named Eglosros, or "church on the heath," being one of the Roseland parishes. Tolverne, now in the Boscawens, was formerly a seat of the Arundells.

Polperro (3½ m. W. of W. Looe) once the haunt of smugglers and later of painters, was one of the loveliest spots in Cornwall, but is losing its old-world quaintness and seclusion. The bungalow, the motorist, the charabancs, have come Yet the expansion is difficult, crushed as the place is between great masses of headland and down, in a hollow through which the Polperro "river" hurries beneath some rugged old bridges to the harbour At the head of the valley, where the modern road bends towards Looe, is picturesque Crumplehorn; before this road existed the only approach from Looe was by a precipitous drop hardly safe for pack-horses. Polperro is the scene of Mrs. Parr's "Adam and Eve," and of Couch's "Nicky-Nan;" it is also admirably depicted in T. Q. Couch's local history. It was Jonathan Couch, the good old country doctor, who brought

the village much of its fame; he lived and died here, studying the people, their traditions and manners, the natural and local history of his beloved birthplace. He it was that discovered the curious Polperro fossils. From this snug corner privateering and smuggling proceeded merrily in the early days of the nineteenth century; it has been said that the very first station of the Preventive Service was here, with good reason. The name is supposed to mean "Peter's Pool," so called from a chapel of St. Peter once standing on Chapel Hill; an older name was Porthpeyre, which would not gainsay this derivation. Talland and Lansallos are the mother parishes of Polperro.

Polruan, on the eastern bank of the Fowey estuary (reached by ferry from Fowey), is a dedication of St. Ruman or Ruan. One end of the chain guarding Fowey Harbour was fastened here. The ruins of St. Saviour's Chapel, with holy well and cross, stand prominently on the high land; there are also remains of Hall House, an old seat of the Mohuns, held in the Civil War by Sir R. Grenville, and visited by Charles I.

Port Eliot. (See St. Germans.)

Porth Cothan (5 m. S.W. of Padstow) is becoming deservedly famous for its grand cliff scenery; in fact, every mile of this coast from Trevose Head to Newquay is wonderfully fine. There are very few houses at Porth Cothan; it is difficult to reach, being remote alike from rail and highroad. Its situation rendered it

favourable to smuggling; this little cove and that of Porthmear have seen many a run cargo. Further favouring the illicit trade, there is in a combe about a mile inland a caverned passage of the kind known locally as fogou, whose total length must have been over 1000 yards. Only a few yards can now be traversed. Although similar concealment places were sometimes constructed in prehistoric times, this appears to have been the work of smugglers; and it speaks much for the profits of that pursuit, when we realise the cost of creating and maintaining such a lengthy subterranean passage. One gallery led to the hamlet of Trevethan, from whence another is said to have communicated with Porthmear.

Porthcurnow (9 m. S.W. of Penzance) is interesting and unique in preserving the old name Gerniw or Kerniu, which is the root of our present word Cornwall. We can hardly do otherwise than suppose it is connected with the tribe whose Latinised name was Cornavii; but the origin of the name is still to seek. One of the most ancient chapels in Cornwall can be traced here—more ancient probably than that of St. Piran. It is very small, and only the four mutilated fragments of wall remain, on an artificially raised mound. Thus we have one relic of antiquity resting on a relic still more ancient—for of course the cairn preceded the church, perhaps by many centuries. In the cove here is the station of the Eastern Telegraph Company. The resident telegraphists

form quite a large and tolerably lively com munity.

Porthleven (2½ m. S.W. of Helston) embodies the name of St. Levan ; it is distinctly a rising place, increasingly resorted to by visitors. The harbour is very commodious, but difficult to enter in rough weather. There is a restored church, an institute and reading-room, and a Wesleyan chapel which gave rise to the following epigram :—

> "They built the church, upon my word,
> As fine as any abbey ;
> And then they thought to cheat the Lord,
> And built the back part shabby".

Porthscatho (2 m. N.E. of St. Mawes) is a delightful fishing-village with some repute as a watering-place. Artists and lovers of the picturesque have found it out. The botanist also may well love it, for even in the dead of winter flowers and ferns may be gathered in its lanes.

Port Isaac (3½ m. N.W. of Port Isaac Road Station) might be expected to be in a decaying condition, for its pilchard-fishery has gone, and its value as a port has been taken away by the railway. None the less the little place is holding up its head bravely, and may well do so. It is a spot of rare beauty, and in wild weather of rare sublimity. There are other attractive little coves hard by—Portquin, Porthtowan, and Port Gaverne, which perhaps preserves the name of St. Keverne. In the future we may expect them all to be flourishing resorts, robbed of their seclusion, but making for the

PORT ISAAC

health and happiness of a greater number. The shipping done by these tiny ports is very little —some small coasting and some shipment of slate from Delabole; the rail has taken their business, such as it may once have been. Port Isaac can claim antiquity as well as beauty. Its pier was built in the reign of Henry VIII. Port Isaac must not be taken for a dedication to any St. Isaac; it is almost certainly *porth izic*, the "corn port". The parish is that of Endellion.

Portmellin (about 6 m. S. of St. Austell) has traces of an old entrenchment; near also was the mansion of the Bodrigans, of which few remains survive. Sir Henry Bodrigan was attainted for siding with Richard III. against Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., and this enabled his unfriendly neighbours, Trevanion and Edgcumbe, to prosecute their own feud with vigour. It is said that in flying from these vindictive and triumphant foes Bodrigan leaped into the sea from a spot still known as "Bodrigan's Leap". He was rescued by a vessel, and escaped to France. There is a submerged forest of elder trees in Portmellin Bay.

Portreath (4 m. N.W. of Redruth), formerly named Basset's Cove, is a busy little harbour and watering-place, much liked by Redruth folk. A good deal of coal arrives here by ship to supply the mines. Tehidy Park is an old seat of the Bassets. There is a cliff-castle near. On the sands seals may often be met with.

Poughill (1½ m. N.E. of Bude) is pronounced Puffill; the curious name has been

differently given in the past as Pogwelle, Pochewell and Pugeham. The manor belonged to Cleeve Abbey in Somerset. The dedication of the church to St. Olaf proves it to be a Teutonic foundation, not Celtic; and the restorers mistook one of the frescoes to be a representation of the Norwegian king. Both the frescoes, however, represent St. Christopher; they are very similar to the Christopher at Breage. The church, with its beautiful Perp. tower, is very pleasantly situated; and the interior is enriched with exquisite bench-ends. There are more of these fine East Cornwall bench-ends at the neighbouring church of

Poundstock (4½ m. S. of Bude), which, being thoroughly Saxon in name, it is not surprising to find also Saxon in dedication (St. Neot). The manor was mentioned in Domesday under the name of Ponpestock.

Probus (2½ m. S.W. of Grampound Road Station) is a large parish, whose church is one of the glories of Cornwall. It bears a double dedication to SS. Probus and Grace, their names sounding very much like pious abstractions; they seem, however, to have been sufficiently real to leave skulls behind them. These skulls were found in the N. wall of the sanctuary, during restoration fifty years since; they are now placed in a fitting reliquary. There is another dedication to Probus in Dorset; still, his personality remains as thin as water. The tower of this church, built in the reign of Elizabeth at the very ebb of Gothic archi-

tecture, is the most beautiful as it is also the highest in the duchy. The height is 125 ft., and the style, of course, late Perp.; every foot of the granite facing is covered with rich ornament. In the lowest of the storeys are three canopied niches; the second has window and clock dial; the third a double window and panelling. Above rise eight clusters of foliated pinnacles, one at each angle, the others intermediate. This tower has wisely been left in its original gracefulness; the rest of the church has been restored. The panels of the old rood-screen have been utilised in the present chancel-screen; the lettering on these panels runs: "Jesus, hear us, Thy people, and send us Grace and Good for ever". This is clearly a reference to the double dedication, and rather increases the air of abstraction surrounding the names of Probus and Grace. There is a good modern reredos, some brasses, a beautiful E. window, and some ancient stonework at the altar. In the tower is a peal of six bells. There was a collegiate foundation here before the Conquest, attributed to Athelstan; but the choice of site for this and many similar colleges is mysterious. At Golden Farm, in this parish, priests' hiding-places have been discovered, one of which was the resort of the Jesuit Cuthbert Mayne, hanged at Launceston for treason.

Prussia Cove (7 m. E. of Penzance) is so named after the old King of Prussia inn, whose landlord, Carter, was a notorious smuggler, yet withal a devout Methodist. After many daring

and successful ventures, he went so far as to mount a battery and fire on a man-o'-war; but his attentions were returned with interest, and an end put to his smuggling career. His autobiography, a most interesting document, has lately been published. The Cove is now peaceful enough—a coastguard and fishing station, and a resort of tourists.

Quethiock (4 m. E. of Liskeard) is conjectured to be a corruption of Cadoc; the word rather suggests some such name as Gwethenoc. Whatever its original dedication, the church was re-dedicated in 1288 to St. Hugh of Avalon. The tower, Dec., has a S. staircase reaching to the second stage, where it finishes in a gable; the second stage, much slighter, rises without stairs. A beautiful granite cross was discovered twenty years since; there is also an excellent brass.

Rame is the most southerly parish of East Cornwall; it is best reached by ferry from Plymouth. Rame Head, almost insular, has a restored chapel of St Michael on its summit. This is the nearest point of land to Eddystone. The church, combined E.E. and Perp., is evidently the successor of a yet earlier building.

REDRUTH can claim to be quite a large town in this county of small populations, but its figure at the 1921 census (9,920) showed a decrease of 531. It is not a particularly attractive town. The name is clearly a corruption of something, but of what it is difficult to say; some have talked foolishly about St. Ruth and a red cloak. The

dedication of the church is to St. Uny or Euny. This church, about a mile distant, is a comparatively modern structure; it contains a monument by Chantrey. Near is St. Uny's Well. The district is thick with mines, many disused; and with their decay the rural population has decayed. The Druids' Hall is a good building, and there is the usual plentiful supply of Wesleyan chapels.

Restormel (1 m. N. of Lostwithiel). Cornwall possesses numberless camps or entrenchments, but not many castles in our modern sense of the word. This is largely owing to its comparatively peaceful submission to Norman sway, for the Normans have been the great castle builders in England. This of Restormel (or Lestormel) cannot be older than the reign of Henry III., though it certainly marks an earlier foundation, its name being genuine Celtic. So far as record goes, the stronghold was first in the Cardinhams and Traceys, from whom it passed to the Earls of Cornwall. In the Civil War, though already ruinous, it still admitted of restoration and defence, being held by the Parliament and taken by Grenville. The circular keep, remaining, had an outer wall of about 9 ft. in thickness and 30 ft. high; gatehouse and chapel can also be seen, and the whole is rendered picturesque with creeping ivies. The view from this hill is very beautiful.

Rialton Priory (3 m. E. of Newquay), named Reiltone in Domesday, is now a farmhouse, but still retains traces of its former state.

These traces are of the building erected by Prior Vyvyan of Bodmin, whose arms may be seen in one of the old windows. Built into a wall is a stone bearing a rude Latin inscription, which has been deciphered as *Bonememori filii tribuni;* other readings have been given. A local guide-book speaks of an ancient well here as having been "removed and re-erected" elsewhere, but ultimately restored. It is difficult to see how a well could be removed and re-erected, but probably the reference is to the oratory above the well.

Roche (5 m. N. of St. Austell) has a restored church, chiefly notable for its Norm. font, said to have been saved from destruction in Puritan days by being covered with plaster. There is also a good cross here. But Roche is more famous for its rocks, an outlying spur of Hensbarrow Beacon. They lie a little S. of the church, and rise to a height of 680 ft. On this huge mass of schorl rock a hermit built his cell. Though dedicated, like many hill-chapels, to St. Michael, tradition connects this hermitage with the name of St. Roche himself; but more than one holy man occupied the cell at different times. One of these is said to have been troubled by the visits of the doomed Tregeagle, who, pursued by the fiends that had hindered his labour at Dozmary Pool, thrust his head through the window of the chapel, and so gained sanctuary. His howls disturbed the saint and others who came here to worship; and at last, by priestly influence, he was led

away to Padstow. St. Roche's Well, sometimes called St. Gundred's, is said to be still resorted to on Holy Thursday for purposes of innocent divination; but these old customs are at their last gasp, even in remote Cornwall.

Rough Tor. (See Brown Willy.)

St. Ruan Major (8 m. S. of Helston) has a church whose tower is of mingled granite and serpentine. Notice should be taken of the two uncommon openings, close to the screen-piers, at the junction of the arcades of nave and chancel. St. Ruan Minor (2 m. E.) has a holy well and baptistery. Both parishes preserve the name of Ruan or Rumon. This saint, when in Brittany, was accused of being a werewolf. If he be so, said the king, my wolf-hounds will fall on and kill him; but the dogs came and licked his feet, and the saint was acquitted.

Ruan Lanihorne (about 7 m. N. of St. Mawes) bears the same dedication. Though it is not certain, perhaps this Ruan is the same Ruan or Ruadhan that was converted by St. Patrick, and became one of "the twelve apostles of Ireland". There is an ancient figure of the saint in the church here. Whitaker, the historian, held the rectory for thirty years. There are some remains of a castle near the church.

SALTASH.—The name is a little obscure; more anciently it was written Esc, Asche and Asheburgh, but this *ash* bears no reference to any tree—it is rather a corruption of the Celtic *uisc*, meaning water. There was certainly a

ferry here at a very early period, and probably the old Romanised trackway from Exeter struck across the water at this point. Saltash came immediately under the patronage of the Earls of Cornwall; even its ferry rights belonged to these lords. The town was incorporated in the reign of Henry III., and enfranchised in that of Edward VI.; it can number Lord Clarendon and the poet Waller among its parliamentary representatives. In the Civil War it was the scene of a keen fight between the Cornish Royalists and Ruthven, Governor of Plymouth, and Saltash was regained for the king—only to fall later, when the Parliament became everywhere triumphant. The older part of the town has still a strong savour of mediævalism about it, and its houses run down the hill to the water in true sixteenth century fashion. The mother church is St. Stephen's, about a mile distant, placed on a hill commanding a noble view; this church has a register dating from 1545, a fine tower of 100 ft., and an early Norm font But the old chapel of the Guildhall was promoted to be Saltash Parish Church in 1875 In this there are portions that may be early Norm. or even Saxon; but the church's great treasure is its massive silver chalice, over a foot high, exquisitely wrought, of the time of Henry VII. At the spacious mother church may be seen the parish stocks; here also was discovered a leaden coffin, supposed to contain the remains of Orgar, father of Elfrida. Four different stones, granite, slate, elvan and polyphant, go to the making of

this St. Stephen's Church. Memories come thick and fast to the visitor at Saltash, but the modern town is prouder of its feat of engineering than of any ancient glories. The Royal Albert Bridge may not be exactly a thing of beauty—some people think it a positive eyesore—but its strength and utility cannot be denied. Its total length is 2240 ft.; it was opened by the Prince Consort in 1859.

St. Samson's. (See Golant.)

Sancreed (about 4 m. W. of Penzance), like St. Creed, Grampound, is probably a dedication of St. Credan's, the son of St. Illogan; but W C. Borlase thought St. Creed a fictitious personality, and regarded the names as abstract dedications to the holy creed. We must always be slow to credit any assertion of churches being dedicated to abstractions. This church has been made familiar to the public by paintings of the Newlyn school; it is beautifully situated among embowering trees. Fragments of a fine old screen are preserved here, and there is an unusually good cross in the churchyard, 7 ft. high, bearing a lily and other emblems. In this parish is Chapel Euny, the holy well of St. Euny; and a neighbouring "fogou" bears the name of Cairn Uny.

Seaton River rises near Caradon, flows through Menheniot, and reaches the sea at Seaton, to the E. of Looe Bay. Seaton sands were formerly, says tradition, a favourite resort of witches.

Sennen (9 m. W. of Penzance) is a small

church-town and fishing-cove, the church being about half a mile from the sea. Land's End is in this parish. The dedication is to St. Senan, an Irish saint of the sixth century who visited Cornwall and Brittany. Legends tell some marvellous and foolish things about him; among which, it is said that when being carried to burial he sat up on his bier and directed that his festival should be celebrated on the 8th of March instead of on the 1st, but he gave no reasons. He refused to help his mother one day, when they were changing houses, upon which she not unnaturally threw cold water over him; but the domestic articles miraculously moved of themselves. The church has a good tower, built of singularly large blocks of granite; but restoration by the late St. Aubyn has not increased its interest. There is an inscribed stone, stating that the church was dedicated in the fifteenth century, but the date is effaced; there is also a curious mutilated alabaster figure, probably a Virgin and Child, in the transept, and a distemper painting on the E. wall of the aisle. According to Hals, the mutilated figure was one of several found in the walls, "which also had been painted with gold, vermilion and blue bice, on several parts of their garments". Near the church is the rock known as Table-Mên. The story runs that a body of Norse pirates landed in West Cornwall, proceeding to burn and pillage. Signals were flashed along the hill-tops to Tintagel, and Arthur with nine other kings or

head-chiefs marched rapidly westward, defeating the Danes at the battle of Vellan-druachar. The slaughter is said to have been so great that a mill was worked with blood. Arthur and his allies returned thanks in Sennen Church, and dined on this Table-Mên. Another version says that it was seven Saxon kings that dined here. There may be a glimmer of truth about the battle—the dinner is clearly mythical. There are traces of Danish settlement, and Hunt tells us that within the nineteenth century it was customary to say of a red-haired person, "Oh, he is only a red-haired Daäne". The great Merlin is said to have foretold another landing of Norsemen at this same spot, immediately preceding the end of the world. Those who are content with the perfect peacefulness and glorious scenery of this district, with accommodation that is comfortable though humble, are fast discovering the charms of Sennen Cove.

Sharpitor (½ m. N. of the Cheeswring) is a hill of 1200 ft. with hut-circles and many traces of ancient population.

Sheviock (2 m. S.E. of St. Germans) has a rather puzzling name, which Borlase thinks may possibly be a corruption of St. Feock. The church is a very fine specimen of Dec., with the addition of Perp. N. aisle. Carew tells us that a certain Dawnay or D'Aunay built the church while his wife was building a barn, and that in summing the expenses it was found that the barn had cost three-halfpence the more. The D'Aunay Chapel has been converted into a

transept; but the monument that it contains is supposed to be the effigies of Sir Edward Courtenay and wife, she being heiress of the D'Aunays. In spite of restorations the church retains much that is ancient and interesting; notice should be given to its sedilia, its benches, and its hagioscope.

Simonward. (See St. Breward.)

Slaughter Bridge. (See Camelford.)

Southill. (See Callington.)

Stamford Hill. (See Stratton.)

St. Stephen's-in-Brannel (about 4 m. W. of Burngullow Station) is a great china-clay district, the church itself being built of china-stone. The earthwork known as Resugga Castle is in this parish. There are also signs of more recent decayed prosperity.

Stithians (about 4 m. N.W. of Penryn) sounds a little like a corruption of St. Gwythians, but it is not safe to presume on fancied derivations. The church has a very attractive Perp. tower; it appertained to the Oxford Cistercian monastery of Rewley, founded by Edmund of Cornwall.

Stoke Climsland (3½ m. N. of Callington) is a parish including a number of villages on the borders of Devon, to which it is joined by the Horse Bridge. The church, consecrated in 1324, is Dec., with later additions. There is a Norm. doorway, perhaps of an earlier building; also a peal of eight bells. The register dates from 1538.

Stratton (1½ m. E. of Bude Station) is so named

from the Roman "street," or, more likely, British trackway used by the Romans, that entered Cornwall here. Stratton has much to be proud of; it is pleasantly situated, sheltered by its position and its trees from the rough ocean winds; it has a noble church, and a cluster of memorable associations. The black marble tomb of Sir John Arundell (1561) is very noteworthy; so are the tower, the bench-ends, the roof-carvings, and some of the stained glass. The building is restored Perp. Mr. Norway, speaking of Stratton, says: "Nowhere in Cornwall are the cottages more picturesque, the streets more narrow or more obviously ancient. . . . We see the place to-day, dominated by its ancient church, washed by its sparkling rivulet, gleaming among its apple orchards, the same angular pretty town as when Sir Bevil Grenville rode over from Stowe to do business at the Manor-house, where his giant servant Anthony Payne was born, or when the soldiery flocked down from Stamford Hill, after the great battle, to seek food and rest in the little inn." The Manor-house is now the comfortable Tree Inn; the large-hearted and large-bodied Payne lies peacefully in the churchyard. The battle fought on the neighbouring upland should rather be called the battle of Stratton than of Stamford Hill; why should the name of a defeated general cling to the spot? The Roundhead Earl of Stamford, resolved on pushing into Cornwall, had established his force of 5400 men on this hill; against him came

Hopton and Grenville with less than 3000. For some hours the tired and famished Cornishmen strove vainly to storm the height; at last, rendered desperate by the knowledge that their ammunition was failing, they made an irresistible charge with sword and pike, in such grim earnest that they gained the summit. Disorder and then panic seized the Parliamentary forces; the earl is said to have been among the first to fly. Chudleigh attempted a rally, but was himself taken prisoner. It is indeed a cruel sarcasm to name the fight Stamford Hill, for few leaders ever acquitted themselves so feebly as he did on this occasion. That does not lessen the glory of the Cornish victory. Of the Roundheads 300 were killed, 1700 taken prisoners, and the remainder scattered in headlong flight. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, loyal Cornishman as he is, has drawn a picture of the scene in his *Splendid Spur*. There is no monument on the spot now, but one of the old guns is eloquent in marking the site, and a rude inscription still speaks of the great victory won "by the valour of Sir Beville Grenville and ye Cornish army". The original inscription may be seen on the walls of the Tree Inn. The date of the battle was 16th May, 1643.

Swanpool, about a mile S. of Falmouth, is one of Cornwall's few sheets of fresh water, and is valued accordingly. It is scarcely half a mile long. A bar of sand over which the road passes separates the pool from the sea. It is sc

named from the swans formerly kept here by the Killigrews.

St. Syth's Beacon. (See Michaelstow.)

Table-Mên. (See Sennen.)

Talland (2 m. W. of West Looe) is the mother parish of West Looe; it has one of Cornwall's campanile churches. As usual in such cases, the church stands low, and the belfry is on higher ground. It contains a striking altar-tomb of Sir John Beville, and some fine bench-ends bearing Beville and Grenville arms. Frescoes discovered during restoration were foolishly destroyed. The transept was known as the Killigarth Chapel, and Killigarth, where a modern house stands on the site of an old one, was the seat of the Bevilles.

Tamar.—The Tamar is generally thought of as a Devonshire river, but surely Cornwall, in which it rises, can claim a portion of its glory. The source of the river is at Wooley Barrows, in Morwenstow parish. It flows now in Devon and now in Cornwall, till it becomes the natural boundary of the two counties. Near Landulph it joins the Tavy, and below Saltash the Lynher; the three united form the Hamoaze and Plymouth Sound. Of course there is a suitable legend about a water nymph named Tamara; but the name is probably *ta-mawr*, the "great water". This same root *ta* we find in the names of other rivers, such as Tay, Taw, Tavy; possibly also in Tees, Tame, Thames, Teign, Tyne, and even Dee (though etymologists have preferred to connect this latter with

Deus). The Tamar is a most tortuous but most beautiful river. Take it for all-in-all, it is the queen river of the west, lovelier because more varied than either the Dart or the Fal. Its one rival, among English rivers, is the Wye.

St. Teath (3 m. S.W. of Camelford) is connected with the name of St. Ytha, an Irish saint. In the S. transept E. window of the church are blazoned the arms of Henry VII., thereby giving its date; but the tower is not earlier than 1630. In this same year the quaint carved pulpit seems to have been set up, bearing the arms of the Carminows, a branch of which ancient family lived at Trehannick in this parish. The Carminows claimed descent neither from Norman nor Saxon nobility, but from the days of King Arthur himself. By this claim they made good their right to bear their arms—azure, a bend or—when that right was disputed by the Scropes and Grosvenors, in the time of Richard II. The family is now extinct.

Temple (7 m. N.E. of Bodmin) is a tiny parish in the heart of the Bodmin Moors. The Templars once obtained land here and made a settlement. They must have done so with the best of motives; there was nothing else to tempt them. The church which they built, and for which they gained some special privileges (such as the right of marriage without banns), long since fell out of use and decayed; but it has been restored within the past few years. The restoration embodies a part of the

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earlier Norm. building, and a fragment of the old font. The name entered into a by-word; "send her to Temple Moors," was said of a reprobate woman, and perhaps referred to the Templars' efforts at reforming a wild uncivilised people.

TINTAGEL (5 m. N.W. of Camelford Station) has a distinct claim to be the most famous spot in the duchy. It had a wide reputation long before the railway had opened Cornwall to the British public; Welsh bards, Breton minstrels, German minnesingers, British chroniclers, had all assisted to spread abroad the tale of Arthur, and with Arthur the name of Tintagel was inseparably connected. In speaking of Arthur it needs the greatest caution to separate the true, or rather the probable, from the false or improbable. There is absolutely no certainty, except a very certain voice of persistent tradition. Geoffry of Monmouth, who deserves to rank high among our historical novelists, is at least accurate in his description of Tintagel: "It is situated upon the sea, and on every side surrounded by it; and there is but one entrance into it, and that through a straight rock, which three men shall be able to defend against the whole power of the kingdom". Geoffry wrote about the year 1150, and at that time it is certain that none of the present building existed. Ancient as the remains are, both on the rock and on the mainland, they cannot be earlier than the late twelfth century; yet many visitors have a delightful

idea that they are actually looking at the castle in which King Arthur was born and held court. But the site has a bolder claim than the ruins. This headland, once insular, would most undoubtedly have been occupied and fortified in early times—we could believe that even if tradition said nothing. Every other Arthurian locality has been keenly debated and disputed; no serious objection has ever been raised against Tintagel. The only tangible evidence we possess is Welsh. There are Welsh triads and fragments of bardic song that date possibly from the time of Arthur, certainly from the time when the Welsh and Cornish were one people; these invariably speak of Arthur as belonging to Cornwall. The tale as usually told has been raised to a high position in modern literature by Tennyson. Tintagel, Dundagil, or Dundiogl—the Donecheniv of Domesday—was a stronghold belonging to Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, at a time when Uther was Pendragon or Head-King of Britain. Uther fell in love with Igerne, the wife of Gorlois; and her husband thought it wise to withdraw with her to his Cornish home. He placed Igerne in Tintagel, and himself defended Damelioc. Uther, pursuing, killed Gorlois, and gained admission to Igerne; the result was Arthur. Legend chose to say that Arthur was washed by a great wave to the feet of Merlin. That Arthur married Guinevere (the name Jennifer is still common in Cornwall); that he fought many battles against the Saxons,

the Picts, and unfriendly or rebellious British; that he had learnt much from Roman civilisation, and something from Christianity; that he died possibly at Camelford, more probably at Camelon in Scotland; all this we may accept without much misgiving. Those who doubt the King's existence have to face a vast amount of tradition, much certainly fabulous, but some most difficult to explain away. One powerful evidence is the immense number of Arthurian place-names; we find them wherever Brythonic traditions extended, in Cornwall, Wales, Brittany and Strathclyde. Says Dr. Dickinson (*King Arthur in Cornwall*, 1900), "Next to the devil in bestowing names on localities comes Arthur". We meet his name from Land's End to Edinburgh. It is quite probable that his story was revived of set purpose, and sufficiently cooked-up, as a means of shedding glory on the Celts in their struggle with Teutonism; but behind all fiction there must, in such a case as this, be an underlying reality.

Of the history of the present ruins not much is known. The castle was an early residence of the Earls of Cornwall. It afterwards went to the Crown, but again relapsed to the duchy. There was a drawbridge, now gone. Leland, writing three and a half centuries since, says: "The residue of the buildings of the castle be sore wetherbeten, and yn ruine; but it hath been a large thinge". We cannot expect to find it less weather-beaten now. On the

mainland are also ruins, but the main keep was on the mass of rock; at its best, the fort should have been impregnable. Here also are traces of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Julietta or Julitta. Below is a tiny quay, where some slate is shipped; and on the headland facing Tintagel is a large modern hotel—the new age confronting the old. The parish of Tintagel is correctly Trevena, but that name is now quite superseded. Its old Post Office, as also the Barras cliff-land, are now held by the National Trust. Its church stands exposed to the full force of Atlantic gales, on the cliffs W. of the castle. The very tombstones have had to be supported by buttresses to prevent their being blown down. Its dedication is to SS. Marcelliana and Materiana, of whom the latter seems to be the Welsh Madron. A portion of the main walls appears to be Saxon; the chancel arch is transition Norm., the N. transept E.E., the S. Dec., the screen Perp. In the vestry, formerly a Lady-chapel, will be found a characteristic thirteenth century door, and a curious stone altar, with partly effaced crosses on its slab. This Lady-chapel may be regarded as chiefly Saxon; but from Norman times to the present the church has received many additions and restorings. A Roman milestone, or supposed milestone, is preserved. In the churchyard is an inscribed lych-stone. The vicarage itself deserves attention. In the village, nearly a mile distant, is a most striking old gabled building, formerly the post-

office; a cross possibly dating from the ninth century stands near. The Cornish chough may still be seen among the cliffs of this grand coast, but with increasing rarity. Unhappily they are too often shot, or caught and caged. Local tradition formerly said that Arthur haunted these scenes of his lifetime in the form of a chough—in Wales the bird was a raven; and it was believed that he would some day return to his true likeness and lead his countrymen to victory. Cervantes mentions this in *Don Quixote*. It is possible to believe almost anything of romance or tradition in a scene like this. The poet Hawker, in his powerful fragment "The Quest of the Sangreal," has painted Tintagel with a touch that even Tennyson has not surpassed:—

> "There stood Dundagel, throned; and the great sea
> Lay, a strong vassal, at his master's gate,
> And like a drunken giant sobbed in sleep".

But the sea is more often like lord than vassal.

Tol-pedn-penwith (10 m. S.W. of Penzance) is the name of the southern point of the Land's End headland; the name means the "holed headland of Penwith," and refers to a deep fissure or hole in the rock, a kind of funnel, the lower opening of which can be explored at low tide. This funnel is about 100 ft. in depth. The magnificence of the granite masses at this point is very striking; and every boulder, every little cove, every out-lying rock, has its

old Celtic name. These names, too numerous to be given here, may be gathered from any local guide-book. Close by is the Chair-ladder, with its traditions of a witch named Madge Figgy. From this chair she would pour forth her incantations, or take flight at the head of her witch companions.

Towednack (3 m. S.W. of St. Ives) was originally a tiny hamlet in the parish of Lelant; its name was written Towynnok. Clearly enough, this is a corruption of St. Winoc or Gwynog, a Welsh saint of the sixth century, whose name also survives at Landewednack. If this saint is really the same as Winwaloe (Mr. Baring-Gould giving Winwaloe as patron of both churches), then the name Winwaloe must somehow have been corrupted to Winoc, which seems unlikely. Though very plain, the little church is interesting. Its low, massive tower is striking in its simplicity. It is said that when the builders were attempting to adorn its summit, the devil came each night and tore down the pinnacles. That explains why Towednack tower has, popularly speaking, no horns on it. Within is the only chancel-arch among West Cornish churches, and this, acutely pointed, dates from the thirteenth century. The tower staircase is of an uncommon plan. In the porch is a bench formed from a granite block, bearing a double cross incised—probably, says Blight, an early Christian sepulchral monument. When a neighbour quarrels with a Towednack man, he is wont to ask him,

"Who built a hedge round the cuckoo?"—just as he would ask a St. Ives man, "Who whipped the hake?" It is stated that the Towednack farmers, hoping to keep summer always with them, built a hedge round a cuckoo to prevent him from flying away. "If we had built one more course," they said, "we should have kept him in." In Cornwall a hedge means a stone wall.

Trebartha. (See Northill.)

Trebarwith (3 m. N. of Delabole Station) is becoming popular with visitors, on account of its fine sands and its proximity to Tintagel. The artist Creswick painted some of his storm scenes here.

Trecarel (6 m. S. of Launceston) was the seat of the family of that name. Sir Henry Trecarel is remembered as the great benefactor of Launceston Church and of Linkinhorne; he is said to have accumulated adornments for his own mansion, but the sudden loss of wife and child induced him to devote them to the service of religion. Charles I. slept at Trecarel during his visit to Cornwall. The hall, with cradle-roof and daïs, is a magnificent piece of workmanship. A portion of the unconsecrated chapel remains; and some richly carved stones, never used, still lie about the farm-yard—the mansion being now a farm.

Trecrobben or *Trecrom Hill* (3 m. S. of St. Ives) rises to a height of 550 ft., and affords a superb view, embracing the whole of West Cornwall. There is a hill-castle on the

summit; and traditions of giants attach to the huge masses of granite. This castle is said to have been of their building, and the giants of Trecrobben used to play at "bob-buttons" with the giants of St. Michael's Mount.

Treen. (See Treryn.)

Treffry Viaduct, a little beyond Bridges Station, on the line from Par to Newquay, was erected by the late J. T. Treffry, at a cost of £7000, for the use of his mineral railway. It is a fine granite structure.

Tregear (2½ m. W. of Bodmin) has a camp which has been declared to be Roman on the strength of Roman coins being found there. But the mere finding of coins in a place does not prove the presence of Romans. Roman money circulated freely in South Britain—probably even before the coming of Cæsar. Two sides of this entrenchment may yet be traced.

Tregony (about 3 m. S. of Grampound) was formerly a distinct parish, but is now merged in Cuby (which see), its church having been long since destroyed. Being situated on the Fal, Tregony has sometimes been suggested in connection with the Roman station of Cenion; but Cenion was almost certainly Kenwyn. The place actually returned two members to Parliament in the time of Henry I., probably through the influence of its lords the Pomeroys, who had a castle here.

Tregothnan. (See St. Michael Penkivel.)

Trelawne. (See Pelynt.)

Trelowarren (5 m. S.E. of Helston) is the

well-wooded estate of the Vyvyan family; the mansion dates from the early seventeenth century. Sir Richard Vyvyan was one of Cornwall's many devoted Royalists; he even coined money here with the royal dies, being Master of the Mint, wherewith to pay the king's troops. As a token of gratitude, a rare emotion with Charles II., he was given Vandyck's portrait of the First Charles, and this still hangs on the walls of Trelowarren. A similar attachment to the Stuarts caused a later representative of the family to be imprisoned by George I., under suspicion of favouring the Pretender. Tremayne, an old house at no great distance, belongs to the same family; and here was born Wallis, the discoverer of Otaheite. Tremayne means the "three stones"; its church was dedicated to St. Winwaloe. Another seat of the Vyvyans is Trewen, near St. Columb Major, erected in 1633, or more probably restored at that date, part of the existing building being certainly earlier. The fine granite entrance-hall is of Elizabethan style if not date.

Trematon Castle (2 m. W. of Saltash) was probably a fortified place long before record, but history itself can trace it back to the time of the Confessor. It is mentioned in Domesday. After being held by the Valletorts, the estate was granted by Edward III. to the Dukes of Cornwall in perpetuity. Saltash sprang up under the protection of the lords of Trematon. During the Cornish religious rebellion the place was taken and sacked; but it again proved

defensible at the time of the Civil War. It remained a stately ruin until a portion of its materials were utilised to construct a new mansion. There is a moat, a base-court, a lofty walled mound, and a gatehouse; the castle, favoured by its position, never needed a regular keep. Whatever it may once have been, it can no longer be called an imposing ruin; Mr. Baring-Gould says that it looks like a pork-pie.

Trereife (about 1 m. W. of Penzance), pronounced Treeve, is a fine seventeenth century mansion, situated in a beautifully wooded district. A yew has been trained against the wall of the house in a curious manner.

Treryn, pronounced Treen, is the name of two hamlets, one in the parish of St. Levan, near the famous Logan Stone; the other in the parish of Zennor, at Gurnard's Head. Both are connected with a dinas or castle.

Trevena. (See Tintagel.)

Trevethy or *Trethevy Stone* (1 m. N.E. of St. Cleer) is one of the most imposing cromlechs in the duchy; it is 14 ft. 3 in. by 9 ft., supported with four slabs which form a kistvaen. There is a curious hole in the table-stone, such as have been often noticed in similar monuments, and clearly embodying some most ancient superstition. Probably the human remains were buried in the cairn beneath which the stones were raised; but there may also have been interment in the kistvaen itself. Only about a mile W. of this is the Doniert or "half"

stone. On this are inscribed the words *Doniert rogavit pro anima;* and the reference is supposed to be to Dungarth, a ninth century King of Cornwall. The "other half" stone is the shaft of a cross, which is conjectured to have stood upon this base.

Treverbyn Vean, in the parish of St. Neot, is interesting on account of its strange tenure—the service of providing a grey cloak for the Duke of Cornwall, whenever he should visit the duchy. The modern mansion has a cedar-panelled room, and other rooms roofed with teak from the old ship *Orinoco*. There is a good tapestry and a fine chimney-piece in the drawing-room; and the grounds have a beautiful collection of rhododendrons.

Trevose Head (4 m. W. of Padstow) commands a glorious view, from Lundy in the N. to St. Ives Bay in the S. The lighthouse was erected in 1847, and exhibits two fixed lights, one above the other, visible at 20 miles.

Trewoofe (about 3½ m. S.W. of Penzance), pronounced Troove, was the seat of the Le Veales, whose name was subsequently altered to Levelis. One of this family concealed a number of Cavaliers in the neighbouring fogou, and thus saved them from their pursuers. This caverned passage is connected with an entrenchment, and must therefore be given a far earlier date than the time of the smugglers. It may have been one of the last resorts of the Ivernian, chased westward by the Celt. A modern building now stands on the site of the old

Trewoofe manor-house, but the genuine original doorway remains. Three calves' heads are sculptured above it, being the arms of the Levelis family; of which family a monument at St. Burian tells us that it

> "hath flourished here
> Since William's Conquest full six hundred year".

The jambs of the doorway are sculptured with quaint figures and ornaments. This door is supposed to date from the time of Henry VIII.

Trewortha Marsh, on the Bodmin Moors (8 m. S.W. of Launceston), is a spot now lonely and desolate, but once evidently pulsing with full-blooded human life. The rock occupies the site of a boggy lake that appears to have been drained long since by tin-workers. We know that there were tin-streamers here in the time of Elizabeth; we can believe with almost equal certainty that there were tin-workers here at the beginning of the Christian era—perhaps far earlier. To the W. of the Marsh are traces of a remarkable ancient settlement. Quoting from the Rev. Baring-Gould: "The houses were long and quadrangular; one was apparently a council chamber, having a judge's seat in granite and benches of granite down the sides. Unfortunately these have been wantonly destroyed recently by a man who was building pigsties. The houses had separate bakeries, and two or three of these with their ovens remain in a tolerably perfect condition. The same

long building was occupied by two or three families, divided off from each other by an upright slab of granite, making so many horse-boxes; but each family had its own hearth. The pottery found there was all wheel-turned; and as many hones were found, no doubt could exist that the occupants belonged to the iron age. No other village of the kind has as yet been noticed on the moors, except another somewhat higher up the stream that feeds Trewortha Marsh, and this has been much mutilated of late years. Independent of these singular quadrangular buildings are hut-circles belonging to a far earlier age, before steel and iron were known."

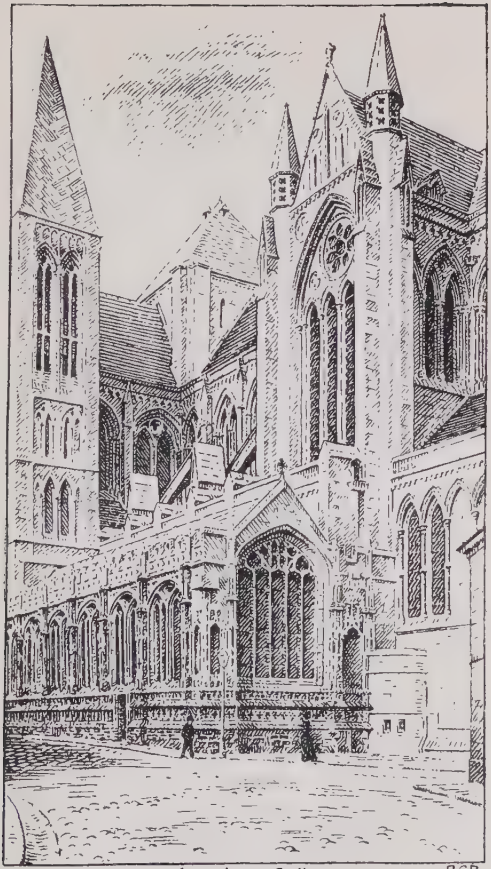
TRURO is undoubtedly *de facto* the capital of Cornwall, though Bodmin is the assize town. The social, intellectual, and most certainly the ecclesiastic life of the duchy beats here at its fullest. Yet Truro is a very small town, smaller even than Camborne, Penzance, or Falmouth; its population at the last census was only 10,833, being a decrease of 492 on the previous figures. But interest and historic importance are not always a matter of population. As a genuine capital town, however, Truro must be considered something of a parvenu; the hopes and struggles and toils of the duchy have not clustered around it for centuries. Strange as it seems to say it, we must regard Exeter as the true capital of Cornwall in the past, not only in that far past when Cornwall and Devon were one land

and one people, but for many centuries after Athelstan had driven the Britons west of the Tamar. Cornwall herself, like Celtic lands generally, has always been defective in centralisation; and at the present moment it is often said that the true capital of Cornwall is the "Three Towns". There are more Cornishmen in Plymouth than in any single town west of the Devon boundary. The future may see a change. Truro is increasing, though slowly, and becoming in greater reality a mainspring of Cornish life. Her boast of antiquity depends on the claim of Kenwyn to be the ancient Cenion. The Roman Itinerary speaks of stations on the rivers Tamara, Voluba and Cenia. Tamara is, of course, the Tamar; Voluba is generally said to be the Fowey, but certainly might be the Fal; Cenia is the Truro, or more correctly the Kenwyn River. The Cenia has incorrectly been interpreted as the Fal, and on this interpretation Tregony has been claimed as the old Cenion; but certainly Kenwyn has the highest claim, and a large part of modern Truro is included in the parish of that name. There are traces of old earthworks in the immediate neighbourhood; but such traces are so common in Cornwall that they are no great argument. The name of Truro, which in the past has been given as Treru, Treveru and Triuru, is supposed to signify the "town on the river". The manor was given by the Conqueror to Robert de Mortain. In Stephen's reign the place was given a charter;

further privileges were granted by succeeding kings, and Elizabeth granted the sole right of levy on all goods laden or unladen in any part of the river from Truro to the mouth of Falmouth harbour. Falmouth, however, was at that time practically non-existent, and such a monopoly as this naturally caused Truro strenuously to oppose its birth and progress. The town had a castle, still to be traced at the top of Pydar Street; it was "clene down" in the time of Leland. To the N. of Kenwyn Street stood a Dominican Friary, founded in the thirteenth century; and there was a house of Clare monks in Lemon Street. The town shared in the great struggle of the Civil War, and gave its hospitality to the fugitive Charles II. Though the "pride of Truro" seems to have been proverbial, it suffered the complete loss of consequence as a port, owing to the growth of Falmouth; and its modern revival must be traced almost entirely to its selection as cathedral-town.

Something has been said of the early Cornish bishopric in speaking of Bodmin and St. Germans. When it was decided to revive this bishopric, merged for more than eight centuries in that of Devon, the choice of Truro as cathedral-city was wise and indeed almost inevitable. Launceston and St. Germans were too near Devon; Camborne and Redruth seemed lacking in dignity; Penzance was too far south. Bodmin was the only serious competitor; but there is an old saying, "into Bodmin and

out of the world," and the town, though fairly central, would not have been convenient. Truro seemed best to answer all requirements. To lessen the excessive modernity of the new erection, and give it that touch of mellow age which always heightens the impressiveness of ecclesiastical buildings, it was resolved to incorporate the old church of St. Mary's, or at least a portion of it. The S. aisle of the church, its oldest and best portion (dating from the sixteenth century), was preserved to become a portion of the cathedral, which its presence entirely benefits, except in one particular. There can be no doubt that the position of the cathedral is crowded and inconvenient; it is surrounded and pressed upon by narrow streets and humble dwellings in quite a Continental fashion. A different choice of site would have allowed for the customary dignified breathing-space of other English minsters. The best monuments of the old church find a place in different parts of the new edifice; these include the Jacobean memorial of John Robartes and his wife, and some memorials of the Vyvyans. These now stand in the N. transept. Some excellent stained glass, a fine waggon roof, and a striking wooden pulpit, are the more noticeable relics of old St. Mary's. In 1876 the Diocese of Cornwall was revived by Act of Parliament; in 1877 Dr. Benson was consecrated its first bishop; and till anything further could be done St. Mary's was the pro-cathedral. Some



Truro Cathedral

persons thought an ordinary enlargement of the church would be sufficient; Dr. Benson begged and laboured for a cathedral that should correspond with his ideals. On 20th May, 1880, the foundation-stone was laid by our present King, in his rank of Duke of Cornwall. The duchy acted upon its motto of "one and all" in zealously contributing to the work, while Dr. Benson was unwearied in the same cause. In 1883 he was promoted to Canterbury; and his labours here have been commemorated in the Benson Transept. He was succeeded by Dr. Wilkinson. The architect of the building was J. L. Pearson, R.A. In everything but style the cathedral is thoroughly Cornish; it consists of Cornish granite, china-stone, polyphant and serpentine, with Cornish copper in the clock-tower. With regard to style, it would have been better if the prevalent Perp. had been adhered to, instead of this rather French-looking E.E. The objection, if any, applies to the exterior; the interior gives little cause for complaint. When completed according to the architect's design, the building was to be 303 ft. in length, and its central tower 217 ft. from floor of nave. The completed choir and portion of nave were consecrated in 1887, the Prince of Wales again attending. Furnishings and plate were the gift of the Cornish people under Bishop Wilkinson; the font was given by Sunday School children of the diocese, the reredos by churchfolk of the deanery of Powdar. The rose window of the Benson Transept was the gift of

the boys and masters of Wellington College. Canon Philpotts gave the S. porch, possibly a little too ornate. The exquisite baptistery is a memorial to Henry Martyn of Truro, the earnest missionary. Specially rare and beautiful is the marble paving of the choir; and the view looking eastward is truly imposing, though perhaps a little marred by a lack of finish in the reredos. There is a spacious crypt beneath, now devoted to vestries, chapter-room, etc., in the absence of better accommodation. On the building of the cathedral alone about £200,000 has been spent, with good result. The completed nave was consecrated by the Archbishop in 1903, when the Prince of Wales (now King George) was present; and in 1904 the central tower was dedicated. The reredos is especially elaborate.

There are other churches in Truro, but they do not call for notice. In Pydar Street is the Museum of the Cornish Royal Institution, on whose staircase is Kneller's portrait of Anthony Payne. This museum contains many valuable Cornish curiosities, in the departments of antiquity, mineralogy, and natural history. Bishop Philpotts' books are preserved in the Theological Library; there is also a County Library, and a Free Library. Foote the comedian was born here; Polwhele and the travellers Lander were also natives of Truro. The streets are kept fresh and pure by the waters of the river Kenwyn which flow through the gutters; and from the quay-side steamers are constantly pass-

ing down the river to Falmouth. But the immediate riverside is not the most attractive part of Truro.

St. Tudy (3 m. S.E. of Port Isaac Road Station) has been derived from St. Uda, St. Tudius and St. Tegwy. The two first are probably merely fictitious names; Tegwy of Wales is more likely the real founder. In this parish is the Arthurian earthwork of Damelioc; also Hengar House, the seat of the Onslows.

Tywardreath (½ m. E. of Par Station) is evidently a corruption of Trewardreath, meaning "the town-place on the sands". Par sands fully justify the name. There was here a Benedictine Priory, founded soon after the Conquest as an appanage of the Abbey of SS. Sergius and Bacchus at Angers; no traces of this remain. A story that the last prior, at the time of the Dissolution, shipped a quantity of its sculptured stones for Angers, has received support from the discovery of carved capitals and mouldings on the neighbouring coast; and this partly accounts for the complete disappearance of the conventual remains. We cannot blame the prior for wishing the beauties of his house to be transported to the parent foundation, instead of being pillaged and mutilated by a too zealous Puritanism. The church (Middle Pointed) contains this prior's tomb; also some good old carving.

St. Uny. (See Lelant, Redruth, Sancreed.)

Upton Castle (3 m. S.E. of Five-Lanes,

Bodmin Moors) is a circular rampart, with rectangular enclosure. The rectangle would point to Roman influence, but whether this was actually occupied by Romans cannot be said. Possibly Romanised Britons adapted an earlier entrenchment.

St. Veep (3 m. N.E. of Fowey) is situated on a branch of the Fowey River. The name is supposed to be a corruption of St. Wymp or Wennapa, a sixth century Welsh saint, whose name is supposed also to survive in Gwennap. In 1336 Bishop Grandisson re-consecrated the church with a dedication to SS. Cyriacus and Julitta; probably knowing little and caring less about the Celtic patron. The church is a combination of Dec. and Perp., restored. A ridge known as the Giant's Hedge passes through this parish; an alternative name for this is the Devil's Hedge, explained by an old couplet:—

> "One day the devil, having nothing to do,
> Built a great hedge from Lerrin to Looe".

This ridge reached about 7 miles, from Lerrin Creek to West Looe, and entirely defended the whole track of land lying S. of Lanreath. It was connected with encampments at each end. Even now it is in places about 7 ft. high and 20 ft. wide. Like other similarly placed strongholds in Cornwall, it may have been thrown up by Goidelic Celts as a last defence against the Brythons, or perhaps by Ivernians against Celts; for it was clearly in-

tended to protect from a foe that came westward from East Britain.

Vellan, as a prefix in Cornish place names, means "mill," probably such a primitive water-mill as might be used in the streaming of tin. In this sense it explains the name of Vellandreath, near Sennen Cove, in which place remains of ancient tin streaming were discovered. *Dreath* or *dreth* is Cornish for sand.

Veryan (7 m. N.E. of St. Mawes) was anciently named Elerki, perhaps a corruption of Lanerky, which in itself might be a dedication of St. Kea, who visited this district. This is pure conjecture. The later dedication was to the Continental St. Symphorian, whose name has been cut and corrupted into Veryan. The name attaches not only to the parish but to the bay, and to the eminence sometimes known as Carne Beacon, Carne being the earlier name.

WADEBRIDGE has undoubtedly suffered in importance since the extension of the railway to Padstow, but it can never lose the prestige or noble effect of its bridge. This bridge may well be reckoned among the special glories of Cornwall, and it gives impressiveness to a spot which, at least at low tide, would otherwise be dull. The bridge was built in the year 1485, mainly through the efforts of Thomas Lovibond, then Vicar of Egloshayle, which is really the mother parish of Wadebridge, though a part of the town is in St. Breock. It is said that Lovibond was much distressed by the dangerous nature of the ferry across the Camel at this point, and

he set his heart on erecting a bridge. With the generous assistance of Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter, he contrived to raise the necessary money; but the sands formed a difficulty that at first seemed insuperable. It was apparently useless to go on sinking piers; they were only sucked in and rendered useless. At last the vicar dreamed that he was shearing a flock of sheep, brought to him by an angel, and that on the wool which fell into the water he reared his bridge. Some, more prosaically, say that the idea of using wool was the architect's; in any case, packs of wool were placed in the bed of the river, and on these the piers were sunk, with such good effect that they have stood to this day. This is not the only instance; Bideford Bridge is said to have been raised in the same manner, and there is also a tradition that Queen Eleanor reared London Bridge upon woolsacks. Leland tells us that the vicar "began the bridge, and with great paine and studie, good people putting their help thereto, finished it with XVII. fair and great uniform arches". Of these seventeen arches one is now built up; the bridge, 320 ft. long, though widened some forty years since, remains the best specimen of its kind surviving in England. Lovibond not only procured the cost of its erection, but contrived to leave behind a fund for its maintenance. Truly this fifteenth century clergyman merited the old Roman title of Pontifex. Specially notable are the protecting angles for the safety of pedestrians. But Lovibond not only

WADEBRIDGE

built bridges; he raised the fine tower of Egloshayle Church, and must have had something to do with its stone pulpit, on which his name and device appear. The walls of the church are E.E. Egloshayle means the "church by the river," and its graveyard is washed by its tides; it was, indeed, at this "hayle" that Petrock and other Welsh saints landed in the sixth century, when he founded Padstow. St. Breock, on the W. bank, is the other Wadebridge Church. Breock had come hither from Wales a good deal earlier than Petrock, and he was granted this piece of land by Conan, chieftain at Pencarrow, whom he is said to have converted. His church is in a lovely situation, with a brook flowing through the graveyard. Tower and font are Dec.; the rest is restored Perp. There is a fourteenth century stone in the church, praying mercy for the soul of "Tomas de Vicarie". At Transcowe, in this parish, is a far older inscribed stone, whose lettering has been read as *Vlcagni Fili Sever*. Near are the wild St. Breock Downs, over 700 ft. in height, whose desolate surface is scattered with prehistoric antiquities. Egloshayle is a living in the gift of the Bishops of Exeter, which explains Bishop Courtenay's efforts in assisting Lovibond to build the bridge. The doorway of the church, the font, the Kestell Monument, dated 1522, deserve careful inspection. It was at the long and low vicarage of Egloshayle that the late Professor Shuttleworth was born, his father being vicar here. Wadebridge was an even quieter place in the days of

his childhood than it is now. It is now served by two railways, but even these are not likely to induce many tourists to stay here; visitors prefer to go on to Padstow or Newquay. Perhaps we cannot blame them for seeking the open sea. The old railway connecting Wadebridge and Bodmin was the second line to be opened in England; it dates from 1834, and on this line, till about three years since, the old fashion of shifting the points by hand, as on tramways, was continued. This is one of the Cornish railways of which jests have been made on account of their slowness; perhaps the jest is not quite dead yet. It is stated that a poor old market woman had to get out and walk one day, lest she should not reach Bodmin in time. We have warrant for believing this, for Professor Shuttleworth himself, in spite of the patriotism of a native, said, "I have often seen the train stop while people got out and gathered blackberries". Still, it will hardly be wise for visitors to go there in the blackberry season with this motive.

Warbstow (2 m. N.W. of Tresmeer Station) is a dedication to St. Werburgh, of which the name is a corruption (Werburgh's-stow). Werburga or Werburh was a Mercian saint; it is natural to find her dedication in Bristol, but rather surprising to find it in Cornwall. However, Warbstow was entirely a Saxon settlement, and must date from a late period when Anglo-Saxondom had become united. The date 1601 may be seen on the church. In this parish is

the fine camp of Warbstow Barrows, grandly placed on an eminence of over 800 ft. It is one of the largest British camps in Cornwall, comprising a double vallum and two entrances. The large central mound or barrow has been popularly termed Arthur's Grave, and being not far from the Camelford district, the name might give one a moment's pause. But the name of Arthur has always been applied with the utmost looseness to various localities; and as it is now almost certain that Arthur's last battle took place in Scotland, we must regard Warbstow's claim to be his grave as at least as dubious as that of Glastonbury. Hawker is equally at fault in terming the barrow a Viking's tomb.

Warleggan (5 m. N.W. of Doublebois Station) has a Perp. church dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and dating originally from about 1430. In 1818 it was struck by lightning, and the tower split from top to bottom. A few centuries earlier this would have been interpreted as a personal visit from the devil, as in the similar case of the Dartmoor Widdecombe. In this parish are the old manors of Carborrow, Trengoffe and Treveddoe.

Week-St.-Mary (about 6 m. S. of Bude) is often called St. Mary Week, the "week" being the Saxon *wic*, of which, together with *stow*, there are a good number in East Cornwall, bespeaking a full Saxon occupation. In Domesday this manor was simply named Wick. The church, beautifully placed and with a fine tower, has been "restored" into nothingness. The

tower dates from 1643, but the body of the church was older. Linked inseparably with Week St. Mary is the name of Thomasine Bonaventure, whose name proved so signally prophetic. As a mere labourer's daughter she attracted the notice of a rich London merchant, who took her with him to town and married her. He died and she married a second time. Surviving her second husband she married once more; the third match being with Sir John Percival, Lord Mayor of London. On his death she retired to her native village, which during the whole time of her prosperity she had never forgotten. Many a gift had reached her old home from this village girl who had become a wealthy lady; and now when she returned to it a widow, she proceeded to beautify and enrich it. She endowed a chantry to the memory of her husbands, traces of which may still be seen; she built a schoolhouse, and she largely added to the church. Many more were her good works; and thus she who once fed sheep on the moorland died the benefactress of her native place. Her death occurred in 1510. So fortunate were her adventures that we must believe the name of Bonaventure to have been applied to her of set purpose in later life or perhaps after death.

St. Wendron (3 m. N. of Helston) sometimes called Gwendron, does not seem to be dedicated to any St. Wendron at all. Probably the name is simply *gwyn-dun*, the "white hill," the church standing upon a hill of granite. If

we wish to identify a Celtic saint with the spot, we have St. Uny, the patron of Lelant and Redruth. At Merther-Euny, in this parish, are remains of an ancient chapel and burial-ground. "Merther" in this connection refers to a place of Christian burial, and does not necessarily signify martyrdom. The chancel is the oldest part of the present church, and it has a good E. window of late Dec.; the three-stage tower is Perp. Like St. Buryan this church has a remarkably solid-looking porch with buttresses and battlements. The font, with inwardly curved stem, is very graceful. On the floor of the chancel is a brass to Warin Penhallinyk, prebendary of the collegiate church of Glassiney and sometime Vicar of St. Wendron, who died in 1535. The head has vanished from his effigy. There is another nameless brass; also an incised stone of far greater antiquity. As was often the custom in belfries, we find here a quaint rhyme of instruction to the ringers on the wall of the tower :—

"We ring the quick to church, the dead to grave,
Good is our use, such usage let us have.
Who swears or curse, or in a furious mood
Quarrels, or strikes, altho' he draws no blood,
Who wears a hat, or spurs, or turns a bell,
Or by unskilful handling mars a peal,
Let him pay sixpence for each single crime,
'Twill make him cautious 'gainst another time."

St. Wenn (4 m. N. of Victoria Station) bears the name of the Cornish, not the Welsh

Gwen. This Gwen or Wenn was the wife of the Duke Selyf, and the mother of St. Cybi or Cuby. The church tower is a very good specimen of Perp. Tregury in this parish was at one time held by the Cornish writer Hals, whose works have been of great value to all students of the duchy.

Whitesand Bay, to the N. of Land's End, has not only a profusion of rare shells on its beach, but has some historic association. It enjoys slight shelter from S. and E. winds, so that we may believe it possible for Athelstan to have landed here, as tradition says he did, after his expedition to Scilly. Kings Stephen and John also used this spot as a landing-place, as did Perkin Warbeck when he made his unhappy attempt to gain the throne. They must all, however, have been favoured with fair weather, or they could never have disembarked in safety at such a perilous and stormy spot. Many wrecks have taken place here. In 1659 a Dutch ship went to pieces in the bay, and her spoil was carried to St. Ives; while among the many charities of which we read in the old St. Ives Borough Accounts, there is an entry under the year 1697 of: "given 4 Irish seamen cast away in Whitson Bay, 3s. 6d.".

St. Winnow (about 3 m. S. of Lostwithiel) is situated on the E. bank of the Fowey Estuary. It retains the name of Gwynno or Winnow, whom the Welsh know as Gwynog ap Gildas, the son of Gildas the British historian. Several Welsh churches (Llanwynog,

for instance) bear his name; and were it not that Winnows and Winocs are plentiful in Celtic hagiology we might trace him at Landewednack and Towednack. As it is, we can only say definitely that they embody the same name. The Perp. church, placed amid delightful surroundings, has some good fifteenth century glass, and a modern window designed by the artist, Stacey Marks. On Druid's Hil in this parish, during the Civil War, took place a kind of duel between Roundheads and Cavaliers, 100 on each side, the challenge having been given by a Parliamentary officer. The Roundhead party, though little better than boys, proved completely victorious.

Withiel (6 m. W. of Bodmin) may either be a corruption of *huel*, a mine, *gwêl*, a field, or *uhella*, lofty; we have exactly the same word in Lostwithiel. Whitaker speaks of Withol as an Irish saint. The church with its fine Perp. tower is supposed to have been the work of Prior Vyvyan of Bodmin, who is also credited with building the parsonage. At Brynn in this parish was born the great Sir Bevil Grenville.

Wolf Lighthouse (8 m. S.W. of Land's End) is placed on a perilous rock of felspar-porphyry, which even at low water stands only 17 ft. above the sea-level. The lighthouse was begun in 1862, but the rock is so constantly swept and lashed by wild seas that during the first year of operations only eighty-three hours of work could be done. It was completed in

1869 at an expense of £62,726. The height is 116 ft., and the diameter at the base is 41 ft. 8 ins. Communication with the mainland, otherwise than by signal, is frequently quite impossible, and the keepers are often retained captive by stress of weather.

Worthyvale. (See Camelford.)

Zennor (about 4½ m. W. of St. Ives) is a dedication to St. Sinara or Senar, a virgin saint of whom nothing definite seems known. Little can be told of the parish's early history, except that in 1270 Bishop Bronescombe conferred the living on his college of Glassiney, and the poor Vicars of Zennor got little enough in consequence. The church, restored about ten years since, has a three-stage Perp. tower; but the oldest part is the S.E. side of the chancel, which is Norm. The Dec. font has been relieved of the disfiguring whitewash of a past generation; and the "rickety old kitchen table" has been removed from the altar-rails to make room for a more worthy substitute. A legend of a mermaid has left traces in Zennor church. The parish has long boasted of its excellent singers, and a former squire's son, who sang here in the choir, is said to have had so beautiful a voice that his singing drew a mermaid from the deep to hear him. She came to the church Sunday after Sunday, dressed as a lady of fashion; it is not stated what she did with her tail. At last she prevailed on the youth to go with her, and they were never seen again. Her figure may be seen on the

old bench-end known as the "Mermaid of Zennor"; she is there endowed with the customary tail, long hair, comb and mirror, but with hardly enough beauty to account for the upshot of the tale. On the tower wall is a bronze dial also bearing the figure of a mermaid. On this dial are inscribed the words: "The glory of the world paseth. Paul Quick fecit, 1737." Two of the three bells bear old Latin inscriptions, in true mediæval fashion. It would seem that a former vicar of the parish had some trouble in collecting his tithes, if we may judge from the following entry taken from the parish register:—

"Be it remembered, That on Sunday the 27th of June, 1762, Thomas Osborn of Trewey, Robert Michell of Tregarthen, Matthew Thomas of Treen, and Elizabeth Phillips of the Church Town, brought Butter and Cheese into the Chancel in the time of Divine Service, imagining, I suppose, it would be accepted instead of their Tithes for Cows and Calves; but not being taken away either by them or any one else before it grew offensive, I ordered the Church Wardens, under pain of being cited to the Spiritual Court, to remove the same as an Indecency and a Nuisance to the Congregation. I here insert this lest my successor should be imposed upon by being told that I accepted of that or any other Butter and Cheese instead of tithes of Cows and Calves, which I assure him I did not, nor of any other sort of tithe according to the Tenor of the Terrier, dated

1727, and held of the Register of the Consistory Court of Exeter, as Witness my hand this 21st day of July, 1762, Jacob Bullock, Vicar."

In this neighbourhood is the famous Zennor Cromlech or Quoit. The slab covering its kistvaen has slipped from its support at one end, and rests upon the ground. Its length is 18 ft.; breadth, 9½ ft. The cromlech is one of the finest specimens to be seen anywhere in Britain. Near also is an excellent logan-stone; the district is indeed strewn thickly with natural and antiquarian curiosities. Traditionary lore is also plentiful. The people of the parish were supposed to enjoy magic gifts, and were known as the "Zennor charmers". In a very different connection, owing to its apparent barrenness, Zennor was known as the place "where the cow ate the bell-rope"—the inference being that there was nothing else for her to eat.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

The Scilly Islands lie about 27 miles to the westward of Land's End, but the harbour of St. Mary's, to which steamers run, is 39 miles from Penzance. The passage is not often accomplished in less than four hours, and it certainly has its terrors for those who suffer from seasickness. At present only five of the isles are inhabited, these being St. Mary's, Tresco, St. Martin's, St. Agnes and Bryher; Samson has lost its population. The entire population of the islands at the late census (1911) was 2097, an increase of 5 on the previous census; and this increase may undoubtedly be attributed to the rise of the flower industry. The number of isles included in the archipelago has been variously given, owing to the difficulty of drawing a distinction between islet and mere rocks; reckoning rocks and islets, the number is about 200, but only a few of these really deserve the name of island. Of these the largest, St. Mary's, comprises 1600 acres; Little Ganniley comprises only 5 acres. The average temperature is about 47° F. in the winter, 58° F. in the summer. Such a climate is almost an ideal one; there are practically no extremes of heat or cold, and the rainfall is not excessive. To

quote from Swinburne, we may indeed call Scilly

"A small sweet world of wave-encompassed wonder".

But there are other admirers of Scilly to be quoted. Mr. Baring-Gould says: "With its amount of sunshine, with its equable temperature, and its air charged with ozone, I believe Scilly will be the sanatorium of the future". The late Sir Walter Besant loved the isles dearly. He said: "At first the islands disappoint; the scenery is small; the roadstead is broad; no point is higher than 160 ft.; most of the cliffs and rocks are indeed very much less; but day by day as one is borne along from one islet to another, through narrow channels where the dark water races and roars; across broad stretches of ocean; along white sands, under black cliffs, with a breeze that never fails; over shallows of sapphire hue; the islands take such a hold of the imagination and the affections that they can never be forgotten or lost".

The name Scilly is something of a perplexity. It has been variously explained as deriving from a Celtic word *sulleh*, the "sun rocks"; from *silya* or *selli*, meaning "conger eels"; and from the ancient race of the Silures. Many authorities think the latter derivation the true one, but we are still left in the dark as to the origin and meaning of the term Silures. But the original forms of the name are to be considered. The Romans usually called the isles *Sillinæ*, but

Sulpicius Severus uses the form *Sylinancis*, a word which Professor Rhys associates with the Silulanus of the inscribed stone at Lydney, in a Silurian district. The exact words of Sulpicius are these: *in Sylinancim insulam, quæ ultra Britannias sita est;* he is speaking of the banishment of two foreign bishops to these isles, convicted of heresy. Solinus called the islands *Silura;* Richard of Cirencester wrote of them as *Sygdilles*, "also denominated the Œstromenides and Cassiterides"; other writers identified them with the Greek Hesperides. The Danes named them *Syllingar*, and a writer of the sixteenth century spoke of them as the "Isle of Sorlingues". From all these names we can only draw conjectural conclusions. The whole matter has been further confused by vague traditions of the buried land of Lyonesse; but if the ocean really swallowed a large tract of land here, it must have been long before the reach of written record. Geology can tell us that. Popular rumours of this nature are tremendously long-lived, and often have a substratum of truth; the mistake of too credulous historians has been to bring the calamity down to far too recent a date. In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is a mention of a great and destructive tide, on 11th November, 1099; and some have tried to make us believe that this tide washed away the 27 miles of country lying between the islands and Land's End. It is probable that the islands are now more numerous than they were once. Strabo speaks of them as having been only ten;

Solinus speaks as though there were only a single isle: *Siluram quoque insulam ab ora gens Britanna Dunmonii tenent.* In a similar manner we still speak of Scilly as though it were one isle, so that this evidence does not count for much.

Though the name of Cassiterides has obstinately clung to the islands, it needs a considerable stretch of imagination to regard these isles as the true "tin-islands". Tin can only be found here in the minutest quantities, and there is no trace of there ever having been more. Unless the islands were much easier of access in the past than they are now, it is quite impossible that the Britons should have shipped their tin from the mainland, to find a market on the islands. Even now, with all the advantages of improved navigation, such a process would be highly inconvenient. Of course tradition has a story ready to account for the existence of the isles. It is said that Modred, pursuing the remains of Arthur's army after the supposed great battle at Slaughter Bridge, was himself cut off and drowned by a sudden inundation of the sea. Those whom he pursued found themselves safe on the extreme confines of Lyonesse, with a raging ocean between them and the mainland. But history has little to do with these pleasant myths. All we know for certain is that when the Romans subdued Britain they also took possession of the Scillies; but their whole occupation of the West Country was so slight as to be little other than nominal—probably owing to the ready submission of partly

Romanised Damnonian princes. It has been proved that the isles were utilised as a place of banishment. Athelstan, making a triumphant progress through Cornwall, was not content till he had visited Scilly, which he is said to have sighted from the high land near St. Buryan. The date must have been about 936. In 993 Olaf of Norway concluded a long marauding expedition by calling at Scilly. Here some of his troops became mutinous, and Olaf was wounded. He was carried to Tresco Abbey, which had been founded by Athelstan, and was there nursed, converted and baptised. Of the Celtic saints, both Samson and Teilo seem to have been at Scilly — of course long before Olaf's visit. Samson has left his name to one of the isles, while Teilo is associated with St. Helen's. We can believe this the more readily as there are traces of Teilo at St. Buryan. His name was Latinised into Elidius, and the same name that in Cornwall was corrupted, in one instance, to Endellion, in Scilly has been corrupted to St. Helen's. Probably he laid the foundation of the church whose ruins are supposed to be the most ancient in the islands; but Tresco, though more modern, became in Saxon days the ecclesiastical centre. Henry I. granted Tresco, with "all the churches of Sullye," to Tavistock, to which abbey it belonged till the Dissolution. There is reason to think Tresco had belonged to Tavistock even earlier. Various governors, commissioners and lords of the manor had to do with the islands at different times;

they were so remote as to be practically at the mercy of any despotic ruler, and they probably owed their chief privileges and immunities to the Tresco monks. In 1539 Sir Francis Godolphin was granted all civil authority, and in his family it remained, with the brief interval of the Commonwealth, till 1830. In 1831 Mr. Augustus Smith became proprietor.

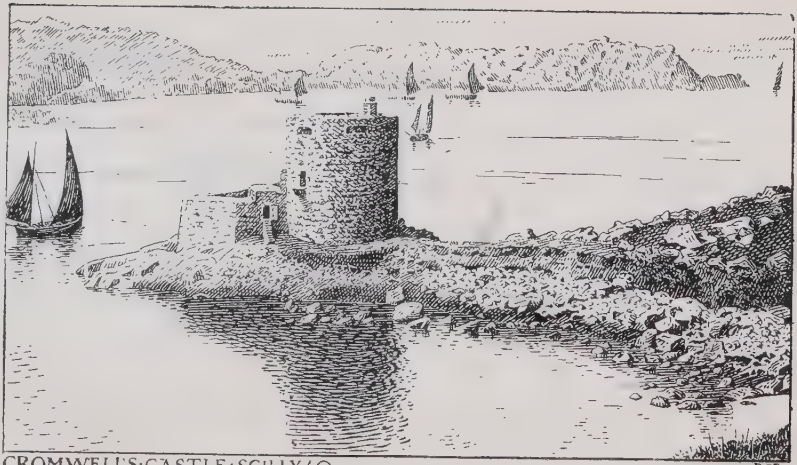
Scilly bore its share in the troubles of the Civil War. It was the last refuge of the fugitive Charles II., before he escaped to Jersey and thence to France. Fortified by the gallant Sir John Grenville, it was used as a centre of privateering by those ardent loyalists who would neither surrender nor seek a foreign shore; but in 1651 Grenville could maintain the position no longer. The noble seaman Blake, together with Sir George Ascue, completed at sea that which Fairfax had done on shore. The islands were taken by storm. But Grenville had nothing to be ashamed of; and he had already honourably declined to be bribed by the Dutch for the delivery of these islands into their hands. He might be a Royalist, but he was an Englishman first. During the French wars the isles were garrisoned, and became a rendezvous for merchantmen waiting convoy.

About the year 1830, owing to the failure of the kelp industry, the islanders were reduced to great straits. It seemed as though all attempts to support an industrial population must fail. An effort was made to start active fishery, but in spite of their position the Scillonians have

never been great fishermen. Shipbuilding was also tried, and seemed to promise well; but the advent of steamships finally clouded its prospects. At last, about thirty years ago, Mr. Smith suggested to his farm-tenants that they should cultivate flowers. A hat-box of narcissi was sent to Covent Garden as a timid experiment. It brought a small return. There were lilies growing here and there on the islands—how they came no one knew; and some of these were shipped. This was the beginning of a great and growing industry; the farmers began to realise that almost any part of the British Isles could compete with them in potatoes or ordinary farm produce, but that few or none could compete with their flowers. While English farm-lands were lying barren under the frosts or chilling rains of winter, the mild climate of Scilly could produce most exquisite lilies, narcissi and daffodils. The most ethereal and lovely of nature's productions were found to be convertible into hard cash. The demand from Covent Garden can no longer be met by a single hat-box; the ship *Lyonesse* has carried to Penzance in one day as many as thirty-eight tons of flowers. If freight charges were more moderate this output might be increased almost beyond limit. Small as the islands are they are large when we regard them as flower-gardens. From Christmas to May is the busiest season; men, women and children are engaged in tending and gathering, tying and packing. The blooms are grown in square and oblong fields

sheltered by thick hedges; this is the only defence the flowers need. There is not much glass in Scilly—the islands have not the appearance that strikes one at Guernsey, of being one vast conservatory. But, of course, the tying and packing must be done within doors; and the masses of blossom are so powerfully fragrant that persons have been known to faint in the packing-rooms. There is now some competition on the mainland—fields around Penzance and Falmouth can do almost as well as the Scillies; and the Channel Islands are also supplying the markets with flowers. In 1910 the floral export amounted to 450 tons; but two years later the market proved almost a failure, and if prices continue to fall, the industry will no longer be profitable.

St. Mary's is the port and capital of the islands. It is 9 miles in circumference—the largest as well as the most populous. The quay is at Hugh Town, a comfortable though not imposing little metropolis, with the necessary business-houses and shops to supply all needs. The Public Hall is also Government Hall, where the Council of the isles meets. The new church dates from 1835, but there is another at Old Town, partly restored in 1891, with a churchyard containing many memorials of shipwreck. Traces of wreck are, indeed, apparent everywhere on these isles. On Garrison Hill is the Elizabethan Star Fort, with its massive belled gateway. Among the local curiosities should be noticed the cliff-fort known as "Giant's



CROMWELL'S·CASTLE: SCILLY (3)

BCB

Castle," the Pulpit Rock, the Logan Stone, the Crosses, the Sun Rock, and the numerous rock-basins. An excellent and cheap local guide-book gives full particulars of these. A new lighthouse is to be built at St. Mary's, on Peninnis Head; doubtless in connection with the development of the Scilly Isles as a naval base.

Tresco (about 2 m. N. of St. Mary's) is the residence of the proprietor, who lives on the site of the abbey founded in the tenth century by Athelstan. Only two old arches and some bits of grey wall remain, and these cannot have belonged to the original building. Surrounding them are the gardens that have made Tresco so famous, with their tropical and subtropical vegetation. Cromwell's Castle, though certainly not built by the Protector, dates from his time; it must have been a powerful little fort. There are also traces of a Charles Castle. Tresco has a new church (1879) dedicated to St. Nicholas, as was the abbey; it was chiefly raised by local labour. The finest cavern on the islands is the Piper's Hole, at the N.E. end of Tresco; it extends for over 600 ft., and a boat is needed in its exploration.

St. Martin's lies to the N. of St. Mary's. It has a church, and a signalling-tower known as the Daymark, raised in 1683; there are also some prehistoric antiquities.

St. Agnes, S.W. of St. Mary's, contains 444 acres of land. Its population is considerably less than 200, but there is a small church,

and a Wesleyan chapel. The lighthouse, 78 ft. in height, is one of the oldest in the kingdom, being erected in 1680; its light is visible at a distance of 18 miles. The St. Agnes men are short and dark—unlike the men of St. Martin's, who are tall and fair. There are evident racial differences even on these small islands.

Samson, lying to the W. of St. Mary's, is now uninhabited, but all who have read the late Walter Besant's *Armorel of Lyonesse* will know that it once had its occupants. A perfect kistvaen was discovered in 1862, and there are many barrows. It is impossible to give details or even to name all the islets and rocks of this group, nor can their fascination be conveyed by the pen. Something, however, must be said of the Bishop Lighthouse, standing on the Bishop Rock at the S.W. verge of the cluster, about 7 miles from St. Mary's. The lighthouse is 160 ft. in height; and besides its fine revolving lantern, there is in foggy weather a constant warning explosion of tonite, sounding like the report of artillery. A former erection here was washed away before completion. But in spite of beacons and warnings, the rocks have still their terrors for mariners. The list of wrecks has been a very long one. Says Sir Walter Besant: "There is a shipwreck told of every rock of Scilly, and to many there are several shipwrecks; as there are almost as many rocks of Scilly as there are days in the year, the stories would take long in the telling". In 1707 Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked here,

FRESCO ABBEY GARDENS

with three ships of the line, several other vessels having the narrowest of escapes. Two thousand lives were lost on this occasion. In 1875 the German steamer *Schiller* struck on the Retarrier Ledges, not far from the Bishop Rock, in a thick fog. Her captain, an Englishman, was one of the 311 that perished.

APPENDIX

King Charles's Letter of Thanks to Cornwall

C.R.

To the Inhabitants of the County of Cornwall

We are so highly sensible of the merits of our County of Cornwall, of their zeal for the defence of our person and the just rights of our Crown, in a time when we could contribute so little to our own defence, or to their assistance; in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty; of their great and eminent courage and patience in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich, and populous cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provision of all kinds; and of the wonderful success with which it pleased Almighty God (though with the loss of some most eminent persons, who shall never be forgotten by us) to reward their loyalty and patience by many strange victories over their

and our enemies, in despite of all human probability and all imaginable disadvantages; that as we cannot be forgetful of so great desert, so we cannot but desire to publish it to all the world, and perpetuate to all time the memory of their merits, and of our acceptance of the same; and to that end we do hereby render our royal thanks to that our County in the most public and lasting manner we can devise, commanding copies hereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every church and chapel therein, and to be kept forever as a record in the same; that as long as the history of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that County hath merited from us and our Crown, may be derived with it to posterity. Given at our camp at Sudeley Castle, the 10th of September, 1643.

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